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THE LIFE OF
JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

VOL. I

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THE LIFE OF
JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

BASED ON HIS PRIVATE JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY

WILFRID WARD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

WITH PORTRAITS

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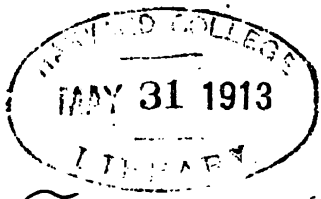

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(2 vol.)

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THIS BIOGRAPHY OF HIS GREAT PREDECESSOR

WHICH I HAD HOPED TO OFFER

TO

FATHER JOHN NORRIS

OF THE ORATORY

WITH THE GLADNESS OF A TASK FULFILLED

AND IN GRATITUDE FOR ALL IT OWES TO HIS SYMPATHY

I NOW DEDICATE

IN SORROW

TO HIS MEMORY

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE letters used in Cardinal Newman's Biography are, in most cases, printed from the transcriptions made by the Cardinal's literary executor, the late Father William Neville, to whom the originals were sent by their owners for this purpose. In a few cases the originals, or the Cardinal's own transcriptions, have been placed at the disposal of the Biographer.

The Author desires to express his grateful thanks to Miss Mary Church and Mr. R. E. Froude, F.R.S., for their valuable aid and counsel in the revision of his work. He is also indebted to Dr. MacIntyre of Oscott, Monsignor Bidwell, and Father Bacchus of the Oratory, for suggestions made with the object of ensuring accuracy of expression where the Biography touches on Cardinal Newman's theological views.

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Errata.

Since this work was in type, my attention has been called to two mistakes which occur in Newman's own correspondence.

Dr. Gillies, referred to 156–7, was a Bishop, and not, as stated in the text, an Archbishop. His name is spelt by Newman as in the text. I believe it is more correctly spelt without the 'e.

The Bishop referred to in Newman's correspondence as the Bishop of Newry, and a colleague of Dr. Kenrick of Baltimore, was probably the Bishop of Dromore, whose cathedral town is Newry, and not, as is stated in the text (426) an 'American' Bishop. There is no such See in America.

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TO

THE FIRST VOLUME

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From a Photograph

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LIFE

OF

CARDINAL NEWMAN

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

IT is due to the readers of this work that the biographer, in view of the anticipations which may have been formed as to what the Life of Cardinal Newman ought to contain, should indicate at starting the nature of the material placed at his disposal, and the treatment to which it has been found naturally to lend itself. The chief material for the biography consists in Newman's journals and diaries and in the immense mass of letters collected and arranged by his literary executor, the late Father Neville. It includes likewise groups of his letters arranged and annotated by the writer himself. There are notes of some value written by Father Neville recording the Cardinal's sayings and habits; and the late Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder placed at the disposal of the biographer a very interesting record based largely on his own conversations with Newman.

The general trend of the biography of a man of action is determined by the public events in which he has taken part; but the life of one whose fame rests mainly on his writings leaves wider room for conjecture as to its scope, and in some cases for hesitation on the part of its writer as to the lines on which it should be planned. The expectations

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formed by different readers are likely to be determined by what the subject of the biography mainly represents in the eyes of each. And in Newman's case different readers are for this reason likely to have very different anticipations.

John Henry Newman is indeed himself a remarkable instance of one of his own most characteristic contentions, that the same object may be seen by different onlookers under aspects so various and partial as to make their views, from their inadequacy, appear occasionally even contradictory. A very able German Catholic critic recently said to the present writer, 'Newman is the originator of the theory of development in dogma—he is that or he is nothing.' This critic took the famous Essay on its theoretical and philosophical side. But while to some Newman is thus before all things a religious philosopher—and he has often been compared with Pascal—there are others, like Lord Morley, who appear to see in him little more than a great master of English prose who is hardly to be reckoned a thinker at all.[1] By yet others he has been placed in the category of the great ecclesiastical writers in history, the eloquence and force in some of his later sermons suggesting a comparison with Bossuet,[2] his personal charm and delicate balance of mind recalling Fénelon. English Catholics think of him primarily as the great defender of their religion against Mr. Kingsley, Dr. Pusey, and Mr. Gladstone; as the man who has annihilated by his brilliant irony both High Church Anglicanism and the bombast of Exeter Hall in the lectures of 1849 and 1851. Yet the champion who entered the lists on behalf of the Roman claims in 1849 is still hailed by many as the founder of modern Anglicanism. There are, on the other hand, thousands for whom Newman's writings belong, to use Dean Stanley's phrase—'not to provincial dogma, but to the literature of all time.' He is for them the author of the Oxford Sermons, with their matchless insight into human nature; the religious poet who wrote the 'Dream of Gerontius' and 'Lead,

[1] See Lord Morley's *Miscellanies* (Fourth Series) (Macmillan), p. 161.

[2] Dean Church has truly said that Newman's Oxford Sermons are not the sermons of an orator. It is chiefly the *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*, preached at the Oratory, that give material for the comparison. The contrast between the style of the two periods of his preaching has been admirably drawn out by the late Mr. Hutton in his *Cardinal Newman* (Methuen).

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kindly Light'; while the 'Apologia' belongs in their eyes to the literature of self-revelation, not to apologetic. To others, again, he is the theologian who has an almost unequalled knowledge of the first three centuries of Church history. Such was Döllinger's estimate of him.[1] And by some he was for long chiefly thought of as the greatest exponent of the views of the minority at the Vatican Council.

There is enough, then, in Newman's writing to suggest a wide range of interest for his biography and varied possibilities as to its main direction. And it will be asked if the letters lend themselves naturally to a work which should be in the main the Life of a writer and thinker, including, as do the Lives of Kant and Hegel, a record of the genesis of his thought and its incidence on opinion.

The answer must be that the correspondence points to a biography which is rather an addition to his writings than an illustration of them. There are, indeed, to be found in Father Neville's collection instances of brilliant and masterly controversial letters, and letters bearing on his theological and historical writings. But, on the whole, the story of his life which is found in the correspondence carries the readers of Newman into a new country rather than illustrates one that they knew already. Some of the features above contemplated must necessarily be altogether absent from the biography. Of the Newman specially dear to Anglicans—the leader of the Oxford Movement—most of the letters have already been published by Miss Mozley; and it is at the Cardinal's own desire that his present biographer has not added to the record given in those letters and in the 'Apologia.' Only one chapter of the present work deals with the period preceding 1845.

The comparisons which have been drawn between Newman and Pascal, Fénelon, and Bossuet have, no doubt, some value and literary interest, and are incidentally illustrated in the Cardinal's letters and journals. For example, his dealings with the so-called 'Liberal Catholics,' so fully set forth in his correspondence with Lord Acton and Mr. Simpson, present a close resemblance to the attitude of Fénelon in the Quietist controversy. We have the

[1] See p. 444.

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same opposition to extremes on either side, the same hostility on the part of the dominant theological party, the same loyal submission to Rome, the same jealous vindication of personal orthodoxy. But the net result of Newman's letters is to enforce not similarities, but differences—to show that Newman's mind and character presented marked and peculiar characteristics of their own. The interest of the letters and journals is not to be found in the comparisons they suggest with other great Churchmen or in the light they cast on his published writings, but rather in the drama of his life and the picture of a very individual mind and character. They give a sequel of extraordinary interest to the narrative portion of the 'Apologia.' To this all that bears on his theology or on his literary work is subordinate. The story more than once threatens to prove a tragedy, but ends, as it begins, in peace and happiness.

This drama, exhibited at length in the present work by his own words, must here be briefly indicated lest its outline be lost or blurred for the reader as he threads his way through an intricate correspondence. Newman's life-story must, moreover, be looked at as a whole, and from the beginning, that its interest may be fully realised. We must have before us the child whose imagination ran on unknown influences and magical talismans, who thought life might be a dream and the material world unreal; the youth who was at sixteen profoundly conscious of an inward conversion and believed himself 'elected to eternal glory,' and who henceforth rested in the thought of himself and his Creator as the only two luminously self-evident beings.[1] Then after the brilliant apprenticeship at Oxford and the few years in which the 'Oxford Plato,'[2] the friend of Blanco White and of Whately, showed some tendency towards intellectualism, we see him from 1828 onwards undergoing a profound religious reaction, which grew into the conviction that he had a definite mission in life.[3]

And what was that mission? It was one of relentless war against the 'Liberalism' in thought that was breaking up ancient institutions in Church and State, and would not cease from its work until it had destroyed religion. In

[1] *Apologia*, p. 4. [2] *Vide infra*, p. 38. [3] *Apologia*, p. 34.

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England its aims were comparatively moderate and its tendencies disguised, but we are now witnessing its inevitable results in Continental Europe. Newman foresaw them in 1828. He saw fresh symptoms of an un-Christian movement in the revolution of 1830 in France, and on one occasion refused even to look at the tricolor that was hoisted on the mast of a French ship.[1] It was not his way to spread a panic or to indulge in alarmist talk of the incoming flood of infidelity. But this was in reality, as we know from a letter written in old age, the anticipation which early haunted him. We learn from this letter that for fifty years he had looked forward to the gradual rising of such a flood until 'only the tops of the mountains will be seen like islands in the waste of waters.'[2] To rescue his own countrymen from this danger, or to show them an ark of safety, appeared to be a mission specially suited to one keenly alive to the plausibility of scepticism, yet profoundly convinced that modern science and research were compatible with Christianity,[3] and that in Christianity alone could be found the meaning of life and the happiness of mankind. The work was to be done not by talking of unbelief before the world at large saw it coming, not by alarming the simple souls who were to be the soldiers of the truth; but by strengthening the English Church as the home of dogmatic religion; by imparting intellectual depth to its traditional theology and spiritual life to its institutions; by strengthening and renewing the almost broken links which bound the Church of England to the Church Catholic of the great ages—the Church of Augustine and Athanasius. And this was the object of the Oxford Movement of 1833.

In five short years the dream of his mission became a reality; it had been accepted in Oxford and beyond it, and had amazed him by its results. Followers literally crowded to his standard, and one who desired only to work for a cause found himself against his own will the leader of a great movement.

[1] *Apologia*, p. 33. [2] *Vide infra*, Vol. II. p. 416.

[3] I need not remind the reader that he ascribed their actual irreligious tendency not to the genuine scientific method, but to the naturalistic assumptions of eminent scientists.

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In 1838 he exercised a kingship in Oxford extending far beyond the ranks of a party—an influence so extraordinary that the tradition of it is now no longer realised and only half believed. For it makes a claim for one man which seems hyperbolical and improbable; but in fact the improbable had occurred. Whether Oxford was right or wrong, it recognised in the personality which dominated it, in the sermons at St. Mary's, and the Tracts, a Christian thinker of unique genius and insight. Let the present writer add to the testimonies of those who speak in the text of this work the words of yet another,[1] who owned that he was bearing witness to a marvel. 'Was there ever in history anything like Newman's power over us at Oxford?' were words familiar to the writer from early boyhood. And Newman's influence was for all England as well, for the Movement promised to spread.

'Let Newman mould the Church and Gladstone
stamp the State.'

Such was the dream of England's future which haunted young Oxford.[2]

This early victorious achievement and leadership and the hopes it inspired threw on Newman's later history both a light and a shadow which were never to be removed.

To develop the great Movement in the Church of England by reasserting its Catholic elements was a task which the traditions of Oxford, his own affection for the Anglican Liturgy, and his keen sympathy with the English divines of the seventeenth century combined to make a labour of love. This congenial and resplendent armoury had to be set aside in a few years. The Church of England itself had been, he came to hold, unfaithful to that very Catholic tradition which he was rescuing and rebuilding as an ark of safety from the flood of Liberalism and Rationalism. The early Fathers still remained to stir his imagination, and they shone out as guiding stars, but they were more distant than England and Oxford. They were a vision for his guidance, but they had not the special warmth belonging to the home of his youth. And from that home he was now to be torn for ever.

We have all read in the 'Apologia' of the agony of the

[1] William George Ward.

[2] See Archbishop Alexander's poem, *Oxford in* 1845.

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death-struggle. The mission, the reality of which had been so strongly borne in on him, was to be carried on not among the friends of his youth, but in a strange country. Thither he went, taking with him as the link between his old life and his new his henceforth inseparable friend Ambrose St. John, whom the people of Rome in 1847 called his guardian angel. We witness his heartache as he parts from Littlemore, and kisses the leaves of the Oxford trees. The sadness is intense; but God's ways are marvellous. And the sense of God's presence is with him still. The Divine Hand had been visible in the work of the Movement, and its author had been wonderfully led onwards. The writing on the wall in 1839—the thought, 'Rome will be found right after all'—had been followed by other signs pointing in the same direction. Rome had long been the object of his fiercest invective. Yet now it was along the road to Rome that God bade him travel. The journey of 1845 was then desolate, but still wonderful, still speaking of Divine guidance and a Divine plan. Personal suffering, and perhaps personal failure, seemed to be marked out as the conditions of success for his mission. The ways of the strange country were hard to learn. The tasks he was set proved trying. But we see him beginning his new life with a profound sense that he had come to the promised land. The 'blessed vision of peace'[1] stood out before him as he recognised in the Roman Communion the Church of Athanasius, and that vision shed a light on his path. As he had been brought to his great work for Oxford by circumstances, and with hardly any personal effort, so, he doubted not, it would be again.

And the years from 1845 to 1852 brought nothing to dim such anticipations. The Catholic Church was, he believed, now, as in the early ages, to triumph by the suffering of its apostles; and the insults of the No-popery rioters in 1850, and again his trial for the pretended libel against Dr. Achilli in 1852, were looked upon as so much suffering in the good cause. There was much weariness, much distress, much anxiety; yet God's hand was still visible.

Then came a time of trial, long-drawn-out, when the hand of God seemed withdrawn, and not only was his life beset

[1] *Essay on Development*, p. 445.

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with trouble, but the labour of many years proved to be apparently without result, even without meaning. He was asked to undertake the formation of a Catholic University in Ireland. Is this at last, he seems to ask, destined to be the great work of his life? Is this to be the field for his mission in his new home? There were facts which made such a supposition not inconceivable. The immense success of Louvain University in Catholic Belgium—a private enterprise at first, and unrecognised by the State—was by this time an accomplished fact. And a University for the English-speaking races in a land where the Catholic population exceeded that of Belgium was not on the face of it a Utopian conception. The Holy Father had given special approval to the Irish scheme. It was set on foot as part of the deliberate policy of the Holy See of establishing Catholic centres of learning, and opposing 'mixed' education at the State Universities. Again, the scheme gave him a direct call to deal with what he more and more regarded as his own especial work—the formation of educated Christian minds capable of resisting the increasing tide of infidel thought. This would be the renewal of his work at Oxford, but with the world-wide Church to back him, and the Rock of Peter to support him. On the other hand, the task was immensely arduous, and his keen and observant mind was gradually made alive to many adverse omens—to signs of general indifference to the scheme in Ireland, to symptoms that it could never do the great work for English Catholics which he had at first pictured, but would be a purely Irish College, disapproved, moreover, as impracticable by the best representatives of the interests of education among the Irish themselves. Here were the factors in a trial which eventually broke his spirit. There was an inevitable hesitation, and then faith was invoked by him against sight, and in the end sight won a tragic victory. At first he seems to rebuke his own want of trust. Peter had spoken, and if necessary would even work a marvel. History told him—he said it in burning words—that to follow the lead of Rome was to prosper. But the cold, unpromising, uninspiring facts gradually chilled him by their dull pressure. He was now at an age when—as he himself kept saying—nature no longer supplied the energy

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and enthusiasm necessary for the initiation of difficult tasks. His antecedents gave him no habit of such initiation, for at Oxford he inherited an already formed system and existing traditions, and himself contributed only the living force of genius in his sermons and lectures. He was working amid a race which was strange to him. The Irish Primate, seemingly suspicious of his plans, hindered rather than helped him. Other bishops stood his friends; but the circumstances of the country made the scheme impracticable. He made a sustained effort which involved an unnatural strain. He held fast by the presumption that in attempting a work with such high sanction he was obeying a call from God; and he kept assuring himself that if only he had faith enough all would prosper. With his intense realisation of advancing life he watched, powerless to stop them, the years of still vigorous life passing for ever. He became aware of the utter failure to which at first he would not own. He keeps writing to his friends of satisfaction and success—until suddenly he breaks down. He compares the founders of the University to Frankenstein. They were 'scared at their own monster.' He resigns his office. But the long strain has been too much. Buoyancy is gone for ever. He finds himself an old man. He writes to W. G. Ward that he looks now for paralysis or some sudden end to his days. There is no faltering in his loyalty to Rome. But in this, as in other feelings, buoyancy has left him. The thought that almost a miracle might come if he followed Peter's lead is sadly allowed to have been in this case a dream and not a vision. The authorities at Rome had not realised the conditions which prevailed in Ireland. They had relied on local information which proved to be inaccurate. It was a simple and not surprising fact. It impugned no dogma of his faith. But it meant that the years had passed, not in justifying for him an almost prophetic vision in the face of chilling criticism, but in finding by experience that the critics had been right and his work vain.

Not, then, by founding a great University was he destined to help the Catholic and Christian cause. All he could now hope for was to add something to his writings on behalf of religion during the few years that remained to him of life.

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This thought is but a faint flicker of the old flame. He has no heart now to speak of a great mission. But even this view of God's will for him received little external encouragement. The English Bishops, it is true, now asked him to edit a translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular, and he planned and began an essay on the philosophy of the sacred narrative—an antidote to such naturalistic treatment of Holy Writ as Renan's 'Histoire d'Israël'—as its Introduction. But the whole scheme was abandoned owing apparently to the apathy of Cardinal Wiseman. Then he tried to guide the thought of the intellectual Catholics who under the editorship of the late Lord Acton were conducting the *Rambler* Review, but met again with powerful opposition. He became its editor, but he was asked to resign after his first number, and delated to Rome for heresy after his second.

This was in 1859: and 1860 saw the development of that zealous but intolerant movement of Catholics in defence of the Holy See which the invasion of the Papal States brought about, when all balanced thought, especially in relation to the Temporal Power of the Pope, was liable to be accused of dangerous Liberalism; when in France Dupanloup, Montalembert, and Lacordaire were denounced by M. Veuillot and his friends as unsound Catholics; when, to use Newman's own words, 'a man who was not extravagant was thought treacherous.' And Newman found himself suspected and 'under a cloud.' Yet in all he had done, in all he had written, he had prayed earnestly for guidance that he might know God's will. Where now was his mission? Where was his work for the great cause? He submitted in silence and resignation. His spiritual life indeed found now, as ever, its 'perfect peace and contentment' in the Catholic religion. But otherwise it was a time of darkness and gloom; and there came to him some of the special bitterness that falls to the lot of a discrowned king or a forsaken prophet. He thought himself an old man. His health was bad, and he made ready for death. His books had already ceased to sell, and now he ceased to write. His very name was hardly known to the rising generation. Had he died directly after his sixty-third birthday—at an age which would have fallen not very far short of the allotted days of man on earth—his career would have lived in

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history as ending in the saddest of failures. His unparalleled eminence in 1837 would have been contrasted by historians with his utter insignificance in 1863. His biography would have been a tragedy.

Then in 1864 came Charles Kingsley's memorable attack, and Newman saw in it an opportunity for a vindication of his whole career before the English public from the accusation of insincerity, and of defending the Catholic cause on the lines which he felt so necessary for the times. The brilliant strategical sallies in pamphlet form by which he at once secured universal attention, and then the graver chapters which are now known as the 'Apologia pro Vita Sua,' won the heart of England. Middle-aged men long separated from him, but who had once sat at his feet at Oxford, now came forward to tell a world that had forgotten him all that the name 'Newman' had once meant. An article of seven columns in the *Times* on his first public appearance after the campaign of the 'Apologia' bore decisive testimony to a wonderful recovery.

Thenceforth John Henry Newman was a great figure in the eyes of his countrymen. English Catholics were grateful to him and proud of having for their champion one of whom the country itself had become suddenly proud as a great writer and a spiritual genius. He had a large following within the Catholic Church, who hung on his words as his Oxford disciples had done thirty years earlier. Opposition in influential quarters continued. But his supporters among the Bishops stood their ground, and the battle was on far more equal terms than heretofore.

Still, a reaction in his favour which inspired him with great hopes for the future did not entirely justify those hopes. He continued to concentrate his attention on the educational needs of earnest and thoughtful minds whose faith would be tried in coming years. The Catholic University had failed. The only available University training for English Catholics was at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1864, and again in 1866, he planned an Oratory for Oxford, hoping to influence the intellectual life of the place, so largely affected at that time by the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, and to be a spiritual and intellectual guide

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to the Catholic undergraduates. But Manning and W. G. Ward were enforcing in England in an uncompromising form the opposition to 'mixed' education to which Rome was largely committed on the Continent. Newman's scheme was out of harmony with their views. Manning was already, when it was first mooted, all-powerful with Cardinal Wiseman, and a year later he was Archbishop. Rome, therefore, naturally endorsed his policy, and Newman's project was defeated. This was his last hope of active work as a Catholic. The dramatic story of its initial encouragement, of the happy dreams to which it at first led, and of its final defeat, is told in the present biography.

Newman then set himself to write his great work on the question that had haunted him through life—the reasonableness of religious belief—his 'Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent.' And at the same time came the beginning of the controversies which preceded the Vatican Council. The men who had opposed and defeated him on the Oxford scheme were among the chief agitators for the definition of Papal Infallibility. Newman had ever held that doctrine much as Fénelon had held it. But it was now put forward in the newspapers, by M. Louis Veuillot and others, in an untheological and exaggerated form, and Newman dreaded a definition which might be regarded by the world as giving countenance to excesses he deplored. He stigmatised these writers and their followers, in a well-known letter, as 'an insolent and aggressive faction.' In so far as the passing of the definition increased the influence of this 'faction' it was to Newman a blow; although its actual text expressed the dogma as he had always himself held it. His distress was sensibly alleviated, however, very soon afterwards by the action of Bishop Fessler, the Secretary-General to the Council, and others, in protesting against exaggerated and untheological interpretations of the definition. Newman expressed his own views on the subject in the published letter of 1875 to the Duke of Norfolk. This letter was received by Catholics with enthusiastic, almost universal, acclamation. Its reception was indeed a moment of triumph for Newman; and then Ambrose St. John, his beloved and inseparable friend, in the midst of their joy was

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suddenly taken from him. Life was now indeed over, and his career as a Catholic had been in one respect at least—he could not deny it—a supreme disappointment. The desire of his heart had been that he should speak with the whole weight of the great historic Church and of the Holy See unmistakably at his back. His words would thus have tenfold force. The Catholic Church alone could, as he felt and said even at his darkest moments, withstand the social and intellectual movement on behalf of unbelief. But to speak with her authority was just what appeared to be denied him. His critics still whispered that he was not to be trusted.

In point of fact, the failure of his successive endeavours was not entirely an accident. He was, as he said, out of joint with the times. He had formed a definite idea of the work at which he should aim as a Catholic in view of the special dangers of the hour; and the powerful movement on behalf of uniformity and centralisation which marked the period from 1850 to 1870 made its accomplishment almost impossible. He was keenly in sympathy with the general aims of such men as Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Frederic Ozanam, who regarded it as the great need of the times that the Catholic Faith should be explained in such a way as to appeal to the educated classes among their contemporaries. And his own immediate concern was to make it persuasive to his own countrymen. For this purpose in his opinion a provisional freedom in the discussion of new problems and a certain translation of traditionary expressions into more familiar language were required. On the other hand, what Archbishop Sibour of Paris has called the 'New Ultramontane'[1] party which was represented in England by Dr. Manning, in Ireland by Dr. Cullen, was little alive, during the dramatic struggle of that time, to such needs. And this party rapidly gained great influence. Its representatives were suspicious of such liberality of view as Newman's or Montalembert's, dreading lest it might prove the thin end of the wedge which would admit unbelief into the Church. Again, the New Ultramontanes advocated a movement of centralisation which appeared to Newman to dispense with

[1] *Vide infra*, Vol. II. pp. 209–10.

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the customary practical checks on absolutism which the Church had provided. While taking the highest view of the Papal prerogatives, he seems, like Archbishop Sibour himself, to have questioned the expediency of constantly exerting to the full powers needful for an emergency. On both these matters the tide set in against him. In his last publication before receiving the Cardinal's hat we read the following sad and significant words: 'It is so ordered on high that in our day Holy Church should present just that aspect to my countrymen which is most consonant with their ingrained prejudices against her, most unpromising for their conversion; and what can one writer do to counteract this misfortune?'[1]

With his keen sense of the action of Providence on his life—of the 'kindly light' to which he looked to lead him on—the great event of 1879, which suddenly and completely removed the long-standing feeling of impotence, appeared to him almost like a visible miracle. He was named a Prince of the Church. Nothing but this signal favour from Rome could have lifted the cloud; and one who was wholly indifferent to external dignities saw the hand of Providence, and gave the thanks that were due. The time of wonders had returned. The long patience of many years was seen to have been the condition of accomplishing his true mission, and it was now to bear its fruit. A Cardinal could speak in the name of Rome. His writings had now the aureole they had hitherto lacked. They had the direct approval of the Vicar of Christ. His life had far exceeded the threescore and ten years allotted to man. He had written the last words of his private journal, thanking God for His goodness, and resigning himself to his one cross—the coldness of ecclesiastical authority. It was a cross hard to bear, both from his deep loyalty to Rome and from its greatly diminishing his power for good. When the cloud was suddenly removed, it was almost as though the heavens had opened and proclaimed the reward of long-suffering endurance.

His sunny and happy old age gives a completeness to the drama which real life seldom affords. Even on this earth 'the night was gone' for him. In the happy letters of these years he seems to repeat the lines of his own hymn,

[1] *Via Media*, vol. i. p. xxxvii.

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'And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.'

His life as a Catholic was thus marked by the alternation of light and gloom—the 'blessed vision of peace' which he saw in the Church of Athanasius inspiring endeavours that were again and again thwarted by members of the very Church he strove to serve. And the letters reveal something analogous in the temperament of the man. Here, too, the source of light is under another aspect a source of gloom. His own nature enhanced the effect of untoward circumstance. The delicate perceptions which charmed so many were a part of the artist's temperament, sensitive to praise and blame, craving for sympathy. That is a temperament not helpful in the struggle with the world which practical enterprises entail. Its combination with unswerving obedience to the highest and hardest commands of conscience made him for his followers a prophet as well as an intensely sympathetic friend. But such a combination made his struggle with the world yet harder. Conscience bade him reject without hesitation that indulgence of mood and impulse which makes life tolerable to the artistic temperament. And he was ever ready to see in the less congenial path the way of duty.

Then, again, his extraordinary power of psychological analysis, his insight into the workings of the human mind in individuals and in bodies of men, was a source of great influence in his correspondence with those who sought his advice, as it had been in his sermons at Oxford. But it was a source also of difficulty in a life of action, and this in two ways. Firstly, the habit of minute psychological introspection is apt to beget something of Hamlet's temperament. And in Newman's case this was allied with a quality noted by his Oratorian friend and colleague Father Ryder in the valuable notes on the Cardinal which he left for my use, namely, 'his passivity—making no attempt to fashion the course of his life, but waiting on Providence.' At critical moments, when friends expect him to strike and to protest, he says instead, 'Fiat voluntas tua.' The incident of the Irish bishopric, the suspension of the translation of the Scriptures, the resignation of the editorship of the *Rambler*, the abandonment of the Oxford scheme, are all instances of this.

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But, secondly, Newman *saw too much* for a man of action. Difficulties were too vividly present to his mind in all his undertakings. This marked characteristic of his thought held good likewise of his actions. His belief in God, in another life, in the Church, was unwavering. Yet when Huxley said that he could compile a primer of infidelity from Newman's writings, those who knew them best saw at once the grounds for such a misreading. The sceptic's mind was vividly present to Newman's imagination. History witnessed in his eyes to 'the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious enquiries.'[1] He saw to the full the plausibility of the case which might be made out against the truths he most deeply believed. Of all points of faith he felt, as he has told us, that the being of God was most encompassed with difficulty.[2] He believed in the divinity of the Catholic Church. Yet he saw so clearly the human element in it that he sometimes alarmed even those who agreed with him by the closeness with which his mind could approach the line which separated the human from the Divine. His deepest convictions were compatible with a keen sense of all that told against them. Mr. Hutton notes a parallel quality in his literary style—its presentation of currents opposed to its steady, onward, main drift.

And his keen realisation of the difficulties attaching to all views on religion had its counterpart in his practical life. In any task which he believed that God called on him to undertake he had a similar keen vision of the difficulties in his path, as he gradually pictured to himself with almost unerring insight the future course of events as they would affect him, the questions he would have to solve, the opposition he would encounter. Such insight has its helpful quality, but it may reach the point where it leads to hesitation or impairs the buoyancy and hopefulness which make for successful action. And I think that it did often reach that point, especially in Newman's later years. We find letters which to a simple and literal reader would appear contradictory. As early as the years succeeding his 'Lectures on the Prophetical Office,' we find him full of the difficulties of a theory of which he had a few years

[1] *Apologia*, p. 243. [2] *Ibid.* p. 239.

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before been sanguine.[1] There are letters of his from Rome in 1847 on the alternative schemes for his future—whether he should be an Oratorian, a Dominican, a Redemptorist, or the like—which are almost tiresomely fussy from their realisation of objections to any plan and their balancing of alternative considerations. One could quote letters on the Irish University scheme, each of which, taken alone, would seem to point in quite opposite directions—the work seems in one letter just that which he would have chosen; in another quite hopeless. When he undertakes the editorship of the *Rambler*, and again when he resigns it, we have letters in which he groans over the irksomeness of the task and longs to be quit of it; and yet other letters which seem to say that it is the very work marked out for him by Providence. It is the same with the translation of the Scriptures. When the Oxford scheme of 1866 appears to be certain and fixed, he writes of the prospect to W. J. Copeland with the profoundest melancholy. Yet when it is put an end to by Propaganda the blow is a crushing one. In one so subtle, complex, intensely sensitive, these opposite feelings have all an intelligible place. A mind and imagination singularly alive to every aspect and every detail of each plan, a singularly sensitive temperament, naturally views a prospect with mixed feelings. One aspect makes him sad, another makes him happy. But to the world at large such combinations are often perplexing. Some readers will experience the surprise which came to Cardinal Barnabo when he was told in 1867 by the ambassadors, whom he understood to be pleading for Newman's mission to Oxford, that he had

[1] He writes thus to Henry Wilberforce in January 1846: 'In the year 1834 or '35 my belief in this theory was so strong, that I recollect feeling an anxiety about the Abbé Jager, with whom I was controverting, lest my arguments were unsettling him and making him miserable. Those arguments were not mine, but the evolution of Laud's theory, Stillingfleet's &c., which seemed to me clear, complete, and unanswerable. I do not think I had that unhesitating belief in it in 1836–7 when I published my Prophetical Office, or rather I should say that *zeal* for it—for I believed it fully or at least was not conscious I did not. It is difficult to say whether or not a flagging zeal involves an incipient doubt. The feelings under which I wrote the volume will be seen in the commencement of the last Lecture. I thought the theory true, but that all theories were doubtful and difficult, and all reasoning a weariness to the flesh. As time went on and I read the Fathers more attentively, I found the Via Media less and less satisfactory.

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never wanted to go to Oxford at all. 'Then we are all agreed,' said the Cardinal. This complexity, I think, often led to his being misunderstood, and damaged his effectiveness in action.

Then, again, the deep sincerity, practicalness and unconventionality of his thought and his close perception of the workings of the minds which he strove to help made him a most persuasive guide. But these qualities also brought a drawback in his life as a Catholic. The rigid schoolmen, in England and in Rome, were very slow to comprehend his drift, and ready to find fault with him. For it often happened that he did not reason along the lines with which they were familiar. His distinctions in argument, as Father Ryder points out, 'instead of being clean cut and mutually exclusive, are for the most part based upon the predominance of this or that element, because the treatment aims at dealing with the living subject without reducing it to a *caput mortuum* of abstraction.' This is, of course, the antithesis to the logical distinctions of the schoolmen.

'The truth was,' writes Father Ryder, 'it was exceedingly difficult for men trained in the formal logic of the schools to understand one whose propositions lent themselves so awkwardly to the discipline of mood and figure. When Father Newman was still an Anglican, one who always remained his steadfast friend, Father Perrone [in reviewing at the same time Mr. Palmer's "Treatise on the Church" and Newman's "Prophetical Office"], thus gave vent to his vexation at an antagonist who would not play the game—"optime Palmer, Newman miscet et confundit omnia." Then again what seemed to them antilogies troubled them. Father Newman was reserved and outspoken, Ultramontane and Liberal, uncompromising and minimistic. He was a formidable engine of war on their side, but they were distinctly aware that they did not thoroughly understand the machinery, and so they came to think, some of them, that it might perhaps one day go off of itself or in the wrong direction.'

The quality of complexity and subtlety of mind in one whose purpose was ever so simple in its concentration on following God's will kept him aloof from all parties. This

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is a very noteworthy feature to which his correspondence bears testimony. Yet party combinations are generally deemed necessary for effective action. Even as a Tractarian he had opposed over-elaborate organisation, and advocated informal individual effort. It is a question whether he could have been even then strictly a party man had it not come to pass that he found himself the leader of a party—had not the party become Newmanite rather than he a Puseyite. As a Catholic, his isolation from parties was almost complete. Deeply as he sympathised on many points with Montalembert and Lacordaire,[1] he was in no sense a Liberal Catholic. Much as he agreed with Dupanloup's action at the time of the Vatican Council, he had none of Dupanloup's Gallican tendency. Strongly as he felt with Acton and Simpson in their dissatisfaction with certain features in current Catholic Apologetic,[2] he emphatically dissociated himself from the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign Review*. On the other hand, convinced Ultramontane as he was, he was out of harmony with the most typical Ultramontanes of the time—with those who could be called party men. Manning and Louis Veuillot were both intellectually uncongenial to him. So, too, was Father Faber. He wrote to W. G. Ward again and again that he agreed with him in principles. But when it came to practice he seemed to Ward to be taking the side of Simpson and Acton, and to be directly hostile to himself. With Döllinger's recognition of the facts of history he was in full sympathy, yet he wholly dissented from his application of those facts to the duty of a Catholic in 1870.[3] It will be said at least he was an 'inopportunist' in 1870—but no. Though he did all he could to avert the definition, though he regretted the definition, he did not pronounce it inopportune. Of its opportuneness God was the judge.[4] Even if it was a misfortune, misfortune may be the providential means of bringing about good results.

Very few men combine, as he did, profound enthusiasm with the keenly critical temperament. How many men could have written as he did with inspired rhetoric of the practical

[1] *Vide infra*, p. 472.
[2] *Vide infra*, p. 553.
[3] *Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 311.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 193.

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wisdom of the Papacy displayed in history, and yet have been so strongly opposed to what he believed to be the wishes of Pius IX. in 1870? The rough-and-ready critic notes the contrasts with exasperation. But the careful reader will see that in each case the appeal is to the facts of history. History taught him that in matters of policy Popes were generally right, occasionally wrong.

This excessive isolation in his views, like the keen sense of the difficulties in his path, did not tell for the success of his endeavours; for men who thought he agreed with them would find him at critical moments unexpectedly in an attitude of opposition to them. The late Lord Acton was greatly angered by such incidents. In a lesser degree it was the same with others. The charge against him in a famous correspondence, which we have all read,[1] is that he is 'difficult to understand.' Others besides Manning said this. 'J. H. N. is a queer man. Who can understand him?' wrote T. W. Allies—for many years a friend and close follower—at the time of the Oxford scheme of 1864. Allies' correspondent sent the letter on to Newman himself, and the present writer found it among his papers.

Finally, we see in his letters the intensely affectionate and sensitive nature which won him such devoted friendships and brought at the same time so much suffering. We find him telling Mr. Hutton that nothing could be said about him in praise or in blame which did not 'tear off his morbidly sensitive skin.' And there was something in the depth of his affections distinct from the temperament of the artist of which I have already spoken. My picture would not be true or living if I omitted from the correspondence as published the indications of this feature and its consequences. I am aware that the unsympathetic reader may find matter for criticism in some manifestations of Newman's sensitiveness, and in a certain self-centredness which so often goes with genius, and which had in Newman's case been fostered by his almost unique leadership at Oxford. But I do not think that anyone who appreciates the overmastering love of holiness, the absolute devotion to duty, as well as the intellectual force and wisdom evident in the letters as

[1] See Purcell's *Life of Manning*, ii. 327.

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a whole, will feel any disposition so to belittle the great Cardinal when he reaches the end of this book. In reading Newman's correspondence, as when we watch a man in great pain, we hear, perhaps, at moments cries which are not musical, we witness movements not wholly dignified. But the feeling when all is read can hardly fail to be (the present writer speaks at least for himself) one of deep love and reverence. If the biographer has not conveyed his sense of proportion in this respect the fault is wholly his own. But, on the other hand, he did not feel that he would be justified in suppressing the signs of those defects which make the individuality stand out, and publishing a merely conventional biography, painting a 'court portrait.' There are men of genius in respect of whom the world has a right to know the facts as they are, and whose great gifts and qualities enable them to bear an entirely truthful representation. Such was Johnson. Such was Carlyle. One cannot bear the thought of these great men being shorn of their real individuality. John Henry Newman is such another. And his very holiness and devotion to duty are brought into relief by the trials which his own nature enhanced. His brightness of temperament made him keenly alive to the joys of life. It made him at times the most charming of companions. There probably would be few symptoms of undue sensitiveness or of angry and resentful feeling to record had he led a life according to human inclination. But at the call of duty he attempted tasks which were intensely trying. He had strength to put his hand into the fire and keep it there. He had not strength never to cry out with pain, or always to preserve an attitude of studied grace.

Albany Christie walked with him from Oxford to Littlemore when the great separation of 1845 was approaching. Newman never spoke a word all the way, and Christie's hand when they arrived was wet with Newman's tears. When he made his confession in Littlemore chapel his exhaustion was such that he could not walk without help. When he went to Rome to set right the differences with his brethren of London which tried him so deeply, he walked barefoot from the halting stage of the *diligence* all the way to St. Peter's Basilica. When Ambrose St. John died

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Newman threw himself on the bed by the corpse and spent the night there. A nature marked by the depth of feeling of which such symptoms are the index has a load to bear which is not given to others. Deep natures are not the most equable. The selfish and shallow man may be at times a pleasanter companion. The men who feel as deeply as John Henry Newman felt win from friends and disciples an enthusiastic personal love which others cannot win. '.Cor ad cor loquitur.' They give and they receive a love for which others look in vain. But deep feeling is not all of one kind. There will be bitter as well as sweet. Where there is intense love and gratitude, there will be at times deep anger, deep resentment.

The complex genius, then, which fascinated and dominated his followers had in it some qualities less helpful in the life of action than the rough fibre of simpler natures. This adds to the interest of the drama, and its pathos; but the reader will not find in it the determining cause of successive failures. This is to be sought rather in the action of his countrymen who opposed him, and in the circumstances of the time which gave them their opportunity.

There is one further feature in the correspondence which calls for special notice. Newman's lifelong preoccupation with the prospect of an unprecedented movement towards unbelief in religion led him from an early date to give close attention to the question,—How can the reasonableness of religious belief be brought home to all the men of good-will? The Oxford University Sermons (on 'The Theory of Religious Belief'), which began as early as 1826, have this for their main object. The 'Grammar of Assent' pursued it further. His own friendship with Blanco White, with Mark Pattison, with William Froude, the brother of Hurrell, brought closely home to him the fact that there were honest inquirers to whom the mode in which Christianity was presented to them had made its acceptance impossible. In early years he felt the deficiency to lie largely in the fact that the apologetic current in the Anglican Church did not take adequate account of the actual state of inquiring minds or of their special difficulties. And he regarded the result not only

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as a matter deeply serious in its bearing on the happiness and welfare of men who were dear to him, but as of overwhelming concern for the faith of the rising generation. He gradually came to see in the Catholic Church the one hope for withstanding a movement towards unbelief which threatened to be little less than a devastating flood. There are traces of this thought even before he joined her communion. The special power of Catholicism in this direction, as he came gradually to believe, was twofold. First, the Church was, as he expressed it, 'the concrete representative of things invisible.' She upheld dogmatic truth with all the authority of immemorial tradition. Her insistence on the whole of revelation, and jealous refusal to mutilate it, was a part of this aspect of her strength. And she was, moreover, a living power specially adapted to resist the excesses of Rationalism—the errors to which the human reason is liable if left to itself. But there was also another side which appealed to him in her history—the side set forth in several of his Essays, and notably in the Dublin Lecture on 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation.' This was the freedom of debate with which the mediæval schools met the intellectual problems of their day. 'Truth is wrought out,' he wrote, 'by many minds working freely together. As far as I can make out this has ever been the rule of the Church till now.'[1] Two causes are referred to in his letters which made him feel that the Catholic schools did not adequately fulfil in the middle of the nineteenth century the functions which were so necessary in this connection. In the first place, the old theological schools had been destroyed at the French Revolution. In the second place, the militant movement of centralisation which De Maistre and Lamennais had inaugurated in the nineteenth century, and which had been developed in an acute form by later writers like M. Louis Veuillot, while it contained very noble elements and while it proved a most powerful instrument of united action among Catholics, was incidentally unfavourable to intellectual interests. It discouraged the provisional toleration of freedom of opinion and of free debate among experts. And the warfare between the Holy See and Continental liberalism strengthened both obstacles. The schools were not likely to

[1] *Vide infra*, Vol. II. p. 49.

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be re-established at such a time, and a state of war calls for discipline rather than the encouragement of personal liberty.

The urgency of the danger arising from a very inadequate apologetic in the recognised text-books was, he saw, not fully appreciated by Cardinal Barnabo, the Prefect of Propaganda. The Cardinal had, perhaps, comparatively little experience of the class of minds which were specially affected by it. And the claim for liberty meant too often disaffection and impatience of all authority. It was therefore suspect in the eyes of practical rulers. It was not readily understood by them as having the object and spirit it has in Newman's own letters—as being a plea for the really essential condition of making Catholic apologetic adequate to meeting an infidel movement. But in Germany and in Belgium, as in England, where the need was most urgent, its importance was felt in many quarters as it was by Newman himself. The infidel movement was not merely a moral revolt against Christianity. It had a very prominent intellectual side. There were problems raised by modern philosophers and critics which needed to be met frankly and by free discussion in their bearing on theology. Only thus could a really satisfactory understanding between the theologians and the men of science be achieved. And in its absence the weight of the scientific movement would go to the side of unbelief. Newman seems to have regarded it as his special work to urge the necessity of such a development of thought and learning as should meet this need of the hour. And this led him to express very strong criticisms on those who strove, as he expressed it, to 'narrow the terms of communion,' and unduly to curtail the liberty of thought open to Catholics. Yet these men were among the most zealous champions of the Holy See. Newman always excepted the Holy See itself from the sphere of his criticism, but not all its advisers, some of whom belonged to the party represented in England by Manning and Ward. The extent of that party's influence and the blindness of some of its members to the dangers, which were, to his eyes, so appalling, aroused in him very deep feeling. These men initiated the opposition to his moderate view on the Temporal Power and to his scheme for an Oratory at Oxford, while they clamoured for a definition of Papal

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Infallibility far less carefully limited than that which the Council eventually passed in 1870.

I have not felt at liberty to treat this portion of his correspondence perfunctorily for three reasons. Firstly, it represents a feeling which was clearly among the deepest he had during some thirty years of his life, and an account of him which touched only lightly on it would be inadequate to the point of untruthfulness. Secondly, his views are so widely known, and have been expressed to so many in writing, that it is quite certain that any such omission on my part, even were it lawful, would result in some letters which I might omit in these pages being forthwith printed elsewhere. And the public would probably think (though quite falsely) that the correspondence contained criticisms of a more serious character which the biographer had also omitted. But thirdly, and this is most important, such criticisms when read in their context, and in the light thrown on them by other contemporaneous letters which exhibit his enthusiastic loyalty to the Holy See, and his profound satisfaction with the Catholic religion, take their true proportion and colour. They are the expressions of a very acute and critical mind in regard of one special need in the Catholic schools, which he felt, from his own close study of the trend of contemporary thought and of the lessons of history, to be far more serious than was generally recognised. Those who had kept their religious belief by putting aside intellectual difficulties as temptations could not fully appreciate the needs of the increasing mass of thoughtful minds in daily contact with a world to which these difficulties were vivid realities. The former class was, as he put it, *malitia parvuli*. But the educated men of the day had to be *sensibus perfecti*, and required a deeper and more comprehensive philosophy. To argue as though suppression of dangerous views could meet such cases was to propose shutting the stable-door after the horse had escaped. Such suppression might be demanded on occasion. It was especially necessary in the interests of simple and uneducated minds which could be kept from the knowledge of difficulties which would scare them, but it could not adequately meet the case of the earnest inquirers to whom the problems of

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religious thought were already familiar. And he used strong words as to the short-sightedness of those who acted on the view that nothing more was needed. But his words had no such one-sided significance as they might have had in minds less complex and of less wide reach. His sense of shortcomings and imperfections which were permitted by God within the Church, no more impaired his loyalty or conviction of her divinity, than his keen sense of the difficulties, suggested by the evil in the world, against belief in the Providence of God, diminished his certainty of that great truth. Sentences from his letters may, no doubt, be wrested from their context by partisan critics, and thus given a false significance. But, as read in these pages side by side with the rest of his correspondence, they will be seen to be the expression of feelings prompted solely by devotion to the interests of the Church and of religion. Though individual letters represent his sentiments at a given moment, which did not always coincide with his mature judgment, their spirit is in this respect unvarying. Only a comparatively small selection from a vast correspondence can of course here be published. But the views he expressed on the critical questions of the day are given with perfect frankness. My endeavour throughout is so carefully to preserve the true proportion between the various elements of his character and opinions that further letters, while they may add much knowledge of detail, will find their natural place in the picture presented by the present work as a whole.

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CHAPTER II

LIFE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND (1801–1845)

'JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in Old Broad Street in the City of London on February 21, 1801, and was baptized in the Church of St. Benet Fink on April 9 of the same year. His father was a London banker whose family came from Cambridgeshire.[1] His mother was of a French Protestant family who left France for this country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was the eldest of six children —three boys and three girls.' Such is the account of his birth and parentage which Cardinal Newman has left in his autobiographical memoir; and beyond the facts that his paternal grandfather's name was, like his father's, John, and that his mother's family, the Fourdriniers, stayed for one generation in Holland before reaching England, the present biographer has, after careful inquiry, found no evidence for any further details of his ancestry.[2]

[1] Mr. Thomas Mozley states that the family were once small landed proprietors in Cambridgeshire (*Reminiscences*, i. 11). The Cardinal himself, in conversation with the late Father Neville, named Swaffham, in Norfolk, as the locality to which the family had belonged. The Lancaster Herald, Mr. Bellasis, who looked into the Cardinal's ancestry when the Cardinal's Hat was conferred in 1879, informs me that there is no official pedigree extant. The arms used by the family were granted in 1663 to Mr. John Newman of London, from whom, however, the Cardinal's descent has not been traced.

[2] The writer was at pains to ascertain the evidence for the alleged Jewish descent of the Newman family, and it proved to be a curious instance of how stories grow out of nothing. It is stated definitely in Dr. Barry's *Cardinal Newman* 'that its real descent was Hebrew.' Dr. Barry, in answer to my inquiries, referred me to the article on J. H. Newman in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as his authority. And undoubtedly that article first broached the suggestion. I happened to know personally the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and communicated with him. In reply he pointed out that he had in his article never alleged Jewish descent as a fact, but only suggested its possibility. 'There is no evidence for it,' he added, 'except the nose and the name.' For those, then, who agree with the present writer that the nose was Roman rather than Jewish, the evidence remains simply that the name 'Newman' betokens Hebrew origin—a bold

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A curious and interesting picture of the various members of the family is given by Mrs. Thomas Mozley—the Cardinal's sister—in a little book called 'Family Adventures.'[1] The eldest boy is described (at the age of eleven) as 'a very philosophical young gentleman,' 'very observant and considerate.' He is fastidious and bored by general society. He is devoted to his mother, to whom he writes constantly when away from home and whom he delights in surprising with some gift which she will care for. He loves to read to the servants from serious books and to explain their meaning. He is tender and sympathetic to his sisters. 'You always understand about everything,' says one of them, 'and always make me happy when I am uncomfortable.' There is but one weak spot—the heel of Achilles—an undue personal sensitiveness to blame or to not being liked. He is ever moderate in view, measured in judgment and scrupulous as to facts. He rebukes impossible childish fancies. Thus, to a brother who is disappointed at the size of a famous oak he says in reproach, 'You expect something quite impossible, and then are surprised to find only a very great wonder.' One of the family pictures the great Duke of Wellington as a gigantic warrior; the eldest brother reminds them all that the Duke is well known to be short of stature. On the other hand, while 'unreal words' were as little to his taste in the schoolroom as in the Oxford pulpit in later years, he believes firmly a marvellous occurrence, if there is evidence for it, however antecedently improbable it may appear. He holds firmly to his story that he saw a tall man brandishing a drawn sword in pursuit of his sister, who had lost her way in the woods. The story proved to be literally true. The tall man was carving at a picnic with an old Indian sword which had been turned into a carving-knife, and, anxious to

experiment in the higher criticism. I may add that in a more recent correspondence Dr. Barry agrees with me that no satisfactory evidence on the subject has been adduced. The Fourdriniers were a family of some interest. Their pedigree from 1658 made out by the late Dr. Lee, of All Saints', Lambeth, is given in the Appendix to Chapter II. facing p. 614.

[1] *Family Adventures.* By the author of the *Fairy Bower.* London: John and Charles Murphy, Paternoster Row, and Joseph Masters, New Broad Street; 1852. The Cardinal's two sisters Jemima and Harriet married respectively Mr. John Mozley and Mr. Thomas Mozley.

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catch the girl who had lost her way, had run after her, waving his arms to attract her attention.

In these stories there are real characteristics of the future man, although no moral is intended or pointed by the author.

The materials for John Henry Newman's early life are to be found mainly in the two volumes edited by Miss Anne Mozley, containing selections from his letters and diaries, and his own curious Autobiographical Memoir written in the third person, as well as the editor's notes.[1] From these documents, as well as from the 'Apologia,' I here select the main outstanding facts. Much of his earliest childhood was passed at Grey's Court, Ham, near Richmond. So deep an impression was made on him by this home (which the family left in September 1807), that he writes of it nearly eighty years after quitting it, 'I dreamed about it when a schoolboy as if it were paradise. It would be here where the angel faces appeared "loved long since but lost awhile."'[2] On May 1, 1808, he was sent to a private school at Ealing, kept by Dr. Nicholas of Wadham College, Oxford. His own entreaties aided those of his mother and schoolmaster in preventing his going to Winchester, and he remained at Ealing until he went up to Trinity College, Oxford. Thus he never was at a public school. During the eight and a half years which he spent at Ealing he scarcely ever took part in any game. His character, however, made itself felt, and he was often chosen by the boys as arbitrator in their disputes. He acquired at Ealing his taste for Terence's plays which the boys used to act. Among the parts he himself played were Davus in the 'Andria' and Pythias in the 'Eunuchus.' He wrote both prose and verse with great promise at eleven. His home religious training made him, even at that early period, familiar with the Bible. And in his day-dreams on religion as a boy there was apparent a vivid sense of the wonderful. In early notes quoted in the 'Apologia' he tells us that his imagination as a child ran on 'unknown influences; on magical powers and talismans';

[1] I have also added some particulars from other portions of his works and from the reminiscences of his intimate friend Father Neville.

[2] This extract is from a letter of 1886.

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that he 'used to wish the "Arabian Nights" were true'; that he 'was very superstitious and used constantly to cross himself on going into the dark.' But he was not in childhood deeply religious. In an early MS. book he records that he used at fourteen to wish to be virtuous, but not religious. 'There was something in the latter idea I did not like. Nor did I see the meaning of loving God.'[1] A certain sense of God's presence he always had, but it was just before going to Oxford that he came to know the Rev. Walter Mayer, one of the classical masters, from whom (to quote his own words) he received 'deep religious impressions, at the time Calvinistic in character which were to him the beginning of a new life.'[2] A complete and remarkable change in him supervened, deepening greatly the religious side of his nature. It was not accompanied (he states) by violent feeling, but was 'a return to, a renewing of, principles, under the power of the Holy Spirit which I had already felt and in a measure acted on when young.'[3] The conversion had in it, he tells us in his Autobiographical Memoir, none of the 'special Evangelical experiences.' He did not go through the prescribed 'stages of conviction of sin, terror, despair, news of free and full salvation, joy and peace,'[4] &c. The normal Evangelicals doubted whether he had been converted at all,[5] and when in 1821 he tried to write a description of the typical Evangelical conversion, he added in a note: 'I speak of conversion with great diffidence, being obliged to adopt the language of books. My own feelings, as far as I can remember, were so different from any account I have ever read that I dare not go by what may be an individual case.' The 'Apologia' gives interesting details as to the beliefs and feelings conversion brought in his own case; 'I believed,' he writes, 'that the inward conversion of which I was conscious (and of which I am still more certain than that I have hands and feet), would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory.' This belief helped, he explains, 'in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only,

[1] Newman's *Letters and Correspondence*, i. 22. [2] *Ibid.* i. 27.
[3] *Ibid.* i. 124. [4] *Ibid.* p. 123. [5] *Ibid.* p. 122.

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absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator.'[1]

This last thought had been already expressed in a note of 1817 (the year of the conversion itself). Using in his last three sentences the phraseology which he afterwards adopted in the 'Grammar of Assent,' he speaks of 'the reality of conversion as cutting at the root of doubt, providing a chain between God and the soul that is with every link complete. I know I am right. How do you know it? I know that I know.'[2]

This feeling lasted in some sense through life. He has expressed it in the 'Apologia,' in a well-known passage:

'If I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that fact I am quite sure) without believing also in the existence of Him, who lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience.'[3]

On the other hand, while he thought of God as 'luminously self-evident,' and while his sense of God's presence was through life, he tells us, never 'dimmed by even a passing shadow,'[4] he was conscious of a strong intellectual tendency to general scepticism, and this enabled him to enter into agnostic views of life in others, with a close understanding which was very rare and very helpful. 'I thank God,' he wrote to Dr. Pusey in 1845, 'that He has shielded me morally from what intellectually might easily come on me—general scepticism.'[5]

His new Calvinistic rigorism imparted a solitariness of spirit and a certain austerity to his nature which it never lost. Yet he had also a keen sensitiveness to brighter aspects of life which appeared inconsistent with the typical Calvinist's

[1] *Apologia*, p. 4.

[2] *Letters and Correspondence*, p. 25; *Grammar of Assent*, p. 197.

[3] *Apologia*, p. 198. In speaking of Newman's keen sense of God's presence in his conscience as an interesting psychological fact I am of course not examining the entirely distinct question as to the place which he assigned to the phenomena of conscience as an argument for Theism. Of this I shall speak later on. The feeling referred to in the text is akin to that found in such great mystics as St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa.

[4] *Letters and Correspondence*, p. 14.

[5] *Life of Pusey*, ii. 450.

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somewhat morose aloofness. In a very remarkable letter to his mother he owns to the depth of his sentiments as to sin and predestination, and defends them as follows:

'If they made me melancholy, morose, austere, distant, reserved, sullen, then indeed they might with justice be the subject of anxiety, but if, as I think is the case, I am always cheerful, if at home I am always ready and eager to join in any merriment, if I am not clouded with sadness, if my meditations make me neither absent in mind nor deficient in action, then my principles may be gazed at and puzzle the gazer, but they cannot be accused of bad practical effects. Take me when I am most foolish at home and extend mirth into childishness; stop me short and ask me then what I think of myself, whether my opinions are less gloomy; no, I think I should seriously return the same answer that I "shudder at myself."'[1]

A combination of lightness and brightness in his temperament, with a deep sense of human sinfulness, is noteworthy throughout his life.

When his father was about to make the necessary arrangements for his transfer to the University he was in doubt whether to choose Oxford or Cambridge—a doubt which was only resolved by an Oxford friend in favour of his own university when the post-chaise was actually at the door of the house. John Henry Newman was entered as a commoner of Trinity College on December 14, 1816, and came into residence in the following June. He arrived at the University feeling (to use his own words) an 'awe and transport,' as though he approached 'some sacred shrine.'[2] His imagination surrounded with a glow all the details and incidents of his early residence, and even the College dinner came in for a share of idealisation:

'At dinner I was much entertained by the novelty of the thing,' he writes to his father. 'Fish, flesh and fowl, beautiful salmon, haunches of mutton, lamb, etc., fine strong beer, served up on old pewter plates and misshapen earthenware jugs. Tell Mama there were gooseberry, raspberry and apricot pies . . . there was such a profusion that scarcely two ate of the same. Neither do they sit according to their rank, but as they happen to come in.'[3]

[1] *Letters*, i. 59. [2] *Ibid.* i. 48. [3] *Ibid.* i. 29.

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The wine-parties, however, soon brought out the Puritan in him. He had, says an intimate friend, 'no grain of conviviality.'

'H. the other day asked me to take a glass of wine with two or three others,' he writes, 'and they drank and drank all the time I was there. I was very glad that prayers came half an hour after. I came to them, for I am sure I was not entertained with either the drinking or the conversation.' [1]

In 1818 Newman was elected scholar of Trinity. Self-consciousness, shyness, and a touch of awe at the scene are visible in writing of it to his mother:

'They made me first do some verses; then Latin translation; then Latin theme; then chorus of Euripides; then an English theme; then some Plato; then some Xenophon; then some Livy. What more distressing than suspense? At last I was called to the place where they had been voting, the Vice Chancellor said some Latin over me, then made a speech. The electors then shook hands with me, and I immediately assumed the scholar's gown. Just as I was going out before I had changed my gown, one of the candidates met me and wanted to know if it was decided. What was I to say? "It was." "And who has got it?" "Oh, an in-college man," I said and hurried away as fast as I could. On returning with my newly-earned gown I met the whole set going to their respective homes. I did not know what to do. I held my eyes down.' [2]

At Trinity began his intimate friendship with John William Bowden.

'The two youths,' he writes in the Autobiographical Memoir, 'lived simply with and for each other all through their undergraduate time, up to the term when they went into the schools for their B.A. examination, being recognised in college as inseparables—taking their meals together, reading, walking, boating together—nay, visiting each other's homes in the vacations; and, though so close a companionship could not continue when at length they ceased to be in a state of pupilage, and had taken their several paths in life, yet the mutual attachment thus formed at the University was maintained between them unimpaired till Mr. Bowden's premature death in 1844.' [3]

[1] *Letters*, i. 30. [2] *Ibid.* i. 35. [3] *Ibid.* i. 28.

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It is interesting to note that Gibbon and Locke were the writers whose works absorbed him in the Long Vacation of 1818.[1] He has told us that he dreamed for some nights of what he read in Gibbon at this early time. 'My ears rang with the cadence of his sentences,' he adds. Forthwith he commenced an analysis of Thucydides in Gibbon's style.[2] Later on he read Gibbon assiduously in connection with his own studies in Church history. 'Perhaps,' he writes in the Introduction to the 'Essay on Development,' 'the only English writer who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian is the unbeliever Gibbon.' Locke, so far as we know, was the first writer on philosophy whose works he studied.

The law was at this time his destined profession,[3] and he speaks of himself as 'too solicitous about fame.' He notes 'the high expectations which are formed of me, the confidence with which those who know nothing of me put down two first classes to my name.' Such ideas 'dismay' him. 'I fear much more from failure,' he adds, 'than I hope from success.'[4]

Newman's failure in the Schools, in 1820, from exhaustion brought on by overwork, produced a disappointment which no subsequent success effaced from his mind.[5] But he writes bravely to his father on December 1: 'I have done everything I could to attain my object; I have spared no labour and my reputation in my college is as solid as before if not as splendid.' His failure in the Schools led his father to think a barrister's profession, with its uncertainties, undesirable; and Newman's own pronounced religious tastes decided his career in favour of Holy Orders.

If he disappointed his friends by his failure he atoned to them for it by gaining the Oriel Fellowship a year later. This prize he eagerly coveted, and reproached himself for his ambition. 'Last 5th of January,' he writes in a memorandum, 'I wrote to my aunt: "I deprecate the day in which God gives me repute or any approach to wealth." Alas how I am changed. I am perpetually praying to get into Oriel and obtain the prize for my essay.'[6]

[1] *Letters*, i. 39. [2] See *Idea of a University*, p. 322.
[3] He was entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn in June 1819.
[4] *Letters*, i. 45. [5] *Ibid.* i. 49. [6] *Ibid.* i. 68.

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His ambition, if keen, was remarkable in its limitations, and he cared for nothing higher than the Oriel Fellowship.[1] He received the news of his election on April 12, 1822, while playing the violin; and, with the undemonstrative instinct underlying intense feeling which characterised him through life, only replied to the messenger who summoned him to the College 'Very well,' and went on fiddling. But no sooner had the man left him than he 'flung down his instrument and dashed downstairs with all speed to Oriel College. And he recollected, after fifty years, the eloquent faces and eager bows of the tradesmen and others . . . who had heard the news and well understood why he was crossing from St. Mary's to the house opposite at so extraordinary a pace.'[2] Then came the congratulations of the Fellows; and when 'Keble advanced to take my hand . . . I could nearly have shrunk into the floor ashamed at so great an honour.' The youth of twenty-one, in whom reverence was ever a characteristic quality, was overcome by the honour of belonging to the great company of Oriel. 'I am absolutely a Member of the Common Room,' he writes to his father, 'am called by them "Newman" and am abashed to find that I must soon learn to call them Keble, Hawkins, Tyler.' What some of his friends looked for in his future career is apparent in such a letter as the following:

'Behold you now a Fellow of Oriel, the great object of the ambition of half the Bachelors of Oxford. Behold you (to take a peep into futurity) in Holy Orders, taking pupils in college, and having a curacy within a short distance; then Public Tutor, Vicar of ——, Provost, Regius Professor of Divinity, Bishop of ——, Archbishop of Canterbury; or shall we say thus—Student-at-law, Barrister, Lord Chancellor, or at least Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench? Which of these ladders is it your intention to climb? You now have it in your power to decide.'[3]

[1] 'He never wished for anything better or higher than, in the words of the epitaph, "to live and die a Fellow of Oriel"' (i. 73, *Autobiographical Memoir*).

[2] i. p. 72, *Autobiographical Memoir*. In a letter to his mother he adds, 'Men hurried from all directions to Trinity. . . . The bells were set ringing from three towers (I had to pay for them).'

[3] *Letters*, i. 74.

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The Oriel Fellowship was the turning-point in Newman's early life. Not only did it give him an assured position, but, to use his own words, 'it opened upon him a theological career, placing him upon the high and broad platform of University society and intelligence, and bringing him across those various influences personal and intellectual . . . whereby the religious sentiment in his mind which had been his blessing from the time he left school, was gradually developed and formed and brought on to its legitimate issues.'[1]

His career at Oriel may be divided into three periods: (1) the period of the development of his mind under the influence of such liberal thinkers as Whately and the rest of the brilliant circle of Oriel Fellows afterwards known as the Noetics; (2) the early years of that close intimacy with Hurrell Froude—from 1828 to 1832—which came with the termination of the liberal tendency of his thought; years which witnessed his appointment to the vicarage of St. Mary's and his reforming campaign as tutor at Oriel; and (3) his share in the Tract movement of 1833–1845.

The first period was very momentous, and brought about his emancipation from the narrowness of his earlier Calvinism and Evangelicalism, and at the same time a great change in his social and intellectual character,—in the power of self-expression and of making himself felt. He has left a curious picture in his Autobiographical Memoir of the anxiety of some of the Oriel men after his election as to whether one apparently so reserved, and even awkward, had really the gifts which had been attributed to him:

'In the first place, they had to deal with his extreme shyness. It disconcerted them to find that, with their best efforts, they could not draw him out or get him to converse. He shrank into himself when his duty was to meet their advances. Easy and fluent as he was among his equals and near relatives, his very admiration of his new associates made a sudden intimacy with them impossible to him. An observant friend, who even at a later date saw him accidentally among strangers, not knowing the true account of his bearing, told him he considered he had had a near escape of being a stutterer. This untowardness in him was increased by a vivid self-conscious-

[1] *Autobiographical Memoir*, quoted in *Letters*, i. p. 73.

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ness, which sometimes inflicted on him days of acute suffering from the recollection of solecisms, whether actual or imagined, which he recognised in his conduct in society. And then there was, in addition, that real isolation of thought and spiritual solitariness which was the result of his Calvinistic beliefs.'

The principal influence which developed the 'raw bashful youth' of 1821 into the brilliant John Henry Newman of 1825 was that of Whately, most stimulating of talkers, ever insisting on reality and activity of mind, professing sympathy with heretics—for they at least thought for themselves—and waging unsparing war on the conventional unreasoning formalism of the High and Dry school. Whately was brilliant and suggestive in intercourse, though at moments 'sharp, rude and positive'—in short, 'a bright June sun tempered by a March north-easter.' 'Much as I owe to Oriel,' Newman wrote to Whately in 1825, 'in the way of mental improvement, to none, as I think, do I owe so much as to you. I know who it was that first gave me heart to look about even after my election, and taught me to think correctly, and (strange office for an instructor) to rely on myself.'[1] In 1825–6 he served under Whately as Vice-Principal of Alban Hall.

The influence of Whately was accompanied, as I have said, by that of other pioneers of liberal theology—members of the Oriel school. 'They were neither High Church nor Low Church,' he writes, 'but had become a new school . . . which was characterised by its spirit of moderation and comprehension, and of which the principal ornaments were Copleston, Darwin, Whately, Hawkins and Arnold.'[2] They 'called everything into question; they appealed to first principles, and disallowed authority as a judge in matters intellectual.' From 1824 to 1826 Newman's views became substantially modified by his intercourse with these men. Some of the mannerisms of a narrow sect survived in his way of expressing himself, but his outlook became notably widened. Sympathy with what was good and earnest in all religious parties was the keynote of the Noetic theology, and Evangelicals found themselves treated with

[1] *Letters*, i. 105–7. [2] *Ibid.* i. 114.

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respect and kindness—a somewhat new experience, and a marked contrast to the attitude of the High Church party in their regard. Newman, as an Evangelical, was thus readily drawn to the new Oriel school, and in course of time won by their influence from the narrowness attaching to his early creed. From Hawkins especially he learned toleration, and a recognition that the sharp division of men into converted and unconverted was untrue to the facts of life—a feeling which was further developed by the reading of Sumner's 'Apostolical Succession.' He read Butler's 'Analogy,' which placed his religion on a philosophical basis and rescued him from emotionalism. From Whately he learnt not only breadth of sympathy, but the idea of a Church, and of tradition as a guardian of religious truth.

The breadth of horizon thus imparted to Newman's views, while it drew him away from the Evangelicals, at the same time made his intellectual attitude very different from that of most of those from whom the Tract party was drawn later on. These were the years of his intimacy with Blanco White, the brilliant Spaniard of partly Irish descent, who resided at that time in Oxford. Blanco White in his reaction from the Catholicism in which he was bred drifted into Rationalism, and probably Newman discussed more fundamental questions with him than with any others of his intimates. 'Adieu, my Oxford Plato,' is the termination of one of Blanco White's letters to his friend. These years also saw the beginning of another friendship bringing an influence spiritual rather than intellectual—with Edward Bouverie Pusey, with whom he was not at the time in agreement on matters theological. Perhaps Newman's reputation as a thinker pure and simple —though confined to a comparatively small circle—was at its highest in these days of his youth, when the bent of his mind was towards liberalism.

Newman accepted the curacy of St. Clement's, offered to him at Pusey's suggestion, on May 16, 1824, and took Orders in that year. He also occasionally took Mr. Mayer's duty at Worton. While religion was his greatest interest his gifts and tastes were varied. He loved mathematics, and the study of Church history was, even in those years, a favourite pursuit with him. His senses were exceptionally

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keen. He chose the wines for his College cellars—though he himself drank very sparingly. He played the violin with considerable proficiency—often in concert with Blanco White—having begun to learn at the age of ten. He took extraordinary delight in the beauties of nature.

He spent a fortnight of the Long Vacation of 1825 with his friend J. W. Bowden at Southampton, going there on September 27, and was taken to the Isle of Wight by his host, who had friends there in the Ward family, with whom he was later on connected by marriage,—for Bowden and Sir Henry Ward[1] both married daughters of Sir John Swinburne of Capheaton. Newman's intense love of nature made him revel in the beautiful scenery of the island. 'The beauty of water and land,' he writes after an expedition to the Needles on September 28, 'only makes me regret that our language has not more adjectives of admiration.' On October 2 he records dining with Mr. Ward (the grandfather of William George Ward, with whom he was later on so closely associated) at Northwood House, near Cowes. He returned to Southampton on the 6th and to Oxford on the 12th.

In the following year began his acquaintance with Hurrell Froude, who was elected Fellow of Oriel on March 31. The visit to the Isle of Wight had left pleasant memories and was repeated in 1826. But its beauties paled before those of Dartington, where he stayed with the Froudes a little later. Of this lovely country he writes:

'What strikes me most is the strange richness of everything. The rocks blush into every variety of colour, the trees and fields are emeralds, and the cottages are rubies. A beetle I picked up at Torquay was as green and gold as the stone it lay upon, and a squirrel which ran up a tree just now was not the pale reddish-brown to which I am accustomed, but a bright brown-red. Nay, my very hands and fingers look rosy, like Homer's Aurora, and I have been gazing on them with astonishment. All this wonder I know is simple, and therefore, of course, do not you repeat it. The exuberance of the grass and the foliage is oppressive, as if one had not room to breathe, though this is a fancy—the depth

[1] A nephew of Mr. Ward, of the Isle of Wight, and afterwards Governor of Ceylon. Sir Henry Ward's father was the well-known statesman and novelist Robert Plumer Ward, the friend of William Pitt, and author of *Tremaine*.

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of the valleys and the steepness of the slopes incre illusion—and the Duke of Wellington would be in a to get some commanding point to see the countr The scents are extremely fine, so very delicate powerful, and the colours of the flowers as if they w shot with white. The sweet peas especially ha complexion of a beautiful face. They trail up the wall with myrtles as creepers. As to the sunset the Da heights look purple, and the sky close upon them orange. When I turn back and think of South Water and the Isle of Wight, they seem by contras drawn in Indian Ink or pencil. Now I cannot m that this is fancy; for why should I fancy? I especially in a poetic mood. I have heard of the b of Cintra, and still more of the East, and I suppose t region would pale beside them; yet I am content to at what I see, and think of Virgil's description of the meads of Elysium. Let me enjoy what I feel, even t may unconsciously exaggerate.'

In 1826 Newman was appointed one of the tutors of Oriel, resigning the curacy of St. Clement's in 1828 he was made Vicar of St. Mary's. In the sa Hurrell Froude and Robert Wilberforce[1] were a tutors of Oriel, and henceforth Newman's friendsh Froude was far more intimate, and exercised a influence on his life.

We now come to what I have defined as the period of his Oxford career. A serious illness in 1 the loss of his sister Mary in January 1828 made a in his life, and greatly developed his religious natu this sister he had been specially devoted. She h in delicate health. But her death was at the last His letters show how her memory haunts him. He family set down in writing all they can remember ab 'It draws tears to my eyes,' he writes, 'to think th a sudden we can only converse about her as abo inanimate object, wood or stone. But she shall ' from the tomb." And in the meantime, it being but

[1] The brother of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and of intimate friend Henry Wilberforce. He ultimately became a Catholic

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time, I would try to talk to her in imagination and in hope of the future by setting down all I can think of about her.' He wrote on her loss his well-known poem 'Consolations in Bereavement,' and reflected sadly how she would have loved his lines because they were his. 'May I be patient,' he writes. 'It is so difficult to realise what one believes, and to make these trials, as they are intended, real blessings.' For months her image haunts him when he is out riding, and in bed at night. Two letters illustrate his state of mind:

'I never felt so intensely the transitory nature of this world,' he writes to his sister Jemima in May 1828 after an expedition to the country, 'as when most delighted with these country scenes. And in riding out to-day I have been impressed more powerfully than before I had an idea was possible with the two lines;

'"Chanting with a *solemn* voice
Minds us of our *better choice*."

I could hardly believe the lines were not my own, and Keble had not taken them from me. I wish it were possible for words to put down those indefinite, vague, and withal subtle feelings which pierce the soul and make it sick. Dear Mary seems embodied in every tree and hid behind every hill. What a veil and curtain this world of sense is! beautiful, but still a veil.'

And again, some months later, to his sister Harriet:

'A solemn voice seems to chant from everything. I know whose voice it is—her dear voice. Her form is almost nightly before me, when I have put out the light and lain down. Is not this a blessing?'

The change wrought in his attitude on religion, which gradually affected his views, was a very important one. The element of eclecticism which went with his incipient liberalism, the recognition of elements of truth in all the religious schools of thought, the placing of religion on an intellectual rather than an emotional basis, dissipated, as we have seen, the narrowness of his early Evangelicalism and Calvinism—though he ever retained certain Evangelical mannerisms of expression. But in face of the deep religiousness which had now come on him he felt that he was beginning

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to overvalue the intellectual element. The human intellect in fallen man actually and historically, he held, if left to itself, issues in infidelity.[1] Yet to acquiesce in infidelity was to deny what was most certain to him, 'the chain in every link complete' between himself and God which had been to him since his conversion the most unquestionable of realities. He turned to the thought of those to whom in the past the supernatural world had been the great source of inspiration. There had been great minds in the past whom spiritual gifts had protected from the onesidedness of intellectualism. To these he looked for guidance. There arose again the vision of the Church of the early Fathers which he has described as a 'paradise of delight' to him. This vision had fired his imagination when he read Milner's 'Church History' as a boy; and now the thought of the Fathers came with fresh significance. In their career and writings he saw religion in action, moulding the world and conquering men's hearts. The obvious living representative in his eyes of the Church of the Fathers, enfeebled indeed, but still capable of restitution, was the Church of his birth. The liberals were striving to undermine her, to destroy the ecclesiastical institutions which represented her descent from those early Fathers whose lives and writings so greatly moved him. Newman, reacting against his former friends, the liberal school of Oriel, and strongly affected by the influence of Hurrell Froude, took sides with the High Church party as a supporter of the Church. He came also under the influence of John Keble, with whom Froude brought him into friendly relations about 1828. At the same time, as Vicar of St. Mary's he began those memorable parochial sermons whereby, as Principal Shairp has told us, he made Oxford feel as though one of the early Fathers had come back to earth. The new accession of apostolic and religious zeal affected likewise his work as a College tutor. Differences arose with the Provost, Dr. Hawkins, as to the duties of the tutorship, which Newman regarded as a quasi-pastoral work. In this view Hurrell Froude and Robert Wilberforce, who were appointed tutors at this time, concurred. Their attitude was one of strong opposition to

[1] *Apologia*, p. 243.

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certain long-standing abuses, and of hostility to the gentlemen commoners, men of birth and position, who were, Newman thought, treated with undue favouritism. On the other hand, the new tutors cultivated a special friendship with the pupils whom they regarded as most promising. Hawkins held that Newman was sacrificing the many to the few, and himself inaugurating a system of favouritism. The Provost eventually ceased to assign pupils to Newman and his two friends.

In virtue of his relations with his pupils at Oriel and of the wide influence of his Sermons, the brilliant thinker, the friend of Whately and of Blanco White, became definitely, five years before the Tracts were thought of, a spiritual father to many—one whose mind shrank from intellectualism, and embraced with all his heart the great Oxford motto 'Dominus illuminatio mea.'

And in the same year, 1828, Newman began systematically to read the Fathers, working at them almost uninterruptedly during the Long Vacation and continuing to do so during the two subsequent years. He threw into his work not only the exceptional power of application which his letters reveal, but also his faculty of historical imagination which we see already at work in the 'History of the Arians' and still more so later on in the 'Essay on Development.' 'The Fathers again rise full before me,' he writes in one letter. 'I am so hungry for Irenæus and Cyprian,' he writes in another letter, '[that] I long for the vacation.'

It was at this stage of his career that, identifying himself with High Church views, he became avowedly a party man—and he, of all men, the champion of the 'stupid party.' The paradox was not lost on him, and in a letter of the highest importance, to be cited shortly, he defends the position. The intellectual aristocracy of the day, it was true, found itself on the side of liberalism. The Noetic school of Oxford and the best talent at Cambridge were both liberal and intellectualist in their tendency. But Newman saw in this fact a great danger to be counteracted. A party must be formed to defend the Church,—the guardian of those truths which are above reason—against the assaults of brilliant intellectuality. Though he was never a traditionalist, his plea was in some

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respects like that which Vicomte de Bonald urged against the destructive principles of the Revolution. It was an appeal to the wisdom of the ages against the intellectualism of the hour. The revelation of God once given to the human race may, he argued, be doggedly preserved by faithful, even though unintellectual, guardians. The wisdom of God claimed to stand above the most brilliant talent of the passing generation. Truths divinely revealed, developed, and explained by men of genius in the past, were preserved by that Church Catholic which was represented in our own country by the Church of England.

The occasion for formulating and expressing these views was Catholic Emancipation in 1829. Newman had no decided views on the measure itself. But he considered that it was proposed on principles of indifferentism. The Papist was to be tolerated, just as the Socinian was to be tolerated. He regarded it as 'one of the signs of the times,' a sign of the encroachment of philosophism and indifferentism in the Church. When Peel offered himself for re-election, Newman vigorously opposed him, and the opposition was successful. 'We have achieved a glorious victory,' he wrote to his mother on March 1; 'it is the first public event I have been concerned in, and I thank God from my heart both for my cause and its success. We have proved the independence of the Church and of Oxford. . . . We had the influence of government in unrelenting activity against us and the talent so-called of the University.'

On March 13 he writes to his mother the letter already alluded to, indicating the grounds of his reaction against the liberalism which had for a time attracted him. He sketches in it his new position as contrasted with the liberalism whether of the Noetics or of the Cambridge school:

'March 13, 1829.

'We live in a novel era—one in which there is an advance towards universal education. Men have hitherto depended on others, and especially on the clergy, for religious truth; now each man attempts to judge for himself. Now, without meaning of course that Christianity is in itself opposed to free enquiry, still I think it *in fact* at the present time opposed to the particular form which that liberty of thought has now

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assumed. Christianity is of faith, modesty, lowliness, subordination; but the spirit at work against it is one of latitudinarianism, indifferentism, and schism, a spirit which tends to overthrow doctrine, as if the fruit of bigotry and discipline—as if the instrument of priestcraft. All parties seem to acknowledge that the stream of opinion is setting against the Church. . . .

'And now I come to another phenomenon: the talent of the day is against the Church. The Church party (visibly at least, for there may be latent talent, and great times give birth to great men) is poor in mental endowments. It has not activity, shrewdness, dexterity, eloquence, practical power. On what, then, does it depend? On prejudice and bigotry.

'This is hardly an exaggeration; yet I have good meaning and one honourable to the Church. Listen to my theory. As each individual has certain instincts of right and wrong antecedently to reasoning, on which he acts—and rightly so—which perverse reasoning may supplant, which then can hardly be regained, but, if regained, will be regained from a different source—from reasoning, not from nature—so, I think, has the world of men collectively. God gave them truths in His miraculous revelations, and other truths in the unsophisticated infancy of nations, scarcely less necessary and divine. These are transmitted as "the wisdom of our ancestors," through men—many of whom cannot enter into them or receive them themselves—still on, on, from age to age, not the less truths because many of the generations through which they are transmitted are unable to prove them, but hold them, either from pious and honest feeling, it may be, or from bigotry or from prejudice. That they are truths it is most difficult to prove, for great men alone can prove great ideas or grasp them. Such a mind was Hooker's, such Butler's; and, as moral evil triumphs over good on a small field of action, so in the argument of an hour or the compass of a volume would men like Brougham, or, again, Wesley, show to far greater advantage than Hooker or Butler. Moral truth is gained by patient study, by calm reflection, silently as the dew falls—unless miraculously given—and when gained it is transmitted by faith and by "prejudice." Keble's book is full of such truths, which any Cambridge man might refute with the greatest ease.'[1]

Almost released now from his labours as tutor (for while the Provost gave him no fresh pupils, each year diminished

[1] *Letters*, i. 204, *seq.*

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the number of those who remained), his patristic reading grew more systematic. The Fathers deepened his opposition to liberalism; but the element of intolerance which was now visible in him had no affinity to the narrowness of his Calvinistic and Evangelical days. Though he waged war on intellectualism, there was no return to a merely emotional religion. The vision of the Church Catholic grew ever more distinct. It embodied in its theology the results of the labours of the great thinkers of patristic times and their successors. That theology was a precious intellectual legacy, but it was also a standing protest against mere intellectualism. The sacred traditions inherited from the past were the basis of Christian theology and a touchstone of the truth of its more recent speculations. There could be no greater contrast to the self-sufficient intellectualism of the hour.

In the summer of 1830 he was asked by Dr. Jenkyns to aid in a projected Ecclesiastical History. Newman declined to make any contribution to it which should be in the form of a merely popular work. 'An ecclesiastical history,' he wrote to Dr. Jenkyns, 'whether long or short ought to be derived from original sources, and not to be compiled from the standard authorities.' But the idea of writing history grew upon him. In the end he consented to write a serious work on the 'Arians of the Fourth Century.' His sense, both of the importance of the work and of the complexity of such an historical study to a genuine student, is expressed in his letters to Froude written in August 1831:

'I have nothing to say except that my work opens a grand and most interesting field to me; but how I shall ever be able to make one assertion, much less to write one page, I cannot tell. Any one, pure categorical would need an age of reading and research. I shall confine myself to hypotheticals; your "if" is a great philosopher, as well as peacemaker.'[1]

And again:

'Recollect, my good sir, that every thought I think is thought, and every word I write is writing, and that thought tells, and that words take room, and that, though I make the introduction the *whole* book, yet a book it is; and,

[1] *Letters*, i. 245.

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though this will not steer clear of the egg blunder, to have an introduction leading to nothing, yet it is not losing time. Already I have made forty-one pages out of eighteen.'[1]

The subject was congenial to Newman for one reason especially. It was chiefly the state of the Church in the fourth century which enabled him to think of the Established Church of England as a part of the Church Catholic. He could not deny that the English Sees were in 1830 filled by Protestant bishops. But then so were multitudes of Catholic Sees in A.D. 360 filled by Arian bishops. He and his friends were in the position of faithful Catholics in those days, who kept the faith in spite of their bishops. He could only hope that an Athanasius or a Basil would arise in England. Perhaps there was some subconscious presage that he himself might be destined to take the place of those great champions of truth in the nineteenth century. But with this historical parallel to give him confidence in his position, he considered in the course of his history the deeper problems of Christian faith and the analogy in the fourth century to his own campaign against liberalism and intellectualism.

Two sections of his work are of great importance in this connection. One concerns the 'economical'[2] character of all religious creeds. Basing his treatment on St. Clement of Alexandria, and exhibiting the Alexandrian teaching, as he says in the 'Apologia,' 'with the partiality of a neophyte,'[3] he argues that all religion is from God, and that Christianity corrects rather than abolishes false religions. But even in the Christian theology itself Divine things are seen 'through a glass darkly,' the human intellect being unequal to their adequate comprehension.[4] Thus the task of the Christian

[1] *Letters*, i. 254.

[2] For Newman's use of the word 'economy' see *University Sermons*, p. 65 *note*; also pp. 199, 264, 269. See also *Arians*, pp. 77 *seq.* In the *Apologia* he speaks of the doctrine of the economy as one of the 'underlying principles of a great portion of my teaching' (p. 10). See also *Apologia*, p. 343.

[3] *Apologia*, p. 26.

[4] 'If we would speak correctly, we must confess, on the authority of the Bible itself, that all knowledge of religion is from Him, and not only that which the Bible has transmitted to us. There never was a time when God had not spoken to man, and told him to a certain extent his duty. His injunctions to Noah, the common father of all mankind, is the first recorded fact of the sacred history after the Deluge. Accordingly, we are expressly told in the New Testament that at

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who would convert the heathen is not to destroy his religion, but to purify it, and restore the original good elements of a creed which has been corrupted.[1]

He was alive to the charge of narrowness and formalism made by the liberals against the multiplied and minute propositions of orthodox theology. The answer lay in their origin and their history. They were gradually formulated in order to preserve the fundamental truths of the Christian and Catholic creed. He regarded the crystallisation of portions of the early creed into definite *formulæ* as a protection gradually called for—much as in a civil polity laws are passed to prevent infringements on the rules necessary for social life. In a simpler society these rules may be secured —and better secured—by custom or good feeling; as society grows more complex, laws have to be enacted with correlative penalties as their sanction. So, too, the corrupting influence of heresy eventually made exactitude of theological expression a necessity to secure the permanence of the general character—what he afterwards called the 'type'—of primitive

no time He left Himself without witness in the world, and that in every nation He accepts those who fear and obey Him. It would seem, then, that there is something true and divinely revealed in every religion all over the earth, overloaded, as it may be, and at times even stifled, by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of man have incorporated with it. Such are the doctrines of the power and presence of an invisible God, of His moral law and governance, of the obligation of duty and the certainty of a just judgment, and of reward and punishment, as eventually dispensed to individuals; so that Revelation, properly speaking, is an universal, not a local gift; and the distinction between the state of Israelites formerly and Christians now, and that of the heathen, is, not that we can and they cannot attain to future blessedness, but that the Church of God ever has had, and the rest of mankind never have had, authoritative documents of truth and appointed channels of communication with Him. The Word and the Sacraments are the characteristic of the elect people of God; but all men have had more or less the guidance of tradition, in addition to those internal notions of right and wrong which the Spirit has put into the heart of each individual. This vague and uncertain family of religious truths, originally from God, but sojourning, without the sanction of miracle or a definite home, as pilgrims up and down the world, and discernible and separable from the corrupt legends with which they are mixed by the spiritual mind alone, may be called the *Dispensation of Paganism*, after the example of the learned Father already quoted.'—*Arians of the Fourth Century*, p. 79.

[1] 'While he strenuously opposes all that is idolatrous, immoral, and profane in their creed, he will profess to be leading them on to perfection, and to be recovering and purifying, rather than reversing, the essential principles of their belief.'—*Ibid.* p. 84.

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Christianity. Moreover, as the apostolic period receded into the distant past, the impressions[1] of Christianity among the faithful lost their early vividness—another reason why dogmatic creeds became necessary. The necessity was, however, not congenial to the Church.[2] And the original impression of Catholic truth which the propositions protected was something far more than the propositions by themselves contained.

Next, taking the doctrine of the Trinity as his example, he analyses the process whereby the simpler language of the early Fathers is replaced by the dogmatic propositions of the Athanasian Creed. These propositions, as expressing human ideas of Divine realities, are necessarily imperfect. Yet they are not merely on a par, as Coleridge seems to have held, with the economical teachings of other religions.[3] They are the truth so far as human weakness allows us to know Divine truth.[4]

But while it is clear that the Church's creeds and definitions, in so far as they employ human words and figures, cannot be adequate to the Divine Reality, nevertheless they must be definite and imperatively enforced. 'If the Church would be vigorous and influential,' he writes, 'it must be decided and plainspoken in its doctrine.' Otherwise the

[1] For Newman's use of the word 'impression' see *University Sermons*, pp. 333, 334; see also pp. 332, 336, and 350 for a fuller expression of the analysis of his position given in the text.

[2] 'While the line of tradition, drawn out as it was to the distance of two centuries from the Apostles, had at length become of too frail a texture to resist the touch of subtle and ill-directed reason, the Church was naturally unwilling to have recourse to the novel, though necessary, measure of imposing an authoritative creed upon those whom it invested with the office of teaching. If I avow my belief that freedom from symbols and articles is abstractedly the highest state of Christian communion, and the peculiar privilege of the primitive Church, it is not from any tenderness towards that proud impatience of control in which many exult, as in a virtue; but, first, because technicality and formalism are, in their degree, inevitable results of public confessions of faith; and next, because when confessions do not exist, the mysteries of Divine truth, instead of being exposed to the gaze of the profane and uninstructed, are kept hidden in the bosom of the Church far more faithfully than is otherwise possible.'—*Arians*, 36-7.

[3] Newman speaks of Coleridge as 'looking at the Church, sacraments, doctrines, &c., rather as symbols of a philosophy than as truths—as the mere accidental type of principles.'—*Letters*, ii. 156.

[4] See *Arians*, p. 143, and *University Sermons*, p. 350.

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subtle heretical intellect, so active in Arian days, would claim apostolic and even Papal sanction for its teaching.[1]

He never revised these views after 1845, and we have no means of knowing how he would have treated the subject had he written on it in his later years. The importance of the 'Arians' is mainly historical, as indicating the train of thought which actually brought about his Catholic development and his revolt from liberalism.

'The Arians of the Fourth Century' was finished in June. As he wrote the last part his exhaustion was so great that he was frequently on the point of fainting. After it was finished a holiday was a crying need. He visited Cambridge in July for the first time. The *genius loci* seized him, and perhaps the need of relaxation after the tension of his work made his pleasure the keener. Anyhow, he writes of it to his mother with enthusiasm:

'Cambridge: July 16, 1832.

'Having come to this place with no anticipations, I am quite taken by surprise and overcome with delight. When I saw at the distance of four miles, on an extended plain, wider than the Oxford, amid thicker and greener groves, the Alma Mater Cantabrigiensis lying before me, I thought I should not be able to contain myself, and, in spite of my regret at her present defects and past history, and all that is wrong about her, I seemed about to cry "*Floreat aeternum.*" Surely there is a *genius loci* here, as in my own dear home; and the nearer I came to it the more I felt its power.'[2]

But a far more tempting holiday than the visit to Cambridge was planned in September. Hurrell Froude was to go to the Mediterranean for his health, and he asked Newman to accompany him. They started in December, and the journey proved a memorable one. Like Darwin's voyage on the *Beagle*, it was a pause in routine work which led to fruitful meditation. The Church of England was at the moment in imminent peril. The Liberal party was frankly aiming at her disestablishment. She was, in Mr. Mozley's phrase, 'folding her robes about her to die with what dignity she could.' Newman writes in the 'Apologia': 'The bill for the suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress. I had fierce thoughts

[1] *Arians*, p. 35. [2] *Letters*, i. 265.

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against the Liberals.' The sights in the course of his travels that reminded him vividly of the early Fathers blended with these thoughts. A champion was needed for 'our Northern Church' to rekindle faith and zeal in an evil day. 'If we had our Athanasius or Basil,' he wrote, 'we could bear with twenty Eusebius'!' It was during this voyage that he wrote his poem on Athanasius. The poem tells also of the work of Cyprian, of Chrysostom, of Ambrose. It ends with the words—

'Dim future, shall *we* need
A prophet for truth's creed?'

The Mediterranean awakened a host of historic memories, including St. Paul's shipwreck and St. Athanasius' voyage to Rome. The sight of Africa again recalled scenes of history both pagan and Christian. I thought 'of the Phœnicians, Tyre, of the Punic wars, of Cyprian, and the glorious churches now annihilated.'[1]

On his sister Harriet's birthday he passes Ithaca. Again to his mother he writes:

'I could not have believed that the view of these parts would have so enchanted me. . . . Not from classical associations, but the thought that what I saw before me was the reality of what had been the earliest vision of my childhood. . . . I gazed on it by the quarter of an hour together, being quite satisfied by the sight of the rock. I thought of Ham, and of all the various glimpses which memory barely retains, and which fly from me when I pursue them, of that earliest time of life when one seems almost to realise the remnants of a pre-existing state. Oh, how I longed to touch the land, and to satisfy myself that it was not a mere vision that I saw before me!'[2]

The leisure afforded him by his voyage, and the stimulation given to his fancy by all that he saw, found vent in verse-making, and of his published poems, if we exclude the 'Dream of Gerontius,' about four-fifths were written in those weeks. Many of the verses contain indications of a subconscious presage of the future. The thought of prophets and the leaders of great movements in the Church frequently

[1] *Letters*, i. 306. [2] *Ibid.* i. 317.

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reappears in them. These poems (published for the most part in the 'Lyra Apostolica'), though written hastily as outpourings of the heart, have been ranked very high by some of our best critics. 'For grandeur of outline, purity of taste and radiance of total effect,' writes Mr. Hutton, 'I know hardly any short poems in the language that equal them.'[1]

A very interesting letter to his sister Harriet, written at Corfu, shows us how he himself estimated the ecstasies which foreign travel aroused in him. So complex an attitude as he described may have been only a passing mood, but the letter is a curious illustration of his high-strung and sensitive nature:

'I have a great deal to say, but fear I shall forget it. No description can give you any idea of what I have seen, but I will not weary you with my delight; yet does it not seem a strange paradox to say that, though I am so much pleased, I am not interested? That is, I don't think I should care—rather I should be very glad—to find myself suddenly transported to my rooms at Oriel, with my oak sported, and I lying at full length on my sofa. After all, every kind of exertion is to me an effort: whether or not my mind has been strained and wearied with the necessity of constant activity, I know not; or whether, having had many disappointments, and suffered much from the rudeness and slights of persons I have been cast with, I shrink involuntarily from the contact of the world, and, whether or not natural disposition assists this feeling, and a perception almost morbid of my deficiencies and absurdities—anyhow, neither the kindest attentions nor the most sublime sights have over me influence enough to draw me out of the way, and, deliberately as I have set about my present wanderings, yet I heartily wish they were over, and I only endure the sights, and had much rather *have* seen them than *see* them, though the while I am extremely astonished and almost enchanted at them.'[2]

After a sojourn at Malta he sails to Naples, visiting Palermo and Egesta on his way.

Naples saddens him. 'The state of the Church is deplorable,' he writes. 'It seems as if Satan was let out of prison to range the whole earth again.'

[1] R. H. Hutton's *Cardinal Newman* (Methuen), p. 44.
[2] *Letters*, i. 320–21.

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Then came Rome. All his letters show that the city made a profound impression on him. 'A wonderful place—the first city, mind, which I have ever much praised,' he writes the day after his arrival. 'The most wonderful place in the world,' he says in another letter.

And in yet another he writes:

'And now what can I say of Rome, but that it is the first of cities, and that all I ever saw are but as dust (even dear Oxford inclusive) compared with its majesty and glory? Is it possible that so serene and lofty a place is the cage of unclean creatures? I will not believe it till I have evidence of it. In St. Peter's yesterday, in St. John Lateran to-day, I have felt quite abased, chiefly by their enormous size, added to the extreme accuracy and grace of their proportions, which make one feel little and contemptible.'[1]

The feeling about Rome was profound and lasting. It reappears in letter after letter. But he does not doubt that the religion it harbours is a 'wretched perversion of the truth.' There was 'great appearance of piety in the churches,' but it is a 'city still under a curse.'

The lines written on his journey home show the same feeling:

'O that thy creed were sound!
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.'

His final verdict is thus given:

'As to the *Roman* Catholic system, I have ever detested it so much that I cannot detest it more by seeing it; but to the Catholic system I am more attached than ever, and quite love the little monks (seminarists) of Rome; they look so innocent and bright, poor boys! and we have fallen in, more or less, with a number of interesting Irish and English priests. I regret that we could form no intimate acquaintance with them. I fear there are very grave and far-spreading scandals among the Italian priesthood, and there is mummery in abundance; yet there is a deep substratum of true Christianity; and I think they may be as near truth at the least as that Mr. B.,[2] whom I like less and less every day.'[3]

[1] *Letters*, i. 358. [2] Who Mr. B. was I do not know.
[3] *Letters*, i. 378–9.

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His last letter from Rome, written on April 7, shows no abatement of enthusiasm. What he saw there 'has stolen away half my heart,' he writes. 'Oh that Rome was not Rome! But I seem to see as clear as day that union with her is impossible.'

For three weeks in Sicily, whither he returned from Rome, he had a dangerous fever. He gave his servant instructions as to what he should do in the event of his death, but added that he did not think he should die, for he believed that God had a work for him to do. This illness he ever regarded as a crisis in his life. He has left a *memorandum* of his feelings at the time, in which we find also a searching self-examination. He seems to have felt that he was in some sense chosen by God and might be called to a great work; yet he trembles lest he should therefore regard himself as a great man. The note of 'Domine non sum dignus' is struck in his words; and it is strange that some modern writers should have taken advantage of the self-accusation of a Christian who dreads to spoil his work by pride, and should find in it evidence of his weaknesses rather than of the high standard which made him dwell insistently on each sign of human frailty.

'I felt and kept saying to myself "I have not sinned against light," and at one time I had a most consoling, overpowering thought of God's electing love, and seemed to feel I was His. But I believe all my feelings, painful and pleasant, were heightened by somewhat of delirium, though they still are from God in the way of Providence. Next day the self-reproaching feelings increased. I seemed to see more and more my utter hollowness. I began to think of all my professed principles, and felt they were mere intellectual deductions from one or two admitted truths. I compared myself with Keble, and felt that I was merely developing his, not my, convictions. I know I had *very* clear thoughts about this then, and I believe in the main true ones. Indeed, this is how I look on myself; very much, (as the illustration goes) as a pane of glass, which transmits heat, being cold itself. I have a vivid perception of the consequences of certain admitted principles, have a considerable intellectual capacity of drawing them out, have the refinement to admire them, and a rhetorical or histrionic power to represent them; and, having no great (i.e. no vivid) love of this world, whether riches, honours, or anything else, and some firmness and

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natural dignity of character, take the profession of them upon me, as I might sing a tune which I liked—loving the Truth, but not possessing it, for I believe myself at heart to be nearly hollow, i.e. with little love, little self-denial. I believe I have some faith, that is all; and as to my sins, they need my possessing no little amount of faith to set against them and gain their remission.'[1]

The sense of human frailty and sinfulness was accompanied by a self-abandoning trust in God. He felt that he must do his duty and that God would do the rest for him.

'I had a strange feeling on my mind,' he writes, 'that God meets those who go on in *His way*, who remember Him in His way, in the paths of the Lord; that I must put myself in His path, His way, that I must do my part, and that He met those who rejoice and worked righteousness, and remembered Him and His ways—some texts of this kind kept haunting me, and I determined to set out by daybreak.'[2]

The sense that God was leading him on to some task, he knew not what, seems to have remained with him thenceforth. On his homeward voyage to Marseilles, when becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio, he wrote on June 16, 'Lead, kindly Light,' which, well known though it is, must be set down in any record of his life:

'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

'I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

'So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'

[1] *Letters*, i. 416–7. [2] *Ibid.* i. 419.

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Newman came back to England full of the spring and vitality which follows convalescence. The thoughts over which he and Froude had brooded while abroad had, to use Dean Church's words, 'broken out in papers sent home from time to time' to Rose's *British Magazine*, and *Home Thoughts Abroad*, and in Newman's own contributions already spoken of to the 'Lyra Apostolica.' And he landed in July at a critical moment. The blow at the Established Church which had been so deeply resented when in contemplation had now fallen. Ten Irish bishoprics had been suppressed at a sweep. Disestablishment seemed imminent in England itself. For Newman the Established Church was still the Catholic Church in England, although corrupted by Protestant heresy. If the strength of the Established Church was, as he felt, the most effectual safeguard in England against the plausible liberalism of the day which must eventually issue in infidelity, to defend the Church and to purify it was the great need of the hour. Froude and Keble and Palmer had already discussed the situation in the Oriel Common Room, and pledged themselves to 'write and associate in defence of the Church.' Newman now threw himself heart and soul into the movement which marked out the third and last period of his Anglican career. On July 14 Keble preached his famous sermon on 'The National Apostasy.' The 'Tracts for the Times' began in December, the immediate ostensible programme they were to advocate being the defence of the Apostolical Succession and of the integrity of the Prayer-Book. That the Church of England was a part of the Church Catholic had been maintained by the great Anglican divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but their view had fallen into comparative disrepute in the eighteenth. The writers of the Tracts were bent on restoring its predominance. The root-principle, however, for which they fought was the spiritual independence of the Church and the defeat of Erastianism. The thought of St. Ambrose in his combats with Valentinian and Theodosius inspired these writers. The Tracts were independent—the work of several minds agreeing in general principles, but not in detail.

The story of the gradually growing influence of the

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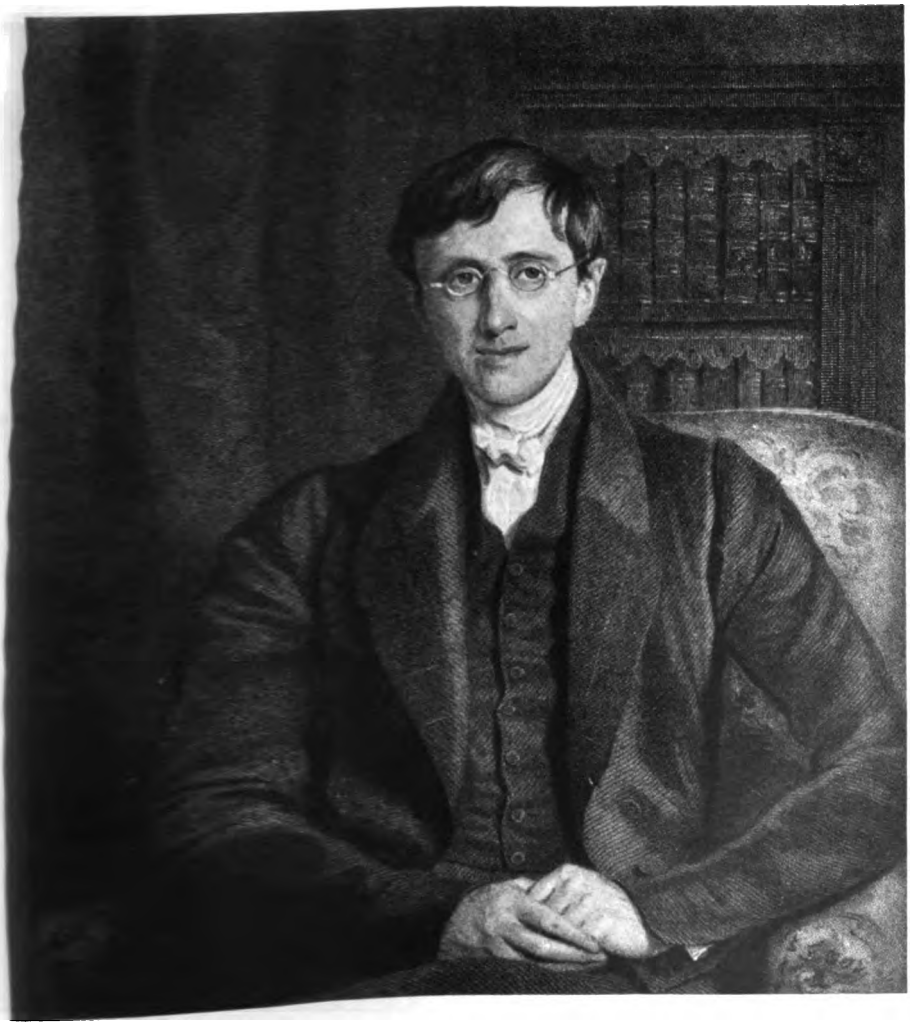

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

From the Engraving by R. Woodman, after the Painting by Sir W. C. Ross.

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Tracts has often been told. They were unsigned. The solitary exception to this rule was Dr. Pusey's Tract on Baptism, to which he appended his initials. It was mainly owing to this circumstance that the party became known in the country at large as Puseyites. Among those in close touch with Oxford it was (in its earlier years) more often designated Newmanite. In three years the movement became a power in Oxford and in the country. In 1836 the Tracts became treatises, and some, notably Tract 85, were of a somewhat philosophical character. In the same year Newman began to edit the Library of the Fathers—English versions of the great patristic writings. He also undertook, in 1836, the editorship of the *British Critic* as the organ of the party. That year saw Newman and Pusey at the head of the successful agitation which issued in the censure of Dr. Hampden by Convocation on his appointment by the Government as Regius Professor of Divinity, on the ground of his unorthodox views. The majority was nearly five to one, and recorded an emphatic protest on the part of the University against Erastianism.

Many of the ideas which the movement embodied had found first expression in the writings of Keble, the author of 'The Christian Year.' The impulse to take action had largely proceeded from the adventurous spirit of Hurrell Froude. But in Newman's own mind the movement had relation to a deeper problem than the ecclesiastical questions which exercised his two friends. His intellect was more speculative than Froude's, his thought more systematic than Keble's. In much that he wrote he was taking part in that inquiry into the foundations of all belief which the negative thinkers of the eighteenth century had made so necessary—Hume and Gibbon in England, the Encyclopedists in France. It has been truly said that the Oriel Noetic school was in some sense an outcome of the French Revolution. Both his share in their speculations and his subsequent reaction had set Newman thinking, and while Coleridge was preaching a philosophy of conservatism against Benthamism and radicalism, Newman found in the Catholic tradition latent in Anglicanism a more practical antidote to a rationalism which must issue in religious negation. It was in this deeper view of the bearing of the Anglican controversy that his stand-

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point differed from that of most of his colleagues. From beginning to end the Catholic movement was in his eyes the only effective check on the advancing tide of unbelief. 'He anticipates,' testifies Mr. Aubrey de Vere some years later, 'an unprecedented outburst of infidelity all over the world, and to withstand it he deems his especial vocation.'[1]

In a note written near the end of his life he states that from the time when he turned his serious attention to theology he felt the insufficiency of the current Christian apologetic as a reply to the abler exponents of rationalistic views. In the Middle Ages many of the deepest thinkers had been Christians. Now the predominant philosophy of the day, the intellect of the day, was against Christianity. He believed the necessary antidote to be double—first, the erection of a stronger intellectual defence of Christianity; but secondly (and this was the more pressing need), to strengthen the Church, which was the normal guardian of dogma for the many. He held (as we have seen in his book on the Arians) that definite dogmatic propositions, although the human ideas they employed were inadequate to the divine Reality, were the great safeguard of revealed truth. A deeper philosophy of dogma than that currently recognised was one of those very additions to apologetic which he desired. Thus his two defences had a common element. In all of this his thought was running on the very lines trodden already by S. T. Coleridge. 'During this spring,' he writes in 1835, 'I for the first time read parts of Coleridge's works; and I am surprised how much that I thought mine is to be found there.'[2]

The philosophy of faith formed the subject of the remarkable sermons preached before the University, and afterwards published in 1843 as a volume. He characterises this volume in writing to James Hope as 'the best, not the most perfect, book I have done. I mean there is more to develop in it though it is imperfect.'[3] The

[1] *Life of Aubrey de Vere*, p. 182.

[2] *Letters*, ii. 39. But there were differences between the two thinkers—cf. pp. 54, 93, 156. Some writers have, I observe, quoted Newman's letter in old age stating that he 'never read a line of Coleridge.' It is not the only instance in which his memory was in later years seriously at fault.

[3] See *Letters*, ii. p. 407.

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sermons were an attempt to show the really philosophical temper underlying the Gospel ideal of faith—a right disposition of the mind making the divinity of Christianity readily credible. This disposition included a realisation of all that made a revelation antecedently probable. Evidence insufficient apart from the presumption thereby afforded was sufficient with its aid. The simple and uneducated mind was capable of a reasonable faith. There was philosophical wisdom in the Church as a whole; and the faith of individuals was a spontaneous participation in the fruits of that wisdom. The 'foolishness' of the Gospel in the eyes of the man of the world, its opposition to the wisdom of the world, was recognised by him to the full. What was stigmatised by the world as credulity and folly was really the instinctive trust of an individual Christian in a wisdom higher than his own.

This view underlay the Gospels themselves. But it had fallen out of the current Anglican apologetic. Yet it was (he held) essentially necessary. The sermons were a profound effort to analyse that wisdom and philosophy which consciously or unconsciously swayed the believer, and to exhibit the shallowness of the merely worldly wisdom which issues in unbelief. Reason and Faith were contrasted; but Reason meant in Newman's pages the exercise of the intellect with the assumption of secular maxims and with no recognition of the light shed on the problems of Faith by the moral nature.

The University Sermons, except only the first, which belongs to 1826, were preached during the progress of the movement. They were 'caviare to the general,' for the questioning attitude on religious belief was not yet widespread among their readers. But by the more speculative minds in Oxford, as W. G. Ward and the students of Coleridge, they were regarded, as by Newman himself, as containing his best and most valuable thoughts.

The more practical side of the controversy—the formulation of his 'Via Media' of Anglican theology against liberalism and Protestantism on the one side and Popery on the other, was worked out in his lectures on the prophetical office of the Church, delivered in 1837. These lectures were largely based on a correspondence with a French priest, the Abbé Jager, and the position taken up in them was directly

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anti-Roman. The English Roman Catholics were in them regarded as schismatics.

The parochial sermons at St. Mary's, however, were the main instrument of Newman's influence on the Oxford of those years. They appealed to a far wider class than the University Sermons, and the indelible impression they made on many minds has been recorded by eminent men of widely different schools of thought—by J. A. Froude and A. P. Stanley, by Mr. Gladstone and Sir Francis Doyle, by Principal Shairp and Lord Coleridge, as well as by such disciples of the movement as Henry Wilberforce and Dean Church. They were primarily moral discourses, with little of theological elaboration. 'They belong,' writes Dean Stanley, 'not to provincial dogma, but to the literature of all time.'

Newman's merely intellectual reputation in the University had stood very high for about five Oxford generations, reckoning a generation at three years. It was thirteen years since he had been invited as quite a youth to join in the *élite* of English intellect which was to give the newly founded Athenæum Club its prestige at starting. But now the character of a prophet and leader of men was added. And the movement in Oxford of which he was the life and soul aroused all the enthusiasm of the time. 'The influence of his singular combination of genius and devotion,' writes Dean Lake, 'has had no parallel there before or since.'[1] 'Credo in Newmannum' was the creed which W. G. Ward first formulated, and which became general.

The party received a severe blow, in 1836, from the untimely death of Hurrell Froude. But his 'Memoirs,' which Newman and Keble published in 1838, created a great impression in Oxford, and gave fresh power to the movement. That power was viewed with suspicion by the Heads of Houses. Already Tractarianism was charged with Romanist tendencies. But as yet such charges only gave zest to the party in their propaganda. The active persecution of a later date had not begun; and the adherents of the movement presented as yet a united front. Newman himself—so he tells us—had supreme confidence in his

[1] *Life of Archbishop Tait*, i. 105.

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position. In January 1839 he writes to Frederick Rogers,[1] 'the Tracts are selling faster than they can print them.' He and Keble and Pusey were the triumvirate that led the movement, and Newman himself shrank from acknowledging the greatness of his position. But in the eyes of many he was not only the leader, but the others were on a totally different plane. Such was the feeling of W. G. Ward and his friends. Such is the testimony of J. A. Froude, who speaks of the others as ciphers and Newman as the indicating number. Let us, in recording this time of his supremacy at Oxford, place before our readers material for forming a mental picture of one whose personality is remembered to have been something far more impressive even than his writing. What is perhaps the most vivid description extant of his position in the eyes of the rising generation at Oxford was penned by the witness whose name has just been mentioned, J. A. Froude.[2]

'When I entered at Oxford,' writes Mr. Froude, 'John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers. . . . It has been said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skilful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of

[1] Fellow of Oriel, afterwards Lord Blachford. [2] In *Short Studies*, vol. iv.

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genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realised, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was, and something far beyond. I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to Providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. . . . He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said, "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him. . . . Keble had looked into no lines of thought but his own. Newman had read omnivorously; he had studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms, and with all its many-coloured passions. . . .

'With us undergraduates Newman, of course, did not enter on such important questions, although they were in the air, and we talked about them among ourselves. He, when we met him, spoke to us about subjects of the day, of literature, of public persons and incidents, of everything which was generally interesting. He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than anyone else who was present. He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong, he knew why

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we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say.

'Thus it was that we, who had never seen such another man, and to whom he appeared, perhaps, at special advantage in contrast with the normal college don, came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils (though pupils, strictly speaking, he had none) for an idolized master. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men *Credo in Newmannum* was the genuine symbol of faith.'

So far Mr. Froude; and to Newman's directly religious influence on the University Principal Shairp has perhaps given the most definite and direct testimony in his study of Keble.[1]

'The movement when at its height extended its influence far beyond the circle of those who directly adopted its views. There was not, in Oxford at least, a reading man who was not more or less directly influenced by it. Only the very idle or the very frivolous were wholly proof against it. On all others it impressed a sobriety of conduct and a seriousness not usually found among large bodies of young men. It raised the tone of average morality in Oxford to a level which perhaps it had never before reached. You may call it overwrought and too highly strung. Perhaps it was. It was better, however, for young men to be so than to be doubters or cynics.

'If such was the general aspect of Oxford society at that time, where was the centre and soul from which so mighty a power emanated? It lay, and had for some years lain, mainly in one man, a man in many ways the most remarkable that England had seen during this century, perhaps the most remarkable the English Church has possessed in any century—John Henry Newman. The influence he had gained, without apparently setting himself to seek it, was something altogether unlike anything else in our time. A

[1] The Essay on Keble was published in a volume entitled *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy* by Principal Shairp of St. Andrews (p. 244).

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mysterious veneration had by degrees gathered round him, till now it was almost as though some Ambrose or Augustine of older ages had reappeared. He himself tells how one day, when he was an undergraduate, a friend with whom he was walking in an Oxford street cried out eagerly, "There is Keble," and with what awe he looked at him. A few years and the same took place with regard to himself. In Oriel Lane light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, "There's Newman," as with head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though at some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step he glided by. Awe fell on them for a moment almost as if it had been some apparition that had passed. . . . What were the qualities that inspired these feelings? There was, of course, learning and refinement. There was genius, not, indeed, of a philosopher, but of a subtle and original thinker, an unequalled edge of dialectic, and these all glorified by the imagination of a poet. Then there was the utter unworldliness, the setting aside of all the things which men most prize, the tamelessness of soul which was ready to essay the impossible. Men felt that here was:

"One of that small transfigured band
Which the world cannot tame."'

Of the ever-memorable sermons and of the evening service at St. Mary's at which they were delivered, Principal Shairp writes as follows:

'The centre from which his power went forth was the pulpit of St. Mary's, with those wonderful afternoon sermons. Sunday after Sunday, month by month, year by year, they went on, each continuing and deepening the impression the last had made. . . .

'The service was very simple,—no pomp, no ritualism; for it was characteristic of the leading men of the movement that they left these things to the weaker brethren. Their thoughts, at all events, were set on great questions which touched the heart of unseen things. About the service, the most remarkable thing was the beauty, the silver intonation, of Mr. Newman's voice, as he read the Lessons. It seemed to bring new meaning out of the familiar words. Still lingers in memory the tone with which he read: *But Jerusalem which is from above is free, which is the mother of us all.* When he began to preach, a stranger was not likely to be much struck, especially if he had been accustomed to pulpit oratory of the Boanerges sort. Here was no vehemence, no declamation, no show of elaborated argument, so that one

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who came prepared to hear a "great intellectual effort" was almost sure to go away disappointed. Indeed, I believe that if he had preached one of his St. Mary's sermons before a Scotch town congregation, they would have thought the preacher a "silly body." The delivery had a peculiarity which it took a new hearer some time to get over. Each separate sentence, or at least each short paragraph, was spoken rapidly, but with great clearness of intonation; and then at its close there was a pause, lasting for nearly half a minute; then another rapidly but clearly spoken sentence, followed by another pause. It took some time to get over this, but, that once done, the wonderful charm began to dawn on you. The look and bearing of the preacher were as of one who dwelt apart, who, though he knew his age well, did not live in it. From the seclusion of study, and abstinence, and prayer, from habitual dwelling in the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day of the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and known. Those who never heard him might fancy that his sermons would generally be about apostolical succession or rights of the Church or against Dissenters. Nothing of the kind. You might hear him preach for weeks without an allusion to these things. What there was of High Church teaching was implied rather than enforced. The local, the temporary, and the modern were ennobled by the presence of the catholic truth belonging to all ages that pervaded the whole. His power showed itself chiefly in the new and unlooked-for way in which he touched into life old truths, moral or spiritual, which all Christians acknowledge, but most have ceased to feel—when he spoke of "Unreal Words," of the "Individuality of the Soul," of "The Invisible World," of a "Particular Providence"; or again, of "The Ventures of Faith," "Warfare the Condition of Victory," "The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World," "The Church a Home for the Lonely." As he spoke, how the old truth became new! how it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger—how gently, yet how powerfully!—on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. Subtlest truths, which it would have taken philosophers pages of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropt out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style, yet what calm power! how gentle, yet how strong! how simple, yet how suggestive! how homely, yet how refined! . . .

'To call these sermons eloquent would be no word for them; high poems they rather were, as of an inspired singer,

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or the outpourings as of a prophet, rapt yet self-possessed. And the tone of voice in which they were spoken, once you grew accustomed to it, sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the silence of that high Gothic building the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast dim cave. After hearing these sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High Church system; but you would be harder than most men, if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness, if you did not feel the things of faith brought closer to the soul.'

Such were the feelings kindled even among those who dissented from his theology by the man who was the central figure in the Oxford of 1838. 'Those who by early education and conviction were kept aloof from the peculiar tenets of High Churchmen,' writes Principal Shairp, 'could not but acknowledge the moral quickening which resulted from the movement, and the marvellous character of him who was the soul of it.' That year was the summit of Newman's life to which he ever wistfully looked back, a time of hope, of confidence, of influence, when his one inspiring ideal, to work for God and for religion, was satisfied, and tokens of success daily multiplied. The vision of the future, unclouded as yet by misgiving, was of a Church of England purged of heresy, and once more breathing the spirit of Ambrose and Augustine.

The following lines from Aubrey de Vere's 'Reminiscences' give a vivid picture of Newman's appearance and manner at this time: 'Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room. The slight form and gracious address might have belonged either to a youthful ascetic of the middle ages or to a graceful high-bred lady of our own days. He was pale and thin almost to emaciation, swift of pace, but when not walking intensely still, with a voice sweet and pathetic, and so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. When touching on subjects which interested him much, he used gestures rapid and decisive, though not vehement.'

In April 1839, Newman, still pursuing his patristic studies, began the systematic reading of the Monophysite controversy.

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For the first time there came a misgiving as to the Anglican position—a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the forerunner of storm and shipwreck. While, like the Anglicans, the Monophysites took their stand on antiquity, their claim was, he saw, disallowed by the Church, which, at the instigation of Pope Leo, invented a new *formula* ('in two natures') at Chalcedon to exclude them. He was struck, as he writes to Rogers, by 'the great power of the Pope, as great as he claims now almost.' He could not adjust the story of the Monophysites to the principles of the *Via Media*. In September Robert Wilberforce put into his hands Wiseman's article in the *Dublin Review* on the 'Schism of the Donatists.' This deepened the impression made by the Monophysite story. It brought home to him a point of view which shook his faith in his own position. St. Augustine had replied to the claim of the Donatists to be really Catholics, on the ground that they adhered to antiquity, by the words *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. The mere appeal to antiquity had been disallowed. For a religious society to belong to the Universal Church it was necessary that that Church should recognise its claim. The parallel of the Arian period, on which Newman had relied, was gradually recognised by him not really to cover the facts of the Anglican position.

It so happened that these impressions came at a time when a new impulse towards Rome had just been brought to bear on the movement and on Newman's own mind. W. G. Ward and Frederick Oakeley had joined the Tractarian party in a spirit of avowed admiration for Rome. Ward's friend, Arthur Stanley, for a brief space shared in the new Roman campaign, which was directed against the comparatively moderate Anglicanism of Mr. Palmer and even of Dr. Pusey. Frederick Faber was another whose influence was in the same direction. The new party was characterised by great enthusiasm, a disposition to startle the older and more moderate spirits, a recklessness of consequences, a certain love of paradox. Their trust in Newman was absolute. And as long as he himself was confident in his own position they were not likely to break loose. It was when Newman's own mind was touched with doubt and his answers to arguments advanced by the Romanising school lacked

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confidence, that they waxed bolder and more positive. A new sense of danger, of uncertainty, of disunion, was gradually felt in the ranks of the Tractarians.

Newman at first welcomed Ward's accession to the movement, which came in 1838 after the publication of Froude's 'Remains.' 'Ward is a very important accession,' Newman had written to Bowden. 'He is a man I know very little of, but whom I can't help liking very much.' After he had joined the Tract party Ward rapidly became intimate with Newman, and saw him almost daily, losing no opportunity of pressing the Roman argument and disparaging the purely Anglican view of the movement. Newman had not long before read Manzoni's 'Promessi Sposi.' This picture of 'Romanism' in action had deeply impressed him. 'The Capuchin in the "Promessi Sposi,"' he writes to Rogers, 'has stuck in my heart like a dart. I have never got over him.' And now in September 1839 came, as I have said, the Monophysite and Donatist histories, which suddenly touched him with real misgiving as to the theory which a year earlier he had taught with supreme confidence.

'Since I wrote to you,' he writes to Rogers on September 22, 'I have had the first real hit from Romanism which has happened to me. Robert Wilberforce, who has been passing through, directed my attention to Dr. Wiseman's article in the new *Dublin*. I must confess it has given me a stomachache. You see the whole history of the Monophysites has been a sort of alterative. And now comes this dose at the end of it. It does certainly come upon one that we are not at the bottom of things. At this moment we have sprung a leak; and the worst of it is that those sharp fellows, Ward, Stanley, and Co. will not let one go to sleep upon it. *Curavimus Babylonem et non est curata* was an awkward omen. I have not said so much to anyone.

'I seriously think this a most uncomfortable article on every account, though of course it is "ex parte."'[1]

The article worked on him so rapidly that in the following month he confided to Henry Wilberforce his suspicion that in the end he might possibly find it his duty to join the Roman Catholic Church.[2]

[1] *Letters*, ii. 286.

[2] See *Dublin Review*, April 1869, p. 327.

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Newman really never recovered from the blow which had thus been dealt him. At the moment when hope was highest he had received a serious wound; that it was mortal he did not think. But it destroyed the sense of triumph. It destroyed the confidence which had given his leadership such power. The isolation of the English Church from the rest of the Church Catholic—a commonplace of the controversy—had suddenly got hold of him. It had failed to affect him earlier because it was in the writings of the Catholic controversialists mixed up with untenable positions. The actual anomalies presented by history in the fourth century were not, he felt, allowed for by the Roman Catholics. Yet the argument from anomalies might, he now realised, be pressed too far. The precedent of the fourth century, on which he had taken his stand, might have justified an Anglican in the sixteenth century, before sides were clearly taken in the controversy between Catholic and Protestant. It could not in the nineteenth. He never returned to the old *Via Media*. He could not answer Ward and his friends with the decision which would have reassured them. They were quick to see this. They pressed the Roman view more and more openly. Pusey and the older party of the movement were distressed and uncomfortable. They failed to obtain from Newman a clear disavowal of the views of Ward and Oakeley. A sense of discomfort and uncertainty arose which changed the character of the movement and clouded its prospects.

In point of fact Newman's old anti-Roman position was broken. He did not see his way clearly, and therefore could not speak confidently. He now admitted that English Roman Catholics belonged to the Church Catholic. He no longer spoke of them as in schism. He gradually thought out a new basis for his position. He maintained that the life within the Church of England was a testimony to its being a living branch of the Church as the Roman Church was also a branch. If the note of Catholicity was not clear in the Church of England, she had clearly the note of Life and the note of Sanctity.[1] 'We could not be as if we had never been a church. We were Samaria,' so he put it a little later, in 1841. He developed his new position in an article in

[1] *Apologia*, pp. 150–52.

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the *British Critic* in 1840, and in the discourses afterwards entitled 'Sermons on Subjects of the Day.' But he could not satisfactorily answer the difficulty Wiseman's article had raised. 'The only vulnerable point we have,' he wrote to Rogers in November 1840, 'is the *penitus toto divisos orbe*. It is the heel of Achilles. Yet a man must be a good shot to hit it.' He seemed to *dread* Rome now. 'It is a bad thing,' he writes to Bowden, 'stirring one's sympathies towards Rome.' And again: 'Were there Sanctity among the Roman Catholics they would indeed be formidable.'[1] Oxford only gradually became conscious of the change. For one so long eager and confident in his attacks on Rome to hesitate and be on the defensive, for him to explain and apologise, meant a profound change, an immense loss in effective leadership. But he maintained still in his letters the attitude of a vigorous champion of the Anglican Church, though Rome had frightened him. Gladstone's book on Church and State he welcomed at this time. 'Doctrinaire and somewhat self-confident,' he writes, but nevertheless 'it will do good. Somehow there is great earnestness, but a want of amiableness about him.'

In one for whom subconscious workings of the mind went for so much, their symptoms may be noted. We see in his letters of 1840 several references to the prospect of adherents of the movement going to Rome. But further, in a letter of February 25, 1840, to his sister Mrs. John Mozley, we find for the first time a thought which must have strongly supplemented the effect of Dr. Wiseman's article—namely, that the Church of Rome alone would be found strong enough to stem the various infidel currents of the time.

'I begin to have serious apprehensions,' he wrote, 'lest any religious body is strong enough to withstand the league of evil but the Roman Church. At the end of the first millenary it withstood the fury of Satan, and now the end of the second is drawing on. Certainly the way that good principles have shot up is wonderful; but I am not clear that they are not tending to Rome—not from any necessity in the principles themselves, but from the much greater proximity between Rome and us than between infidelity and us, and that in a time of trouble we naturally look about for allies.'[2]

[1] *Letters*, ii. 314-15. [2] *Ibid.* ii. 300.

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In the village of Littlemore, in his parish of St. Mary's, he had as early as 1829 interested himself specially, and had given catechetical instructions there on Sunday evenings. In 1836 he had built a chapel there. He regarded that year as a landmark [1] in the providential course of his life. Now in 1840 he further developed his connection with Littlemore, with a dim presage that it might be his future home.

'We have bought nine or ten acres of ground at Littlemore,' he writes to his sister, 'the field between the chapel and Barnes's, and so be it in due time shall erect a monastic house upon it. This may lead ultimately to my resigning my fellowship. But these are visions as yet.'

The change in the character of the movement became more and more apparent. The Church of England had been the central object of interest from 1833 to 1838. The 'Church of Rome' had been only a feature in the historical controversy which defined her position. By 1841 the proportions were reversed. The presumption was no longer on the Anglican side—it was on the Roman. England had to justify a position at first sight untenable. In this new condition of things it was more than ever necessary to vindicate a Catholic interpretation for the Anglican formularies. The stronger the argument against the Anglicans from their actual separation, the more necessary it was to show that they were not committed to the views of a Protestant sect, and that they still interpreted all formularies enjoined in the Church of England in the sixteenth century, 'according to the sense of the Catholic Church.' [2] To establish this principle in the case of the Thirty-nine Articles was the

[1] The following note is attached by Newman to a packet of letters of 1836:

'March 1836 is a cardinal point of time. It gathers about it, more or less closely, the following events:

1. Froude's death.
2. My mother's death and my sister's marriage.
3. My knowing and using the Breviary.
4. First connexion with the *British Critic*.
5. The tracts becoming treatises.
6. Start of the "Library of the Fathers."
7. Theological Society.
8. My writing against the Church of Rome.
9. Littlemore Chapel.

} A new scene gradually opened.'

[2] *Letters*, ii. 336.

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object of the famous Tract 90, published in February 1841. If this were not done promptly Newman foresaw that the new adherents of the movement would go over to the Roman Church. The Articles (he noted in the Tract), while censuring popular corruptions in the Church of Rome, admitted those Catholic doctrines of which they were corruptions. They censured, not the authoritative and obligatory statements of that Church, but the prevalent teaching of its officials. Moreover, as they were drawn up before the Council of Trent, they could not have been directed against the decrees of that Council.

Newman had gone to history. He had realised that the Articles were a compromise, and that their framers had hoped to get the Catholic party to subscribe them in spite of their Protestant rhetoric. He claimed a like liberty of interpretation now, as the Franciscan, Santa Clara, had done in Charles I.'s reign. But such a claim amazed the Oxford of 1841, and Newman was charged with dishonest quibbling, a charge which remained in the public mind for many years.

The first person to insist on this view of it was Mr. Tait (the future Archbishop), then Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, who with three other tutors formally protested against the Tract. This step was followed a week later by its official censure by the Hebdomadal Board of the Heads of Houses. Dean Stanley's biographer has left a graphic account of the kindling of the flame which spread so rapidly :

'On the morning of the 27th of February, Ward burst excitedly into Tait's rooms. "Here," he cried, "is something worth reading," and threw No. 90 on the table. Tait described to Stanley how he "sate, half-asleep," over the pamphlet, "rather disturbed from time to time by sentences about 'working in chains,' and 'stammering lips,'" till, on turning over the pages, he was suddenly awakened by lighting on the commentary on the Twenty-second Article. He immediately rushed to Ward's rooms to know whether he had rightly understood it; and from that moment the sensation began. He showed No. 90 to one person after another; the excitement increased, but still unknown to Newman; and, on the second Sunday after the Tract had appeared, Ward, who had predicted that it would rouse a tumult, was dining with Newman, and Newman said, "You see, Ward, you

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are a false prophet." When Ward returned that night to Balliol, he found that the Protest of the Four Tutors was already prepared. It appeared the next day; by the end of the week came down, like a clap of thunder, the Protest of the Heads, and instantly the silence was broken by its being reverberated through every paper in the country.'[1]

The general excitement alarmed the Church authorities. The Bishop of Oxford sent a formal message objecting to the Tract and advising the suspension of the series of 'Tracts for the Times.' Newman published a second edition of the Tract with additions and changes designed to meet the criticisms it had received, writing at the same time to the Bishop expressing his willingness to discontinue the Tracts.

'The affair of No. 90,' writes Newman, 'was a far greater crisis than March 1836, and opened an entirely different scene.' Henceforth the members of the party were suspect of Romanism, and of dishonesty in holding their preferments in the Church of England. The party whose chiefs had represented practically the whole University in the Protest of 1836 against Dr. Hampden's appointment, and had been regarded as the champions of Anglican orthodoxy, was now under a cloud in University and Church alike. The change in the general atmosphere in the University itself was thus described in after-years by the late Lord Coleridge:

'Four tutors protested, six doctors suspended, Hebdomadal Boards censured, deans of colleges changed the dinner hour, so as to make the hearing of Newman's sermon and a dinner in Hall incompatible transactions. This seemed then—it seems now—miserably small. It failed, of course; such proceedings always fail. The influence so fought with naturally widened and strengthened. There was imparted to an attendance at St. Mary's that slight flavour of insubordination which rendered such attendance attractive to many, to some at any rate, who might otherwise have stayed away. In 1839 the afternoon congregation at St. Mary's was, for a small Oxford parish, undoubtedly large—probably two or three times the whole population of the parish; but by 1842 it had become as remarkable a congregation as I should think was ever gathered together to hear regularly a single preacher. There was scarcely a man of

[1] *Life of Stanley*, i. 292.

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note in the University, old or young, who did not, during the last two or three years of Newman's incumbency, habitually attend the service and listen to the sermons. One Dean certainly, who had changed the time of his College dinner to prevent others going, constantly went himself; and the outward interest in the teaching was but one symptom of the deep and abiding influence which Cardinal Newman exercised.[1]

The Bishops were not satisfied with the suspension of the Tracts. One after another they issued Charges against them. The Charges emphasised the Protestant character of the Church of England. Then came the establishment of the avowedly Protestant English bishopric in Jerusalem, the Bishop being consecrated by the English Primate with the express object of ruling the Lutheran and Calvinistic congregations of the East.

Besides the action of the ecclesiastical authorities, there occurred at this time another event in the University which reminded the party that it was regarded with suspicion in Oxford itself. Mr. Isaac Williams, who was obviously the best qualified candidate for the Professorship of Poetry left vacant by Keble's resignation, was in January 1842 defeated, unmistakably on the ground of his being a Puseyite, though he was by no means in sympathy with the Romanising wing of the party. Then again in May 1843 Dr. Pusey preached a sermon on the Eucharist. He went not a step beyond the recognised Anglican divines, and yet was forthwith suspended for two years from preaching, by authority of the Vice-Chancellor. Signs were accumulating on every side that Oxford and the Church of England regarded Tractarianism as necessarily Roman, whether it took the professedly Anglican colour it wore in Pusey or the avowedly Roman hue imparted to it in Mr. Ward's writings and conversation. Newman's doubts perforce revived. How, he asked himself, could a position be normal to the Church of England which its authoritative organs energetically repudiated? Newman's position at Oxford became more and more difficult, and his visits to Littlemore grew longer and longer. Knowing fully

[1] See Lord Coleridge's tribute, 'In Memoriam,' to Principal Shairp, published in Professor Knight's volume, *Principal Shairp and his Friends.*

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the weight of his lightest word, filled with a painful sense of responsibility, speech became almost impossible for him. He had led the party on for years in supreme confidence that he was strengthening the Anglican Church against Rome. He had denounced Rome with energy in his writings. Now, in his uncertainty, he could neither urge his followers to advance towards Rome nor keep back those who were actually moving Romewards. For himself, external events were slowly but surely pressing him onwards. For others he declined all responsibility. 'His parochial sermons assumed an uneasy tone which perplexed his followers,' writes Principal Shairp. To remain an Anglican with his views appeared to him more and more a paradox. The defence of the position in Oxford he left to those to whom paradox was more congenial, and W. G. Ward became gradually more and more active and outspoken.[1]

Before he had taken the final step Newman thus referred to the effect on him of the action of the ecclesiastical authorities at this time:

'Many a man might have held an abstract theory about the Catholic Church to which it was difficult to adjust the Anglican, might have admitted a suspicion or even painful doubt about the latter, yet never have been impelled onwards had our rulers preserved the quiescence of former years; but it is the corroboration of a great living and energetic heterodoxy that realises and makes such doubts practical. It has been the recent speeches and acts of authorities who had been so long tolerant of Protestant error, which has given to enquiry and to theory its force and edge.'

On April 19, 1842, he migrated to his cottage at Littlemore for good. Henceforth it was his headquarters, visits to Oriel being occasional. He was at Littlemore for some days quite alone, without friend or servant. He had made his determination and begun his preparations in February. It is clear that he regarded it as a significant step. The movement had never been more influential, and Tract 90 had an immense sale. But its success was not for him. He writes thus to Mrs. J. Mozley:

[1] Dean Bradley writes of this time that W. G. Ward 'succeeded Newman in Oxford as the acknowledged leader of the party' (see his *A. P. Stanley*, p. 65).

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'Feb. 6, 42.

'I am going up to Littlemore and my books are all in motion—part gone, the rest in a day or two. It makes me very downcast. It is such a nuisance taking steps. But for years three lines of Horace have been in my ears:

'"Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas."

'Of Tract 90 12,500 copies have been sold and a 3rd edition is printed. An American clergyman who was here lately told me he saw it in every house.'

In 1843 Newman wrote to a friend definitely that he believed the Roman Catholic Church to be the Church of the Apostles. England was in schism, and such graces as were apparent in the Anglican Communion were 'extraordinary and from the overflowing of the Divine dispensation' ('Apologia,' p. 208). He resigned the vicarage of St. Mary's on September 18. In the same year in the pages of the *Conservative Journal* he retracted all his attacks on the Church of Rome. The inevitable sequel was in sight for others as well as for himself—the parting from so many Oxford friends and disciples who had for years hung on his every word. On September 25 he preached at Littlemore his sermon on the Parting of Friends. It was the last public scene of the silent tragedy which was being enacted. He told in that sermon, clearly for those who understood, how he himself had found the Church of his birth and of his early affections wanting; how he was torn asunder between the claims of those he must leave behind him and those who would follow him; that he could speak to his friends no more from that pulpit, but could only commit them to God and bid them strive to do His will. His voice broke (so the tradition runs) and his words were interrupted by the sobs of his hearers as he said his last words of farewell.

From this time onwards he lived in seclusion at Littlemore with a group of his younger disciples, in whose company he led a life of quasi-monastic discipline. The *Via Media* as an intellectual theory was finally relinquished. He clung to the argument supplied by the presence of life and sanctity

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An Oxford Caricature of John Henry Newman.

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within the Church of England. And it was this note of some continuity between the existing Church of England and that of happier days which inspired the 'Lives of the English Saints' which he now began to edit. Sanctity had been, he maintained, throughout Church history the great antidote to corruption. His last despairing hope for the Church of England seems to have been that this might be so again, and that, as with the human body, intense vitality might remedy functional disorder and restore normal health. To arouse interest in the English saints of old would stimulate religious zeal within the Church of England. It became plain, however, that the tone of the Lives was not in harmony with the Anglicanism of the time. The Life of St. Stephen Harding was held by persons of weight to be 'of a character inconsistent even with its proceeding from an Anglican publisher.' Newman retired from the editorship after two numbers had been published, though many others of the Lives were already in an advanced state of preparation and made their appearance in due course. That the Church of England could not now stand the biographies of those who were on Catholic principles its own saints was one more significant fact added to the number that had by now well-nigh crushed him.

The change of Communion was now really only a matter of time. And the terrible secret was whispered through Oxford. Gradually it dawned on those who had been longing to hear the loved voice again, who had been chafing at his silence without realising what it portended, that for Oxford he had ceased for ever to speak. Perhaps men had never before fully realised all that those sermons had been to them.

'How vividly,' writes Principal Shairp, 'comes back the remembrance of the aching blank, the awful pause, which fell on Oxford when that voice had ceased, and we knew that we should hear it no more. It was as when, to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still. To many, no doubt, the pause was not of long continuance. Soon they began to look this way and that for new teachers, and to rush vehemently to the opposite extremes of thought.

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But there were those who could not so lightly forget. All the more these withdrew into themselves. On Sunday forenoons and evenings, in the retirement of their rooms, the printed words of those marvellous sermons would thrill them till they wept "abundant and most sweet tears." Since then many voices of powerful teachers they may have heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his.'

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CHAPTER III

LAST DAYS AT LITTLEMORE (1845–1846)

IN Oxford itself, events hurried on to a climax. Left without the restraining hand of Newman, W. G. Ward and his friends emphasised the most Roman interpretation of the Movement, and the paradox soon became intolerable. In the summer of 1844 W. G. Ward published his 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' in which he claimed to remain a clergyman of the Church of England while holding 'the whole cycle of Roman doctrine.' The book was condemned at the famous meeting of Convocation on February 13, 1845, and its author deprived of his degrees. A vote of censure on Tract 90 was proposed on the same occasion, but defeated by the veto of the two proctors, personal friends of Newman—Mr. Guillemard and Mr. R. W. Church. The Movement was already mortally wounded by Newman's retirement, and this event was, in Dean Stanley's words, its 'closing scene.' Up to then, although blow after blow had been struck at the party —the episcopal Charges against the Tracts, the institution of the Jerusalem Bishopric, the censure of Pusey's sermon on the Holy Eucharist,—no disaster had been quite irretrievable. Newman had indeed prepared his friends for his coming defection from Anglicanism, yet the more sanguine hoped against hope that the prospect might change, that the Church of England might keep him, and that the cause of the Movement might still triumph. Now the party was finally defeated. 'It was more than a defeat,' writes Dean Church, 'it was a rout in which they were driven headlong from the field.' Newman remained absolutely impassive. 'That silence,' writes the same witness, 'was awful and ominous.'

We know from the 'Apologia' what he was going through

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at this time, his steadily growing conviction that he ought to join the Church of Rome, his fear lest he might in so momentous a step be acting on a view which would subsequently change. I have found one letter, and one only; in which he pours out his whole heart on the subject. It was written to Henry Wilberforce in the spring of 1845, after reading the autobiography of his old friend Blanco White, who had ceased to be a Christian before he died. The letter gives a vivid picture not only of Newman's mind at the moment, but of his thoughts concerning his own past history.

'Littlemore, Dom. V post Pasch. Ap. 27, 1845.

'Blanco White's autobiography, which is just published, is the most dismal possible work I ever saw. He dies a Pantheist denying that there is an Ultramundane God, apparently denying a particular Providence, doubting, to say the least, the personal immortality of the soul, meditating from Marcus Antoninus, and considering that St. Paul's Epistles are taken from the Stoic philosophy. As to Christianity he seems thoroughly to agree with Strauss, and rejects the Gospels as historical documents. Yet his Biographer actually calls him a *Confessor*—Confessor to what? Not to any opinion, any belief whatever, but to the search after truth, ever wandering about and changing, and therefore great to the end of his life? Can there be a greater paradox than this? But what a view does it give one of the Unitarians and id genus omne! They really do think it is no harm whatever being an Atheist, so that you are sincerely so, and do not cut people's throats and pick their pockets. Blanco White gives up religion (by name) altogether. He says that Christianity is not a religion, and that this is one of the great mistakes which has led to corruptions. It has no *θρησκεία* or worship—or rather as St. James says, its *θρησκεία* is visiting the fatherless and widows i.e. moral duties. I have heard him say this, but was shallow enough not to see its drift. Yet it is remarkable he should run into Pantheism, which I have said in the "Arians" is the legitimate consequence of giving up our Lord's Divinity and about which I have warned people since from time to time very earnestly.

Blanco White's book then shows more and more that one knows *the lie of the country*. It is an additional testimony to the fact that to be consistent one must believe more or less than we are accustomed to believe. Of course it may be said that one ought not to *attempt* to be consistent,

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which is systematizing—but to do each duty by itself as it comes, without putting things together, or saying that two and two make four. Well, I will not debate this, but when a person feels that he cannot stand where he is, and has dreadful feelings lest he should be suffered to go back, if he will not go forward, such a case as Blanco White's increases those fears. For years I have an increasing intellectual conviction that there is no medium between Pantheism and the Church of Rome. If intellect were to settle the matter, I should not be now where I am. But other considerations come in, and distress me. Here is Blanco White sincere and honest. He gives up his country, and then his second home, —Spain, Oxford, Whately's family,—all for an idea of truth. or rather for liberty of thought. True, I think a great deal of morbid restlessness was mixed with his sincerity, an inability to keep still in one place, a readiness to take offence and to be disgusted, an unusual irritability, and a fear of not being independent, and other bad feelings. But then the thought forcibly comes upon one, Why may not the case be the same with me? I see Blanco White going wrong yet sincere—Arnold going wrong yet sincere. They are no puzzle to me; I can put my finger on this or that fault in their character and say, Here was the fault. But they did not know the fault, and so it comes upon me, How do I know that I too have not my weak points which occasion me to think as I think. How can I be sure I have not committed sins which bring this unsettled state of mind on me as a judgment? This is what is so very harassing, as you may suppose.

'Blanco White's book has tried me in another way. I am nearly the only person he speaks with affection of in it among his English friends—at least he says more about me than anyone else. . . . It seems as if people were just now beginning to praise me when I am going. It seems an omen of my going that they praise me. Their praises are valedictions, funeral orations. Rogers, James Mozley, and now Blanco White. The truth is I have had so little praise that I do not understand it, and my feelings have been a mixture of bitter and sweet such as I cannot describe. I do not think it raises feelings of elation as to what I am—at least Blanco White has not, because he speaks of what is gone and over; it hardly seems I that he speaks of—I, this old dry chip who am worthless, but of a past I. No one has spoken well of me. My friends who have had means of knowing me have spoken against me. . . . Others have kept silent in my greatest trouble. The mass of men in Oxford who knew me a little

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have shown a coldness and suspicion which I did not deserve. In the affair of No. 90 few indeed showed me any sympathy, or gave me the least reason to believe that I was at all in their hearts. I have not thought of all this, *indeed* it comes to me now as a *new* thought by the contrast of what Blanco White says of me, which is light showing the previous darkness. I say to myself, Is it possible I was this? and then a second set of feelings succeeds. It is over—my spring, my summer, are over, and what has come of it? It seems Blanco White thought so and so of me,—others then I suppose thought in a degree the same; but what has come of it? . . . and now my prime of life is past and I am nothing. What has often seemed mysterious to me has been that, whereas my *Ἔργον* seems to be direction or the oversight of young men, I have all along been so wonderfully kept out of that occupation. And I get intellectually (not morally) fidgetted at the mystery, and think what my influence would have been in anything like station, when it has been what it is among people who never saw me. And now it is all gone and over, and there is no redress, no returning, and I say with Job, "O that it were with me as in years past, when the candle of the Lord shone on me." And yet, carissime, I don't think anything of ambition or longing is mixed with these feelings, as far as I can tell. I am so desperately fond of my own ease, like an old bachelor, that having *duties*, being in office, &c., is an idea insupportable to me. Rather I think of it in the way of *justice*, and with a sort of tenderness to my former self, now no more.

'How dreadful it is, to have to act on great matters so much in the dark—yet I, who have preached so much on the duty of following in the night whenever God may call, am the last person who have a right to complain.'

I think this letter tells us of a mind really made up. Old reasons for hesitation remain, but their force is nearly spent.

Newman himself has told us that he was already on the death-bed of his Anglican life; and we may perhaps continue the metaphor by saying that by the summer of 1845 he had reached the end of the death-struggle. The rest was the peaceful awaiting of the final deliverance. He was between two lives. His Anglican life was over; his life in the Catholic Church had not begun. His connection with Oxford affairs and with the Movement was at an end. Of Oxford men

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only intimate friends now saw him. He had begun to write his work on the 'Development of Christian Doctrine' in the previous autumn. It soon absorbed his whole mind, and he resolved to complete it before finally effecting the change of Communion. He made no plans for the future. He lived externally as one lives from day to day in the sick chamber—passing an uneventful existence, seeing a few familiar friends, and saying his prayers. Both Anglican friends and the Catholics at Oscott were prepared to receive any day the news of his departure. But the death-bed, as often happens in the literal passing of a life, was so unexpectedly prolonged as to try the patience of onlookers.

Dr. Wiseman's eagerness to know more of the prospect was especially keen. He had with him at Oscott, as a theological student, Bernard Smith,[1] a recent convert, formerly rector of Leadenham, an old friend and quondam curate of Newman. Mr. Smith consented to pay Newman a visit at Littlemore to ascertain how matters really stood. His visit was on June 26. Newman received him coldly at first, and left him to the care of the rest of the Littlemore community. Later on he reappeared and asked Mr. Smith to remain for dinner. The guest from Oscott was on the look-out for the smallest sign of his intentions from one who was apt, as Dean Stanley has said, 'like the slave of Midas to whisper his secret to the reeds.' And a sign came—slight but unmistakable. At dinner Newman was attired in grey trousers—which to Bernard Smith, who knew his punctiliousness in matters of dress, was conclusive evidence that he no longer regarded himself as a clergyman. Mr. Smith returned to Oscott and reported that the end was near.[2]

Among Newman's Anglican friends, too, there was first an interval of suspense, and then they witnessed definite signs of the great changes which were at hand.

'There was a pause,' says Dean Church. 'It was no secret what was coming. But men lingered. It was not till the summer that the first drops of the storm began to fall. Then, through the autumn and the next year, friends whose

[1] Afterwards canon of Southwark and vicar of Great Marlow.

[2] This incident and one or two which follow have been already related by the present writer in the *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*.

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names and forms were familiar in Oxford one by one disappeared and were lost to it. Fellowships, livings, curacies, intended careers were given up. Mr. Ward went. Mr. Capes, who had long followed Mr. Ward's line and had spent his private means to build a church near Bridgewater, went also. Mr. Oakeley resigned Margaret Chapel and went. Mr. Ambrose St. John, Mr. Coffin, Mr. Dalgairns, Mr. Faber, Mr. T. Meyrick, Mr. Albany Christie, Mr. R. Simpson of Oriel, were received in various places and various ways; and in the next year Mr. J. S. Northcote, Mr. J. B. Morris, Mr. G. Ryder, Mr. David Lewis.'[1] 'We sat glumly at our breakfasts every morning,' adds the same writer elsewhere, 'and then someone came in with news of something disagreeable—someone gone, someone sure to go.'

When the summer of 1845 brought the first group of conversions, three months were yet to run before the great leader moved. I find in Newman's private diary the bare record of events at an uneventful period, but friends have left us materials for some picture of the time.

Living with him constantly at Littlemore were his dear friend Ambrose St. John, J. B. Dalgairns, Richard Stanton, and E. S. Bowles; while Albany Christie (afterwards the well-known Jesuit) and John Walker (afterwards Canon Walker) were frequent visitors. The inmates of the house at Littlemore were leading a life of the utmost self-denial and simplicity. Divine office was recited daily. There were two meals in the day—breakfast, consisting of tea and bread

[1] *Oxford Movement*, p. 341. These names nearly all became well known in the Roman Catholic Church as time went on. Robert Coffin became Superior of the Redemptorists at Clapham and afterwards Bishop of Southwark. Frederick Faber and John Bernard Dalgairns were famous as writers and preachers at the London Oratory, of which Father Faber was the Superior. Frederick Oakeley was a Canon of Westminster and Missionary Rector at Islington, and became a popular writer among Roman Catholics. Mr. Meyrick joined the Society of Jesus. Mr. Lewis became well known by his *Life of St. Theresa*. Ambrose St. John was Newman's *fidus Achates*, whose name will ever live in the concluding paragraphs of the *Apologia*. J. S. Northcote became President of Oscott and Provost of Birmingham. George Dudley Ryder was the father of Dr. Ignatius Ryder, who succeeded Newman as Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, and of Sir George Lisle Ryder. Of Richard Simpson's career as the colleague of Sir John Acton in the liberal Catholic campaign carried on in the pages of the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign Review*, and of Mr. Frederick Capes' work as editor of the *Rambler*, some account will be given in the present work.

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and butter taken standing up, and dinner. In Lent no meat was eaten. The rule of the community prescribed silence for half the day.[1] Reading, writing, and praying were the occupations of the morning; and later Newman would often take his disciples for a walk.

Then he was his old fascinating self. While walking so fast that his companions could hardly keep pace with him, he conversed on all subjects—except the one which was most anxiously pressing on him. To Ambrose St. John alone he spoke in secret of that all-absorbing topic. In public his conversation was of current politics, of literature, and still more of early Oxford memories, of Keble, Hawkins, Blanco White. Whately was a favourite theme. He and other old friends, whose intimacy belonged to the past, were held in the affectionate grasp of that clinging memory. After dinner, again, Newman conversed with the others for a short time. The rest of the day he was working in the library or in his room.

He went into Oxford occasionally to visit Pusey. Oakeley came to see him now and again from Rose Hill, where he was often the guest of W. G. Ward, who had taken a cottage there after his marriage. R. W. Church, W. J. Copeland, Mark Pattison, W. Palmer, and other friends would call or dine; but even such 'events' took place but once or so in the week. It was at this time that he sat for the well-known picture by Richmond, visiting London at intervals for the purpose.

For his Anglican friends these interviews were the leave-takings of a death-bed. Their paths were to divide, and if intercourse were ever renewed it would be as though in another world, with relations totally changed.

On July 7 his sister Jemima—Mrs. John Mozley—came with her husband to stay at a cottage close by him and remained a fortnight, and Newman walked or dined with her almost daily.

A little note to St. John on the day after her departure seems to bring before us the peaceful atmosphere and homely details of his life at Littlemore during those months:

[1] These and subsequent particulars were given me by the late Father Stanton of the London Oratory, one of the Littlemore community.

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'Littlemore: July 18, 1845.

'Carissime,—Since you stop longer at Norwood, we send your letters on. My sister was very sensible of your kindness in the matter of the shoulder of lamb and the nosegay, but there was no way of saying it. We are doomed to know but a few people here on earth; and no one can be known in a moment—else had you the opportunity, you would know what a very sweet gentle person she is. They left me yesterday for Ogle's.

'There is a sort of consensus against your favourite tin canister. Dalgairns is not the least loud in his reprobation of its top.

'We have a *most splendid* show of lilies—no wonder, for Bowles has just told us it has been discovered at home that he has robbed his mother's garden of every bulb; so they are to go back in the autumn. He has cut one off stalk and all, and it stands in the hall breathing sweetness and looking majestically.

'I suppose I shall see Dodsworth in town to-morrow. I am at Sir W. Ross's at 2, and at 11 at Richmond's on Monday; then I hope to return.

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.'

All this time the 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine' was growing. The book gave him infinite trouble, and wore him out mentally and physically. A letter of June 1845 to Mrs. William Froude tells us something of what it cost him:

'Did I tell you I was preparing a book of some sort to advertise people how things stood with me? . . . Never has anything cost me (I think) so much hard thought and anxiety, though when I got to the end of my "Arians" thirteen years ago, I had no sleep for a week, and was fainting away or something like it day after day. *Then* I went abroad and that set me up. At present I have been four months and more at my new work, and found I had vastly more materials than I knew how to employ. The difficulty was to bring them into shape, as well as to work out in my mind the main principles on which they were to run. I spent two months in reading and writing which came to nothing, at least for my present purpose. I really have no hope it will be finished before the autumn—if then. I have not written a sentence, I suppose, which will stand, or hardly

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so. Perhaps one gets over sensitive even about style as one gets on in life. My utmost ambition in point of recreation, is to lay aside the actual writing for three weeks or so in the course of the time, and take to reading and hunting about. Our time is so divided here that I have not above 6 or 7 hours a day at it, and it is so exhausting, I doubt whether I could give more. I am now writing it for the first time, and have done three chapters, out of 4 or 5. Besides re-writing, every part has to be worked out and defined as in moulding a statue. I get on as a person walks with a lame ankle, who does get on and gets to his journey's end—but not comfortably.'

The mental tension to which these words bear witness was visible to his friends and comrades. He stood—so the late Father Stanton told me—for hours together at his high desk writing, and seemed to grow ever paler and thinner, while the sun appeared to shine through the almost transparent face. As the task neared its end he would stand the whole day, completing and revising it with the infinite care which was his wont.

This great work is too well known to need full analysis here. It purported directly to justify what were regarded as Roman corruptions and additions to the primitive creed, as legitimate developments. The Anglican creed accepted developments as well as the Roman. The Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon imposed additions to the defined creed as well as the Council of Trent. The Anglicans (as he argued) attempted to arrest this normal principle of intellectual growth; the Roman Church more consistently allowed it to continue its work. But the philosophy of the book went deeper than the theological controversy of the hour. It applied the great principle of life as a test of truth in religion. In a really living system there are changes which, far from being corruptions, are the natural response of a living social body to changing conditions. New questions are asked; new answers given. But the new answers were but the fuller expression of the original genius of the system. He regards Christianity as an idea with many aspects which were successively elicited and exhibited in fresh opportunities, and as having at the same time its own distinctive and unique genius which every aspect serves to illustrate. It grows into

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a definite philosophy or system of belief. As circumstances change 'old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often.' Thus he accounts for and justifies the proud claim of the Catholic Church to be *semper eadem*, in spite of the changes in its outward form and polity —the growth of ritual, the assimilation of extraneous philosophies by its theological schools, the changes in the method pursued in those schools, its fresh definitions of dogma, the varieties in its social standing at different epochs, in the Catacombs, in the theocracy of the thirteenth century, in the apostasy of the nineteenth. Thus he formulates the principle which explains why the Reformers who claimed to do away with the wanton innovations of Rome in religion were by the Church boldly accused of that very crime which they denounced. They discarded later additions and went back to the primitive text of the Scriptures, yet they were roundly styled by Rome *novatores*, or innovators. The Protestants had in their antiquarian zeal discarded the principle of life and of true identity. Their rediscoveries from primitive times were for the living Church novelties or dead anachronisms. The Catholic Church herself had the identity of uninterrupted life and genuine growth.

The identity of the Church still in communion with Rome with the Church of earlier ages is presented in three singularly vivid pictures in the course of Newman's work, and they served as the inspiration of his life in after-years. I refer to the historical parallels between the Roman Catholic Church of the nineteenth century and the Church of the chief periods he surveys in his narrative—the Church of the Apostolic period, of the Nicene period, and of the fifth and sixth centuries. In each case the parallel is given in his work after the exhibition of a mass of facts which he had accumulated during many weeks, and we feel the imaginative intellect of the poet-historian to be burning at white-heat, while the style never loses its self-restraint.

Here is the first:

'If there is a form of Christianity now in the world which is accused of gross superstition, of borrowing its rites and

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customs from the heathen, and of ascribing to forms and ceremonies an occult virtue;—a religion which is considered to burden and enslave the mind by its requisitions, to address itself to the weak-minded and ignorant, to be supported by sophistry and imposture, and to contradict reason and exalt mere irrational faith;—a religion which impresses on the serious mind very distressing views of the guilt and consequences of sin, sets upon the minute acts of the day, one by one, their definite value for praise or blame, and thus casts a grave shadow over the future;—a religion which holds up to admiration the surrender of wealth, and disables serious persons from enjoying it if they would;—a religion, the doctrines of which, be they good or bad, are to the generality of men unknown; which is considered to bear on its very surface signs of folly and falsehood so distinct that a glance suffices to judge of it, and careful examination is preposterous; which is felt to be so simply bad that it may be calumniated at hazard and at pleasure, it being nothing but absurdity to stand upon the accurate distribution of its guilt among its particular acts, or painfully to determine how far this or that story is literally true, what must be allowed in candour, or what is improbable, what cuts two ways, or what is not proved, or what may be plausibly defended;—a religion such that men look at a convert to it with a feeling which no other sect raises except Judaism, Socialism, or Mormonism, with curiosity, suspicion, fear, disgust, as the case may be, as if something strange had befallen him, as if he had had an initiation into a mystery, and had come into communion with dreadful influences, as if he were now one of a confederacy which claimed him, attested him, stripped him of his personality, reduced him to a mere organ or instrument of a whole;—a religion which men hate as proselytizing, anti-social, revolutionary, as dividing families, separating chief friends, corrupting the maxims of government, making a mock at law, dissolving the empire, the enemy of human nature, and "a conspirator against its rights and privileges";—a religion which they consider the champion and instrument of darkness, and a pollution calling down upon the land the anger of heaven;—a religion which they associate with intrigue and conspiracy, which they speak about in whispers, which they detect by anticipation in whatever goes wrong, and to which they impute whatever is unaccountable;—a religion the very name of which they cast out as evil, and use simply as a bad epithet, and which from the impulse of self-preservation they would persecute if they could;—if there be such a

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religion now in the world, it is not unlike Christianity as that same world viewed it when first it came forth from its Divine Author.' [1]

And the Nicene period, with its parallel, is given as follows:

'On the whole, then, we have reason to say that if there be a form of Christianity at this day distinguished for its careful organization and its consequent power; if it is spread over the world; if it is conspicuous for zealous maintenance of its own creed; if it is intolerant towards what it considers error; if it is engaged in ceaseless war with all other bodies called Christian; if it, and it alone, is called "catholic" by the world, nay, by these very bodies, and if it makes much of the title; if it names them heretics, and warns them of coming woe, and calls on them, one by one, to come over to itself, overlooking every other tie; and if they, on the other hand, call it seducer, harlot, apostate, Antichrist, devil; if, however they differ one with another, they consider it their common enemy; if they strive to unite together against it, and cannot; if they are but local; if they continually subdivide, and it remains one; if they fall one after another, and make way for new sects, and it remains the same; such a form of religion is not unlike the Christianity of the Nicene era.' [2]

Finally, and with a closer detailed resemblance to the Roman Catholic Church of to-day, we have his summary of the position and characteristics of the Church in communion with Rome in the fifth and sixth centuries:

'If, then, there is now a form of Christianity such that it extends throughout the world, though with varying measures of prominence or prosperity in separate places; that it lies under the power of sovereigns and magistrates, in different ways alien to its faith; that flourishing nations and great empires, professing or tolerating the Christian name, lie over against it as antagonists; that schools of philosophy and learning are supporting theories or following out conclusions hostile to it, and establishing an exegetical system subversive of its Scriptures; that it has lost whole Churches by schism, and is now opposed by powerful communions once part of itself; that it has been altogether or almost driven from some

[1] *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1st ed.), pp. 240-42.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 269.

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countries; that in others its line of teachers is overlaid, its flocks oppressed, its churches occupied, its property held by what may be called a duplicate succession; that in others its members are degenerate and corrupt, and surpassed in conscientiousness and in virtue, as in gifts of intellect, by the very heretics whom it condemns; that heresies are rife and bishops negligent within its own pale; and that amid its disorders and fears there is but one Voice for whose decisions its people wait with trust, one Name and one See to which they look with hope, and that name Peter, and that see Rome;—such a religion is not unlike the Christianity of the fifth and sixth centuries.'[1]

In this third parallel we seem to see his final reply to all that could be urged against his change, and his support in any trial which it might bring. In each of the first two parallels he hails as a note of the Church in each age the false judgments of its enemies. But in the last, true judgments in its disfavour—the very reasons which might be alleged to hold him back—are allowed for. The inferiority of Roman Catholics, if it so proved, in intellectual gifts and even in virtue, to the friends of his Oxford days, was admitted as consistent with the exclusive claims of Rome. The first parallels were but the fulfilment of a beatitude—for men spoke evil of the Church falsely. The last takes account of the very arguments of those hostile critics who spoke truly.

What mattered the shortcomings of his future comrades if they were members of the 'Church of Athanasius'! Not given to strong phrases, he has told us that to live in imagination in the Church of the Fathers had for years been to him 'a paradise of delight.'[2] And now, in the keen mental life which this book had aroused, all the past was alive. He seems in its pages to see the Catholic Church of history as one great *aula* in which the Fathers are collected at one end and Pope Gregory XVI. stands at the other. With heart and mind in such a state, the resolution he had made to wait until the book was published was not proof against even slight determining causes. He found those around him, whose simpler minds were strangers to his own resolve to resist the promptings of impulse for a fixed time, on the

[1] *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1st ed.), pp. 316, 317.
[2] *Difficulties of Anglicans*, i. 324.

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point of being received. Ambrose St. John and Dalgairns were on a holiday and wrote that they had actually joined the Church of Rome. Henry Wilberforce, on the other hand, who still hoped against hope to keep Newman in the Church of England, wrote urging him against being received in Advent or at Christmas—hoping that delay might yet save him. Newman accepted this advice as an excuse to move not later, but earlier. Dalgairns had been on September 27 to Aston to be admitted into the Church by Father Dominic the Passionist. Father Dominic was to come to visit his convert at Littlemore on October 8 on his way to Belgium. Here was the occasion which Providence supplied. Here was the 'kindly light' which relieved his uncertainty and marked out for him the immediate course.

On October 3 he addressed a letter to the Provost of Oriel resigning his Fellowship. On the same day he wrote to Pusey informing him of this act, and adding, 'anything may happen to me now any day.'

On October 5 he notes in his diary, 'I kept indoors all day preparing for general confession.' Oakeley was with W. G. Ward at Rose Hill, and dined with Newman that evening. On October 7 St. John returned to Littlemore, and Newman had with him when he took the great and solemn step the one disciple to whom he habitually opened his whole mind. On this day he wrote thus to Henry Wilberforce:

'Littlemore: October 7, 1845.

'My dearest H. W.,—Father Dominic the Passionist is passing this way, on his way from Aston in Staffordshire to Belgium, where a chapter of his Order is to be held at this time. He is to come to Littlemore for the night as a guest of one of us whom he has admitted at Aston. He does not know of my intentions, but I shall ask of him admission into the One true Fold of the Redeemer. I shall keep this back till after it is all over.

'I could have wished to delay till my book was actually out, but having all along gone so simply and entirely by my own reason, I was not sorry to accept this matter of time at an inconvenience, to submit myself to what seemed an external call. Also I suppose the departure of others has had something to do with it, for when they went, it was as if I were losing my own bowels.

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'Father Dominic has had his thoughts turned to England from a youth, in a distinct and remarkable way. For thirty years he has expected to be sent to England, and about three years since was sent without any act of his own by his superior. He has had little or nothing to do with conversions, but goes on missions and retreats among his own people. I saw him over here for a few minutes on St. John the Baptist's day last year, when he came to see the chapel. He is a simple quaint man, an Italian; but a very sharp clever man too in his way. It is an accident his coming here, and I had no thoughts of applying to him till quite lately, nor should, I suppose, but for this accident.

'With all affectionate thoughts to your wife and children and to yourself,

'I am, my dear H. W.,

Tuus usque ad cineres,

J. H. N.'

'Littlemore: October 7, 1845.

'Carissime,—I had just finished a letter to you which is not to go for several days, when your affectionate letter came. Yes, it is true. Since you said you wished it to be not at Christmas or Advent, my mind has turned to an earlier time; meanwhile my book drags through the Press to my disappointment. . . .

'On Thursday or Friday, if it be God's will, I shall be received. We expect St. John back to-day.

'Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.'

On the evening of October 8 Father Dominic was expected, and almost at the same time Stanton, who had been absent for a few weeks, returned. Father Dominic was to arrive at Oxford by the coach in the afternoon. Up to the very day itself Newman did not speak to the community at Littlemore of his intention. Dalgairns and St. John were to meet the Passionist Father in Oxford. The former has left the following account of what passed:

'At that time all of us except St. John, though we did not doubt Newman would become a Catholic, were anxious and ignorant of his intentions in detail. About 3 o'clock I went to take my hat and stick and walk across the fields to the Oxford "Angel" where the coach stopped. As I was taking my stick Newman said to me in a very low and quiet

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tone: "When you see your friend, will you tell him that I wish him to receive me into the Church of Christ?" I said: "Yes" and no more. I told Fr. Dominic as he was dismounting from the top of the coach. He said: "God be praised," and neither of us spoke again till we reached Littlemore.'

It was then pouring with rain. Newman made his general confession that night, and was afterwards quite prostrate. Ambrose St. John and Stanton helped him out of the little Oratory. On the morrow his diary has this record: 'admitted into the Catholic Church with Bowles and Stanton.' Next day Newman made his first communion in the Oratory at Littlemore, in which Mass was said for the first time, and Father Dominic received Mr. and Mrs. Woodmason and their two daughters. Newman walked into Oxford in the afternoon with St. John to see Mr. Newsham, the Catholic priest. On the eleventh Father Dominic left. On the same day Newman paid a visit to W. G. Ward at Rose Hill, and Charles Marriott came to see him at Littlemore.[1]

Thus very quietly and without parade took place the great event dreamt of for so many years—with dread at first, in hope at last. The MS. of the 'Essay on Development'

[1] Father Dominic himself in response to a wish expressed by many wrote to the *Tablet* a month later the following simple and in parts rather quaint record of his reception of the Littlemore group: 'The first of these conversions was that of John Dobrée Dalgairns, Esq., who made his profession of the Catholic Faith, and received his first Communion on Michaelmas day, in this our chapel at Aston Hall. He soon after returned to Littlemore; and I was on the point of setting out for Belgium, when I received a letter from him, inviting me to pass through Oxford on my way; for, he said, I might perhaps find something to do there. I accordingly set out from here on the 8th of October, and reached Oxford about ten o'clock the evening of the same day. I there found Mr. Dalgairns and Mr. St. John, who had made his profession of Faith at Prior Park on the 2nd of October, awaiting my arrival. They told me that I was to receive Mr. Newman into the Church. This news filled me with joy, and made me soon forget the rain that had been pelting upon me for the last five hours. From Oxford we drove in a chaise to Littlemore, where we arrived about eleven o'clock. I immediately sat down near a fire to dry my clothes, when Mr. Newman entered the room, and, throwing himself at my feet, asked my blessing, and begged me to hear his confession, and receive him into the Church. He made his confession that same night, and on the following morning the Reverend Messrs. Bowles and Stanton did the same: in the evening of the same day these three made their profession of

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lay unfinished on his desk. Newman now added a few lines to it which give the best contemporary picture of his mind at the time—'one of those passages,' writes Mr. Hutton, 'by which Newman will be remembered as long as the English language endures.'

'Such,' he wrote, 'were the thoughts concerning "The Blessed Vision of Peace" of one whose long-continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own hands, nor leave him to himself; while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in the things of Faith. And now, dear reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long. Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace, quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.'

The neophytes henceforth followed the simple rule of life prescribed by Father Dominic. On Sunday, October 12, the little church of St. Clement's, Oxford, saw for the first time the group from Littlemore—St. John, Dalgairns, and Stanton—accompanying Newman to Mass. On the 16th the same quartet again visited it to receive Communion. John Walker was admitted into the Church at Oxford on

Faith in the usual form in their private Oratory, one after another, with such fervour and piety that I was almost out of myself for joy. I afterwards gave them all canonical absolution, and administered to them the Sacrament of Baptism *sub conditione*. On the following morning I said Mass in their oratory, and gave Communion to Messrs. Newman, St. John, Bowles, Stanton and Dalgairns. After Mass, Mr. Dalgairns took me to the house of — Woodmason, Esq., a gentleman of Littlemore; I heard his confession, and that of his wife and two daughters, and received all four into the Church. When I returned from Belgium, I passed through Littlemore again, and had the happiness to find the Reverend F. Oakeley and another reverend gentleman already received into the Church, by the Reverend R. Newsham. I had the pleasure of administering Communion to Mr. Oakeley and the other converts to the number of seven. I can vouch for the truth of this much, as having been eye-witness; the rest I hope some other eye-witness will supply.'

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the 21st, Oakeley on the 29th, on which day Father Dominic paid a second visit to Littlemore. On the 23rd Dalgairns accompanied the rest of the Littlemore party to Mass at St. Clement's and then left for Oscott *en route* for France, where he was to read theology with his friend M. Lorain at Langres. R. W. Church and James Robert Hope (afterwards Hope-Scott) were the only Anglican friends whom Newman saw before going up to Oscott on the 31st to receive Confirmation at the hands of Dr. Wiseman.

Of the meeting between Newman and Wiseman on this occasion the late Canon Bernard Smith, who was present, gave me the following account:

'The meeting between the two men was characteristic. The great Oxford leader, who had at last owned that Rome had conquered, had come, as it were, to surrender his sword to the man who had so strenuously urged surrender as his only course. Orders disowned, preferments resigned, he came in poverty and simplicity to ask for Confirmation at the hands of the Bishop. His faith and conviction brought him to Oscott, but they could not untie his tongue or rid him of the embarrassment which belonged to the situation. In company with John Walker and Ambrose St. John, he was ushered into the Oscott guest-room, and in a few minutes Bishop Wiseman, with Mr. Bernard Smith and Father Ignatius Spencer,[1] entered the room. The embarrassment was mutual, and Wiseman could scarcely find words for more than formal inquiries about the journey. Any touch of exultation, or any expression of commonplace and conventional congratulation, would, as all felt instinctively, outrage a situation in which the leading mind was so highly wrought that silence seemed the only possible course. The two principal figures sat almost silent, while their companions talked more readily to each other. A message which shortly announced that a boy was waiting to go to Confession to the Bishop gave Wiseman an excuse for retiring, which he accepted with significant alacrity.

'The Confirmation was given on November 1, the feast of All Saints, and the ice was then broken and much conversation on the past and future ensued.'

The period which followed will be best depicted by a

[1] The well-known Passionist Father, youngest son of the second Earl Spencer. He had become a Catholic in 1830, and was at Oscott from 1839 to 1846.

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liberal selection from Newman's letters—many of them hardly more than notes. Father Whitty,[1] who often saw him and his brother converts at that time, used to say that they gave him an idea of the early Christian community of apostolic days. The letters they exchanged are marked by absolute simplicity. There is no attempt in them at literary form. They are direct and objective rather than reflective. Discussion and reasoning belonged to the past. The time had come for Faith and Action. Intense reality brings a certain reserve, and the letters show, what Father Whitty also noted in his recollections, that the converts were far less apt to talk effusively of religion after their reception than before. With Newman himself there was the lasting happiness of coming into port, as he has expressed it, after a rough sea.[2] But the past struggle left its scars and its fatigue, and he, personally, in his absolute candour, disowned the lively sentiments which younger followers experienced. We see in his own letters, as in those of the others, the sense of a great work before them—namely, the chivalrous attempt to win what was a lost cause in the world's eye. They were to restore England to the obedience of the Catholic Church, so long dethroned; and they assumed the designation of the eighteenth-century Jacobites—'those who went out in '45.' There is something of the sense of adventure apparent in many of the letters. They are like the simple and practical intercourse between men who are founding a settlement in the wilds. Elaboration of speech and feeling disappears before the effort to find or make their way in unfamiliar country. The past was broken with. What Oxford was doing or saying of them was a matter only of momentary interest when it was brought before them. Their thoughts, as their prospects, were elsewhere. They had come into a new land.

The note of what critics term 'proselytism' is at this time observable. The movement seemed for the moment destined to bear its fruit by a large accession to the Catholic Church. It was a direct attempt to lead men to leave

[1] Father Robert Whitty, S.J., was in 1845 a young secular priest. He was later on Vicar-General of the Westminster diocese, and subsequently Provincial of the English Jesuits.

[2] Vide *Apologia*, p. 238.

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the Communion in which they were born. Conversions actual and prospective are a favourite subject in the letters. Many names of persons not heard of before or since appear in them. An excitement, a keen sense of pleasure in action in its nature transient, hangs over the period of this novitiate in the Church of their adoption. It is to some extent present in Newman's own letters, which tell of constant activity, though he now and again sighs for rest.

If the causes I have suggested gave rise to great reserve among the converts in speaking openly and reflectively of religion, association with the English Catholics of the old school doubtless fostered it. The deep and undemonstrative piety of such men as Dr. Newsham of Ushaw, and Dr. Weedall the former president of Oscott, was accompanied with suspicion and dislike of phrases and professions. 'Deeds, not words,' was the Ushaw motto, and the spirit of this motto was prevalent even to excess in the English Catholics of that time. Newman has himself described in the sermon he preached at Dr. Weedall's grave 'that old school of Catholics which had characteristics so great and so special,' who were 'simple, single-minded, blameless, modest, and true,' having 'nothing extravagant, nothing fitful, nothing pretentious.' But the depth of feeling which possessed Newman is occasionally apparent in a chance line or sentence in a letter, when he speaks of the constant nearness of the Blessed Sacrament in his Catholic home. The speech and writing then of the converts were for the most part very simple, sometimes almost childlike. And we must fill in the picture by bearing in mind some characteristics noted by Father Whitty —their total disregard for comforts and conventionalities, the daily life of prayer and self-denial, with the morning meditation and Mass as its mainspring; the sense of brotherhood among the neophytes.

The Confirmation at Oscott was a landmark, and Dr. Wiseman wrote of it as follows in a letter to Dr. Russell of Maynooth:

'Newman came on the Eve of All Saints with Messrs. St. John and Walker, and was followed by Mr. Oakeley. Those from Littlemore had been confirmed here the Sunday before. On All Saints, Newman, Oakeley, and the other

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two were confirmed, and we had *ten* quondam Anglican clergymen in the chapel. Has this ever happened before since the Reformation? Newman took the name of Mary; Oakeley, Bernard and Mary. Newman stayed with us Sunday and half of Monday, and he and all his party then expressed themselves, and have done so since, highly gratified by all they saw and felt. Oakeley stays with us altogether. Newman's plans are not finally determined, nor will they be till his book is finished. But he opened his mind completely to me; and I assure you the Church has not received, at any time, a convert who has joined her in more docility and simplicity of faith than Newman.'

Before Newman and St. John left the College, plans began to form themselves definitely for the future. The day was commemorated by a joint gift of a Roman missal to Newman from Ambrose St. John and the absent brother, John Bernard Dalgairns. Newman placed in it the following inscription in which he added to the customary initials of himself and each of his friends that of their Confirmation name:

'J. H. M. NEWMAN
neophyto
A. M. St. John et J. D. M. B. Dalgairns
neophyti
Fratres fratri
Contubernales contubernali
Hic peregrinans, ille domi
dono dederunt
in festo Omn. SS. 1845.'

The 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine' appeared in the course of the month. Dr. Wiseman judged that it would be a more effective plea for the Catholic religion if it received no theological revision. It was published as it stood.[1] 'The conversion of England'—for which the English Catholics sighed during the long reign of Elizabeth, long retaining the phrase in Stuart times after hope for the reality was practically extinguished—was now once more seriously talked of and prayed for. Newman at no time ignored adverse omens; but Father Robert Whitty used to describe

[1] See Appendix, p. 615.

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the scale of hope and feeling among Catholics at this moment as quite exceptional. There was a general sense that supernatural agencies were in operation, and there was in the atmosphere that faith which works wonders. For years the old English Catholics had laughed at the bare idea of the Oxford School submitting to the Holy See. Their Catholicism had been treated as unpractical antiquarianism. So unlooked-for a marvel as the conversion of Newman and his friends brought a reaction, and men were now prepared for any marvels that might follow.[1] Newman's own imagination dwelt on the early triumph of the despised and superstitious sect of Christians in an empire yet greater in its day than the British Empire of the nineteenth century. Sanguine confidence of great visible achievement was utterly alien to his nature. But he never lost the sense that God can do all things even through insignificant instruments; and he saw day by day the accession of recruits conspicuous for piety or ability. Where would it end, and what might it not lead to? We cannot read his letters written at the time without seeing that the thought was present to him of great possibilities in the future. But his immediate care was to do his own duty, leaving the result, great or small, to God. He was slow to make over-definite plans—rather waiting for a further sign in the course of events.

He hesitated even before becoming a priest. He was opposed to founding an order or congregation for the neophytes at once, preferring to wait on events, and accepting after some consideration Wiseman's offer of the Old Oscott College—close to the existing college—as a temporary residence for the Oxford converts. A visit to Rome

[1] 'This movement is assuredly only in its commencement,' says a writer in the *Orthodox Journal* of December 1, 'but I cannot help feeling that we Catholics have too often shewn ourselves unworthy of the great mercies which have been poured upon us. Surely these firstfruits ought to urge us to greater fervour and diligence than we have hitherto exhibited. Above all, let us be instant in prayer for the conversion of our country. Recent events have given a palpable token of the efficacy of prayer. Woe be to us if we do not persevere.

. . . . . .

May I suggest one [name] deserving of veneration, and which I myself have rarely omitted: one that all must respect, all must wish well to—there is a want among the returned pilgrims without *him* which all must deplore. Reader, may I recommend to your good prayers, by *name*—that of DR. PUSEY?

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seemed to him from the first an essential preliminary to any decisive step.

The early days of November brought a fresh batch of converts. Newman tells Dalgairns in a letter, as a 'great secret,' of the impending visit of Frederick Faber to Oscott, when he, Watts-Russell, Francis Knox, and eight others are to be 'received.' He welcomes Dr. Wiseman's proposal that they should migrate from Littlemore and be his neighbours at Old Oscott. 'It seems the right thing as well as necessary,' he writes, 'in the first place to submit ourselves to the existing system and to work ourselves out through it. If we are worth anything we shall emerge.' He felt that he must be in touch with the Catholic community as a whole.

'It is quite necessary to see people,' Newman writes to Ambrose St. John on November 19; and the next few months saw him active in intercourse with the old Catholics and converts.

Newman has described in a well-known passage what the 'Roman Catholic' body had been in his eyes and in the eyes of the average Englishman in his boyhood. Catholics were wholly external to English society, which had in their regard 'the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth and then called them a *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day.'[1] And though his study of their theology had since been so complete, and he had had some intercourse with individuals, he had as yet no knowledge of the English Catholics as a body. He was now to enter a new society.

The Roman Catholics had in 1845 made considerable strides since the days of his boyhood. Their schools and colleges which Newman was now to visit were flourishing institutions, and they were all in some sense historic, and recalled that ordeal of persecution which he held to be the normal lot of faithful Christians. They were the outcome of two gigantic exhibitions of intolerance in high places towards the Catholic religion. For they were all the descendants of houses of education abroad, built by the Catholics of England when Elizabeth banished them from their own land and a

[1] See *Occasional Sermons*, p. 172.

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Catholic house of education in England was liable to immediate confiscation; and they owed their actual existence to the French Revolution, which drove religious houses and colleges alike from France. A kindlier spirit than that of Elizabeth or Robespierre now allowed them to settle and thrive on English soil. St. Edmund's College and Ushaw were direct heirs to Douai College—founded by Cardinal Allen in Elizabeth's reign, and finally suppressed under the Terror in 1793. Stonyhurst represented the Jesuit College at St. Omer.

Prior Park was somewhat different in its story and character. The house was originally a picturesque country seat near Bath, and remained so up to 1829, the year of Catholic Emancipation, when it was bought by Bishop Baines, the Vicar Apostolic of the western district, as an episcopal residence. The Bishop added to it a school and a college for divinity students. Bishop Baines was a Benedictine, a man of great personal gifts, and was destined (so Cardinal Wiseman testifies in his 'Last Four Popes') by Leo XII. to be the first Cardinal resident in England. The death of Leo XII. prevented his elevation to the purple, and he devoted his energies to the success of his college at Prior Park, on which he left the impress of his own piety, refinement, and culture. During his long absence in Rome Dr. Thomas Brindle, his coadjutor, another Benedictine and a man of somewhat similar stamp, had administered the government of the diocese and of the college; and at Dr. Baines's death in 1843 Dr. Brindle was his successor in both capacities.

Visits were now arranged to St. Edmund's College and to Prior Park. Ushaw and Stonyhurst were to follow later. Newman made acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the Vicar Apostolic of the London district, and with Father Brownbill, the well-known Jesuit, who received so many of the converts into the Church. He had probably been suspicious of Dr. Griffiths, as the opponent of those more enterprising Catholics of whom Dr. Wiseman was the chief, and the result of the interview was a pleasant surprise. The visit interested him and the general outlook was encouraging, though the report of a letter from Father Dominic to the *Tablet* describing his reception evidently tried his fastidious temper.[1]

[1] See p. 94, footnote.

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The following extracts are from letters to Ambrose St. John:

'Temple: November 20, 1845.

'I have seen Mr. Brownbill to-day, and taken Miss Giberne[1] to him (this is a secret) and had an hour's talk with Dr. Griffiths, who is a very amiable taking person—not at all what I expected. Our talk was almost general—but satisfactory.

'Faber &c. were received on Monday. Whether I go to St. Edmund's to-morrow or Saturday depends on Knox, whom I shall hear from to-morrow.

'I dine with Badeley to-day.

'Yesterday I was at Moorfields—to-day at Lincoln's Inn Fields Chapel. I have seen Oakeley several times, and breakfasted with Christie this morning. There's a journal for you.'

'The Temple: November 22, 1845.

'Yesterday afternoon I was at St. Edmund's, and returned this morning.

'A letter has come from the Pope addressed to Dr. Wiseman, congratulating "Joannem Henricum Newman, Puseistorum factionis ducem" on his recovery from the heresy in which "miserrimé jacuerat." It has the Pope's autograph signature. Also he transmitted to me a kind letter from Cardinal Acton. . . .

'Carissime, I was much taken with those St. Edmund's people. Dr. Cox[2] is very pleasing, and Mr. Whitty is one of the most striking men I have seen. I hope I see him as he is, for a more winning person I have not met with. I really seemed to form a sudden friendship with him, as the ladies in "the Rovers." He is in appearance almost as young as you are, quite a boy. Everything I saw impressed me with the one idea you got elsewhere, of *simplicity*.

'Christie was confirmed this morning. Estcourt[3] is still in trouble. He is to be received about December 16.'

On the 24th he repaired to Oscott to discuss his plans with Dr. Wiseman, and wrote thence to Frederick Bowles, who was with Ambrose St. John at Littlemore:

'St. Mary's, Oscott. Nov. 25/45.

'Charles Woodmason and I . . . arrived here on the festival of St. Cecilia—kept here on Monday, Saturday being

[1] Miss Maria Rosina Giberne, see p. 112. [2] The President of St. Edmund's.

[3] Albany Christie and Edgar Estcourt were both received in 1845. The former became a Jesuit, the latter was from 1850 a canon of Birmingham.

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Confession day. It is here kept by the boys as a yearly gala with a concert. I think they were half scandalized at our coming just then—though pleased too—they said it was the most noisy day of the year, etc., etc. We found the passage crowded and no servants to answer the bell, and had to poke in as we might, leaving our luggage at the entrance. I say they perhaps were scandalized, for they have the most absurd notions about us. I think they fancy I never eat, and I have just lost a good dinner in consequence. After returning from Birmingham walking and hungry, I literally have had to pick up a crust from the floor left at breakfast and eat it, from shame at asking again and again for things. But this is a digression. . . . Well, we were ushered into the boys' dining room—the orchestra at the end, and the tables plentifully laden for all hearers with cake and (pro pudor) punch—a very sensible way of hearing music. They certainly were scandalized at my detecting the punch—for they said again and again that it was made of lemon and sugar. All I can say is that *ours* at the high table was remarkably stiff, and that I was obliged to dilute it to twice or thrice its quantity with water. The concert was capital, the voices remarkably good, and the instruments played with great spirit—but its gem was towards the end. Only fancy the Bishop, me and the whole of that good company, listening to Mynheer Vandunk in honor of St. Cecilia. And the worst is that the tune has been running in my head all this morning. Then we went to Chapel, then a hymn was sung really to her honor, and a commemoration made.

'I found Faber and Knox[1] were in Birmingham, having come for the chance of seeing me. Knox is a very young looking man aged 23. He may come to Littlemore any day, so be ready for him.

'Faber proposes to go with me on a visit to Ushaw and Stonyhurst. We are setting out Thursday or Friday. . . .

'I had more to tell you—but Faber has been sitting here an hour and more, and driven things from my head. This gas makes my head and eyes ache.'

To Ambrose St. John he wrote on the following day:

'St. Mary's, Oscott: November 26, 1845.

'I declare I doubt whether I shall have courage to look into Father Dominic's Epistle. One must bear the infliction as one does a stomach ache; with the feeling that grumbling does no good.

[1] Francis Knox, afterwards of the London Oratory.

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'This is a most portentously windy place. I am in the Stranger's Room—the chimney almost vibrating—my ankles fanned with a continuous stream of air, and the shrieking and screaming of the keyhole and casements making me shiver. See what stuff I am putting into my letter for want of matter. But I can't help writing to dear Littlemore, now that I am a pilgrim at a distance from it. I suppose it is good penance going from home.'

The plans for the future framed themselves, as Newman wished, only gradually. And Bishop Wiseman, ever elastic and keen in initiation, was prepared to leave the converts, if they finally accepted his offer of Old Oscott, with an undefined programme, until more thought and further experience of the several capacities of recruits should enable them to make the prospect more definite. One or two priests, good theologians and experienced directors, were at first to live with them for their guidance. The Bishop's programme for the new apostles of the Church was one of preaching and writing, chiefly with a view to counteracting the anti-Christian influences of the day.[1]

While Wiseman welcomed the neophytes with enthusiasm, and their general reception among Catholics was cordial, there remained a few who looked at them askance, holding that nothing good could come from Oxford Puseyism. The ascetic life at Littlemore was disparaged as due to pride and a love of singularity. Good Father Dominic was indignant at this jarring note, and published in a second letter to the *Tablet* his own reflections on what had occurred, and a description of the scene of the conversions which were the topic of the hour. This production of the holy and simple Italian priest was so quaint and characteristic that it deserves to be given at length:

'The events that have lately happened at Littlemore, will undoubtedly draw the attention of many reflecting persons. Friends and enemies will alike be attracted to their

[1] 'What we wanted, he said, was this—a body of men educated above the common run not for ordinary missionary purposes but for extraordinary—principally for two objects, first to meet the growing Germanism and infidelity of the times by literature; next to be preachers,' &c.—*Letter from Newman to Hope-Scott*, dated November 28, 1845.

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consideration, and both will draw the consequence which their hopes or fears may suggest. . . .

'Men are but too commonly inclined to connect the idea of a great event with the idea of some great place, where they imagine it to have occurred; but in this they are not unfrequently deceived. Sinai, whereon the law was given to Moses, is a large mountain, it is true; so also Jerusalem, where Solomon's temple was built, was a large city. But Bethlehem was a small town, and Calvary a despicable place; here, however, the great mysteries of our redemption were accomplished. Under the new dispensation great things have been but seldom connected with great places. This will serve to give some hint of the idea the reader is to form of Littlemore. When he hears this name he is liable to figure to himself some large and magnificent building, but he is very much deceived.

'Littlemore is a village about two or three miles from Oxford. It presents nothing charming in its aspect or situation, but is placed in a low, flat country; it exhibits no delightful villas, nor agreeable woods and meadows, but one unvaried uniform appearance, rather dull than pleasant. In the midst of this village we meet with a building, which has more the look of a barn than a dwelling house; and in reality, I think it formerly was a barn. This unsightly building is divided by a number of walls, so as to form so many little cells; and it is so low that you might almost touch the roof with your hand. In the interior you will find the most beautiful specimen of patriarchal simplicity and gospel poverty. To pass from one cell to another, you must go through a little outside corridor, covered indeed with tiles, but open to all inclemencies of the weather. At the end of this corridor, you find a small dark room, which has served as an oratory. In the cells nothing is to be seen but poverty and simplicity—bare walls, floors composed of a few rough bricks, without carpet, a straw bed, one or two chairs, and a few books, this comprises the whole furniture!!! The refectory and kitchen are in the same style, all very small and very poor. From this description one may easily guess what sort of diet was used at table; no delicacies, no wine, no ale, no liquors, but seldom meat; all breathing an air of the strictest poverty, such as I have never witnessed in any religious house in Italy or France, or in any other country where I have been. A Capuchin monastery would appear a great palace when compared with Littlemore.

'Now, in this house, I may say barn, the best geniuses of the Anglican Church have retired, and lived together for

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about six years,—persons of birth, learning, and piety, who possessed, or at least might have possessed, the richest livings and fellowships which the Church of England can bestow on her followers.

'This is indeed a surprising fact, one which ought to excite the attention and thoughts of every reflecting person. Why did these men take such a resolution? Through pride, perhaps? So, at least, I have heard from some: but how uncharitable! how unjust! how groundless such a suspicion! Those who entertain such an idea, might in the same way calumniate our Blessed Saviour, his Apostles, and all the followers of the Gospel.

'Why, then, have these men confined themselves to such a place? Why! Because they considered that the Gospel was better than worldly wisdom; because they looked upon the salvation of their souls as something far above the possession of rich livings, and heaven much superior to earth. The man that is not stirred up by these examples is inexorable in his blindness. O men, O Englishmen, hear the voice of Littlemore. Those walls bear testimony that the Catholic is a *little more* than the Protestant Church, the soul a *little more* than the body, eternity a *little more* than the present time. Understand well this *little more*, and I am sure you will do a *little more* for your eternal salvation.

'Dominick of the Mother of God,
Passionist.'

A letter from Newman to Dalgairns early in December gives a vivid picture of this time—of conversions certain and probable, and of the doings of old Oxford friends:

'Littlemore: December 10, 1845.

'Carissime,—I was present at Coffin's[1] reception at Prior Park this day week, in fest. Francis Xavier—and I left him at once much overcome and somewhat sad with the prospect of confession. He did not make his first Communion till the day before yesterday, Monday, the feast of the Conception, I suppose wishing to receive first on that day. He wrote to me the same day saying that he was full of a peace and joy which he had not had for years. This seems to have been the experience of every one of us but one; I suppose because

[1] Robert Aston Coffin, afterwards a Redemptorist and later Bishop of Southwark, was Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's, Oxford. He was received at Prior Park by Dr. Brindle in December 1845.

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he has not faith enough.[1] Since St. John wrote, a Mr. *Henry* Marshall (a second of the name) has been received—he is a Curate of Robert Wilberforce, the Yorkshire Archdeacon;—and a clergyman named Birks of the Chester Diocese. Formby[2] has left this place this morning—and, tho' it is not to be talked about, is with his Curate Mr. Bardex, to meet me at Oscott at Christmas—when I *suppose* they will be received. He has given up his living. A Mr. Martin, a clergyman in Suffolk, has had some correspondence with me and is to have a talk with me at Christmas, which apparently will end in his reception, and a person, layman or clerk, I know not, in Devonshire, is all but made up—he sticks at St. Cyprian—and is to bring others. And an attorney in Gloucestershire has written to me. Spencer Northcote, Christie's pupil, who married one of the Pooles, is all but safe. Macmullen[3] and Lewis[4] are very near, I am told—and I hear other names which it is not well to name. Good Father Dominic has published a second letter in the *Tablet*, which no one here can read with a grave face—there seems a *consensus* that the sooner it is forgotten the better. I have been afraid to look at it. Bishop Wareing has been publishing in the *Tablet* an account of Faber, his serving at Mass &c. &c., calling him in various parts of his letter "the devout Faber," "the pious Faber," and "the humble Faber"—I have written to Dr. Wiseman to remonstrate about both these compositions. . . .

'I dined with Johnson[5] yesterday, who was in good spirits, and very glad to see Walker and me. St. John and I are to go soon. Church was there, who seems nearly the only person who is not too sore to bear the meeting. . . . I saw Pusey on my way to Prior Park with Coffin—he was tried to see me, and looked thin and pale. St. John was with me. He [Pusey] had begun my book and asked if I meant that the doctrine of the Holy Trinity was developed *just as* the Papal Supremacy. He has been extremely pained to find from Faber's and Oakeley's proceedings that after all we really do mean to proselytise, instead of considering ourselves transferred to another part of the vineyard. He has said he

[1] On the other hand the reader should compare with this statement the letter quoted at p. 201, in which he speaks of his 'fulness of satisfaction' in his new religion as the 'earnest and the beginning of the repose of heaven.'

[2] Henry Formby, vicar of Ruardean, Gloucestershire, was received into the Catholic Church on January 24, 1846.

[3] R. G. Macmullen, of Corpus, afterwards Canon Macmullen of Chelsea.

[4] Mr. David Lewis, of Jesus College.

[5] Mr. Manuel Johnson, the well-known astronomer, known as 'Observer' Johnson.

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did not wish to hear from Faber again, and that another spirit besides love was at the bottom of the movement of certain persons. He was pierced, as if by a new thing, at the conversion of a Miss Munro, whom he and Oakeley knew. It took him quite by surprise. . . .

'Oakeley has settled at St. Edmund's, meaning to be at Oscott till over Christmas—he left this place for Oscott this morning. Dr. Wiseman has been most singularly kind about it, showing no suspicion at all though Oakeley changed his mind about Oscott.

'My book came to a second edition at once. Toovey wants a second 1,500, but I cannot help thinking 1,000 will be enough. We have just got a piano for Walker, and I have been tuning my violin.[1] I hope that is not wrong in Advent. . . . [Frederick] Capes was very flourishing—his wife is to be received nearly directly. His brother,[2] a proctor in Doctor's Commons, has just been received and given up 1,200*l.* a year or thereabouts. These two Capes's have done together the greatest thing that has been done in money matters. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.'

Another letter to the same friend, six days later, describes visits to Prior Park and St. Edmund's and records what were practically the final arrangements for taking possession of Old Oscott, although Newman did not give his formal decision until a little later in the month:

'Littlemore: December 16, 1845.

'I was but a few hours at St. Edmund's (Nov. 21). Mr. Whitty I liked extremely. . . . He is a very simple, natural, warm-hearted, reflecting person—apparently not thirty—very expectant of great accession of information and instruction &c. from the converts. Dr. Cox is not more than 39, but looks fifty. He is mild and taking in his deportment. I liked him too very much. They both were most pressing to keep me; so I am going again. There is apparently little learning or cultivation there—they are behindhand—and have not the worldly set out (I am not using the words in a bad sense) of Prior Park. They wanted me to write histories of England, &c. &c. for education. They all seemed to have

[1] 'Yesterday evening,' writes Walker to Richard Stanton on December 10, 'Newman and I had some delightful duets of Beethoven and Haydn.'

[2] John Moore Capes, who was later on one of the proprietors of the *Rambler*, of which first his brother and afterwards Richard Simpson were editors.

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a great idea of Oxford men, and to be very willing to follow their lead.

'Dr. Griffiths I was much pleased with. I sat with him an hour. He quite took away my scruples about ordination—did I tell you? He fully allowed, as they did at Oscott, that Anglican orders were but doubtful—i.e. some said they were good, others not. But he said that excepting in Baptism, a condition was not expressed—that in Confirmation and Ordination it was implied in the intention of the administrator. *And he gave this curious proof of it*—that now and then they repeat their *own* confirmations and ordinations—i.e. when there is some doubt—and that without condition—so that they do nothing to ours which they do not do to their own under like circumstances.

'As to Prior Park, Dr. Brindle is a gentleman in the true sense of the word—and I think is just what Capes described. I do not think it a school of perfection, but of sensible, as well as earnest (for I do think so) religion. In the Bishop's house the whole set out is gentlemanlike—yet accompanied with the deep impression of religion as an objective fact, which I should not expect to see in an Anglican House (parsonage) equally gentlemanlike. How can it be otherwise with the Blessed Sacrament in it? I think I should get on well with Dr. B. and the bursar Mr. Shaddock, who is very like an Oxford resident of 50 years old, say a fellow of Magdalen or St. John's, in externals. I was amused at the set out. I saw Lord Clifford there. They would not let me herd with the theological students, which I wished to do—but I believe their mode of living is very plain. There cannot be greater contrasts than are presented by Oscott, Prior Park, and Old Hall Green one with another.

'Do not expect to have such oppressive letters from me always—I am idle just now. I have no resolution to read this over.'

At Christmas time a systematic round of visits to the Catholic colleges was arranged. The account in his diary of this effort to make personal acquaintance with his co-religionists is minute as to dates and places. With Knox, Walker, and St. John, Newman had a farewell dinner at the Observatory on Christmas Day, and next morning, after breakfasting at Magdalen with the 'father of ritualism,' J. R. Bloxam,[1] went with Coffin to London and on to St. Edmund's,

[1] The great friend of Dr. Routh, and afterwards rector of Upper Beeding Priory, Sussex, well known as an antiquarian writer.

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where his friendship with Mr. Whitty was renewed. The 29th saw him again at Oscott, where he found old friends—Estcourt, Neave, Penny, Oakeley, Christie, Capes. Ambrose St. John and Capes joined him next day, and visits were paid to Bishop Walsh and to Father Dominic at Aston, and to Faber, who was in Birmingham. Old Oscott was carefully reconnoitred and arranged for the future. On the 7th of January he passed some days with Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillipps at Grace Dieu, Coffin and Capes being fellow-guests,[1] and visited the Trappist Monastery of Mount St. Bernard, and Dr. Briggs, the Vicar Apostolic, with whom he went on the 12th to Ushaw (then under Dr. Newsham's presidency), calling on Bishops Mostyn and Riddell on the way. At Ushaw he stayed until the 15th, witnessing the President's feast day. By Dr. Newsham himself he was more impressed than by any Catholic dignitary except only Bishop Wiseman.

On the 16th, with St. John, Newman took route for Stonyhurst, travelling by Todmorden and Burnley, and ending up with a ten-mile walk through Erfield and Whalley. At Hodder, the junior Jesuit house near Stonyhurst, he found his old Oxford friend George Tickell in the novitiate and Oakeley in retreat. On the 18th, with St. John, he proceeded to Preston, where he visited the Jesuit priests, and then went in the evening to Birmingham, arriving there at 1 A.M. Here he came upon J. B. Morris and other friends, who had just been received into the Church. The 19th saw him at Bishop Eaton, and Bishops Brown and Sharples took him to Liverpool. He visited the churches and dined with Dr. Youens, the Vicar-General, returning at night to Bishop Eaton. The 21st found him again in London at the end of his wanderings —'a pilgrim,' he writes to a friend, 'without peas in my shoes.' He dined on the 22nd with Badeley and James Hope, returning to Littlemore on the following day, finding Pusey to greet him; and the faithful R. W. Church came to him next day from Oxford.

'My wanderings lasted through a month,' he writes to Henry Wilberforce—'such a life is a great trouble to me, but

[1] From Grace Dieu he writes to Ambrose St. John: 'Here I have been seized with one of my bashful fits and cannot speak two words, if it was to keep me from starving.'

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I was received with the most unaffected singlehearted kindness everywhere, and saw nothing but what made me feel admiration and awe of the system in which I find myself.'

His disciple, and old family friend, Miss Maria Rosina Giberne, had just been received into the Church by Mr. Brownbill. Miss Giberne, a lady of remarkable gifts, belonging to a Huguenot family, played an important part in a later chapter of Newman's life. He wrote to her at this time as follows:

'As you say, "one step enough for me"—let us hope and believe that that Most Merciful Hand, which has guided us hitherto, will guide us still—and that we shall, one and all, you as well as I and my Littlemore infants, all find our vocation happily. We are called into God's Church for something, not for nothing surely. Let us wait and be cheerful, and be sure that good is destined for us, and that we are to be made useful.'

Another letter to the same correspondent a week later tells us much of his own feelings at this time:

'Littlemore: Jan. 28, 1846.

'My dear Miss Giberne,—Your feelings at present must indeed be very much tried, and I sincerely thank you for letting me share them. Take your present trial, as you do, as a gracious means of bringing you under the more intimate protection of your true friends, those Saints and Angels unseen, who can do so much more for you with God, and in the course of life, than any mere child of man, however dear and excellent. You speak as if I were not in your case, for, though I left Littlemore, I carried my friends with me, but alas! can you point to any one who has lost more in the way of friendship, whether by death or alienation, than I have? but even as regards friends of this world I have found that Divine Mercy wonderfully makes up my losses, as if "instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children" were fulfilled in individuals as well as to the Church. I am now engaged in looking over, sorting, burning my papers and letters, and have had pangs and uttered deep sighs, such as I have not at all yet (though I used before) since my reception into the Church. So many dead, so many separated. My mother gone; my sisters nothing to me, or rather foreign to me; of my greatest friends, Froude, Wood, Bowden taken away, all of whom would now be, or be coming, on my side. Other dear friends who *are* preserved in life *not* moving with me; Pusey strongly bent on an opposite course; Williams

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protesting against my conduct as rationalistic, and dying[1]; Rogers and J. Mozley viewing it with utter repugnance. Of my friends of a dozen years ago whom have I now? and what did I know of my present friends a dozen years ago? Why, they were at school, or they were freshmen looking up to me, if they knew my name, as some immense and unapproachable don; and now they know nothing, can know nothing of my earlier life; things which to me are as yesterday are to them as dreams of the past; they do not know the names, the state of things, the occurrences, they have not the associations, which are part of my own world, in which I live. And yet I am very happy with them, and can truly say with St. Paul, "I have all and abound,"—and, moreover, I have with them, what I never can have had with others, Catholic hopes and beliefs—Catholic objects. And so in your own case, depend on it, God's Mercy will make up to you all you lose, and you will be blessed, not indeed in the same way, but in a higher.

'I am sorry I did not tell you any thing about the impressions I formed of things and persons in my wanderings. If any thing takes me to Cheltenham, I will give you an account of all I have seen. Everything has been as I could wish it to be. I have received most abundant cordial single-hearted kindness—and have found a great deal to admire—and everywhere the signs of an awful and real system. I was especially pleased with Ushaw College, near Durham, with the professors and above all the President, Dr. Newsham. The Bishops have been especially kind to me, and I think I have made the friendship of some of them, as far as it can be done in a day or two.

'Ever your affect. friend,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Dr. Wiseman's offer of Old Oscott was finally accepted, and the parting from Littlemore was now imminent. '"Obliviscere populum tuum" and "domum patris tui" has been in my ears for the last twelve hours,' he wrote to Ambrose St. John when all was settled. 'I realise more and more that we are leaving Littlemore, and it is like going on the open sea.' The next month was given to packing and preparations for departure. Occasional intercourse with friends is recorded in the diary, with the W. G. Wards, Allies, David Lewis, and J. B. Morris, and a visit from that remarkable woman, Princess E. Galitzin. Ambrose St. John

[1] Isaac Williams was very ill.

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and Stanton went to Oscott on the 12th to make all ready.

Pusey's unconquerable optimism made him wish to see and talk with Newman before he left Oxford. More than once he begged Newman to come and see him, but the interviews were simply painful.[1]

Newman anxiously superintended the packing of his beloved books before leaving Littlemore. His letters to St. John tell of the painful struggle with the material world which the removal involved :

'Littlemore : February 16, 1846.

'Carissime,—I know perfectly well you are working like a Trojan, but I must give you more.

'We must have all the book boxes emptied by Monday. Boswell cannot come till Tuesday morning, and then he is to unpack in a day, a sad Shrove Tuesday. He begins at 8.

'Stanton must write to Walker to come on Monday. I shall bring C. Woodmason with me. Then we shall be eight. You, I, Stanton, J. Morris, Walker, Bowles, C. W. and Montgomery—besides Boswell and his man. We must work simultaneously at different boxes; and relieve each other. Boswell thinks it will last from 8 to 4. He brings 7½ tons. I have been packing here from morning to night these three days. You may think what a whirl I and Bowles are in. Knox has come—Pusey was here to-day. . . .

'Pusey's visit has made me very sad. How right I was in saying it was better not to meet! He urged me to call on him on Sunday evening.

'I think we need not begin our rule of silence till the first week of Lent, but just as you will.

'I shall delay accepting Dalgairns' invitation (to M. Lorain's at Langres). I am afraid I shall have too many engagements and obligations on me. They only dissipate me.

[1] 'Poor Pusey cannot understand,' Ambrose St. John writes after one of them, 'what to me seemed most natural. It is nothing more or less than your most naturally grave way of speaking when we both called there together. To me I assure you your manner was so much what I should have expected that any other would have been forced and unnatural. But poor P. seems to have felt differently, for he told Upton Richards that you "came upon him very unexpectedly and spoke to him very sharply," he seems to have felt something or other very keenly, for Richards used his words as argument to dissuade Morris from joining the Church, and as a proof of a change of ἦθος in you, I suppose. The truth is, I believe, Pusey realised in that visit the death of any hopes he may have indulged in, of your falling in with his unhappy theory of branches in the same vineyard.'

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The other day I declined Mr. Whitty's offer to join the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart on that ground. I want a little peace. These things are exciting. The very remembering them is a trial.'

'February 17, 1846.

'Your packing, Carissime, is nothing to mine. I am burning and packing *pari passu* reading and disposing, passing from a metaphysical MS. to a lump of resin or a penwiper.'

'Littlemore: February 19, 1846.

'My dear St. John,—You wrote in such a hurry that you could not tell me, else I should like to have known whether the books got safe. First I fancy you would have told me, if there had been any mischance, and next that you have not told me lest it should annoy me. Perhaps you had not time to observe—but I, like David, instead of listening to the news of your general success, keep asking, "Is the young man safe? is Absalom alive?"

'Stanton or you have carried off the closet key, and but for my own private key we should have been tealess, wineless, jamless. Just before you went, when I came in to breakfast, I saw a key on a plate, which I seized with much secret commendation of your or Stanton's thoughtfulness, but it turns out to be the key of Bowles's box—who, I believe, had lost it, and is much puzzled to make out how it got there.

'I think we shall have a harvest of conversions *after Lent*, but do not repeat it. I would suggest the propriety of our having some prayers through Lent on the subject. . . . Lewis yesterday gave us the news, from a person not a gossip, that Pusey's *whole* nunnery is moving—don't repeat this. We have not heard from Knox. Bishop Sam has (at the Bishop of London's instance) taken to task Chepnell of St. Peter le Baily for speaking in praise of the Blessed Virgin; he has defended himself by Bishop Solly. This was on Thursday last—nothing more has occurred. If Pusey is in that distress about his nunnery, I doubt whether I shall say to him what I had intended. It will be striking the raw.'

One by one his friends left Littlemore for Oscott to make all ready. He writes on February 15 to Mrs. William Froude:

'. . . Part of us are gone—part going—I shall, I suppose, remain the last, as I came in first. A happy time indeed have I had here, happy to look back on though suspense

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and waiting are dreary in themselves;—happy, because it is the only place perhaps I ever lived in, which I can look back on, without an evil conscience. In Oxford indeed, where I have been near 30 years from first to last, I trust I have all along served God from the day I went there—but in those many years, amid the waywardness and weakness of youth and the turmoil of business, of course many things must have occurred to leave sad thoughts on the memory. Nay even my responsibilities at St. Mary's, as one who had the care of souls, have always all along weighed most oppressively on me and do still. Alas, I will not speak against my circumstances, when my own personal fault is so great. Yet how dreadful is a cure of souls in the English Church, an engagement, with no *means* to carry it into effect—a Jewish yoke! Oxford then is not to me in the 20 to 30 years I have been there more or less, what Littlemore has been for 4 or 6. Doubtless if my life here for these last years were placed in the light of God's countenance, it would be like a room when a sunbeam comes into it, full of hidden unknown impurities—but still I look back to it as a very soothing happy period. I came into this house by myself, and for nights was the sole person here, except Almighty God Himself, my Judge; and St. Francis's "Deus meus et omnia," was ever and spontaneously on my lips. And now, so be it, I shall go out of it by myself, having found rest.'

February 22 saw the final parting from Littlemore and Oxford. Left alone, he writes on his last evening, his forty-fifth birthday (February 21), to Henry Wilberforce:

'I am here to-day by myself—all my friends gone—and the books. Tomorrow I leave here, for dinner at the Observatory, where I sleep. On Monday morning I go off for Oscott, Birmingham.

'I have had a very trying time, parting with the people. I came into this bower by myself—I quit it by myself. Very happy times have I had here, (though in such doubt)—and I am loth to leave it. Perhaps I shall never have quiet again—Shall I ever see Littlemore again?'

The end is thus chronicled in the diary:

'Feb. 22. Went to mass at St. Clement's for last time with C. Woodmason. Fly came for me and my luggage at four o'clock to take me to Johnson's, where I dined with Lewis, Buckle, Copeland and Bowles, who came from Hendred. Church and Pattison came in the evening.

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Called on Ogle. Pusey came up to Johnson's late at night to see me.

'Feb. 23. Went off by 8½ o'clock with Bowles for Maryvale via Leamington. Got there before 5 o'clock. St. John missed us in Birmingham. Walker came. Thus we were six—St. John, J. Morris, Stanton, I, Bowles, Walker.'

To W. J. Copeland, his curate at Littlemore, he wrote thus of his final leave-taking:

'I quite tore myself away, and could not help kissing my bed, and mantelpiece, and other parts of the house. I have been most happy there, though in a state of suspense. And there it has been that I have both been taught my way and received an answer to my prayers. Without having any plan or shadow of a view on the subject, I cannot help thinking I shall one day see Littlemore again, and see its dear inhabitants, including yourself, once again one with me in the bosom of the true fold of Christ.'

We know from the 'Apologia' all that the final severance from Oxford cost him. May we believe that he has described that last morning in Reding's parting from Oxford in 'Loss and Gain'?—

'The morning was frosty, and there was a mist; the leaves flitted about; all was in unison with the state of his feelings. He re-entered the monastic buildings, meeting with nothing but scouts with boxes of cinders, and old women carrying off the remains of the kitchen. He crossed to the Meadow, and walked steadily down to the junction of the Cherwell with the Isis; he then turned back. What thoughts came upon him! for the last time! There was no one to see him; he threw his arms round the willows so dear to him, and kissed them; he tore off some of their black leaves and put them in his bosom. "I am like Undine," he said, "killing with a kiss."'

The tenderness of his feelings at this moment poured itself out as it did so rarely in the first letter written from his new home—again to Henry Wilberforce:

'February 26, 1846.

'Carissime,—I write my first letter from my new home to you. Pusey is my oldest friend since dear J. W. B[owden] was taken away—you come next. I am going to write to him, and had got out my paper, but somehow my fingers

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have slipt away with my purpose, and I write to you, who have been so faithful to me. No one can be truer or more faithful to me than Pusey himself—but Aristotle says something about our hearts going more with those younger than ourselves than with others; and of those who in any sense have been providentially placed under me you alone have been affectionate to me. And that is the reason perhaps I love St. John so much because he comes from you and from your teaching. Oh that he might be a pledge to me that you are yourself to repair that breach which you sorrow over, by your doing what he has done—but I say the above whatever you resolve upon, Carissime, great indeed as must be my distress, as well as yours, while we are divided.

'I am writing next room to the Chapel. It is such an incomprehensible blessing to have Christ's bodily presence in one's house, within one's walls, as swallows up all other privileges and destroys, or should destroy, every pain. To know that He is close by—to be able again and again through the day to go in to Him; and be sure, my dearest W., when I am thus in His Presence you are not forgotten. It is *the* place for intercession surely, where the Blessed Sacrament is. Thus Abraham, our father, pleaded before his hidden Lord and God in the valley.

'My last morning at Littlemore, when I was by myself, the call of Abraham, as you know in the English service, was the subject of the lesson—and when I got here the first office was that of St. Matthias, who took his place in the Apostolate later than his brethren.

'I have brought here your little reading-desk which was Wood's. I had not the heart to let it remain behind. (You should not have lost it, if it had.) It formed part of the altar on which Father Dominic offered Mass, and from which I received my first communion, last 11th of October.

'Please come and fetch it—I can't help saying so—excuse this importunate letter, and believe me,

'Ever yours most affectionately,

J. H. N.'

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CHAPTER IV

MARYVALE (1846)

OLD Oscott had a long history and traditions. It was on the site of a Catholic mission existing in the seventeenth century. A secluded site in a valley away from the public road was purposely chosen in those days of persecution. Its priest, Mr. Andrew Bromwich, was condemned to death during the Titus Oates scare, but contrived to elude the sentence. The house in which Newman and his friends now found themselves had been built by Bishop Hornyold in 1752 as a residence for the Vicars Apostolic. When the French Revolution drove the Catholic Colleges on the Continent back to England in 1794, a school was established in this building. Its governing body were some of those laymen of Cisalpine opinions, who gave the Bishops so much trouble at that time. But in 1808 its fortunes had declined and it was taken over by the great foe of the Cisalpines, Dr. Milner, who had become Vicar Apostolic of the district. He dedicated it on August 15 to Our Lady, and himself resided there for a considerable part of each year. His whole influence, both in the school and among English Catholics at large, was (I need hardly say) in the direction of promoting loyalty to Rome and rekindling the zeal and piety of a community which had become worn out by the penal laws and was too much disposed to a policy of compromise with their Protestant neighbours. Both for Milner and for his successor as President of the college, Dr. Weedall, Newman had a great admiration. The former he is said to have called 'the English Athanasius.' Of Dr. Weedall he spoke in the memorable sermon at his funeral in 1863.[1] 'Through the whole man,' he said, 'shone the spirit of evangelical charity, which made his gentleness

[1] Published in the volume of *Occasional Sermons*.

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and refinement seem what they really were, a growth from or a graft upon, that pure harmony of soul which is a supernatural gift.'

In 1838 Dr. Weedall had completed the new buildings—the present college of Oscott. And from that time onwards Old Oscott ceased to be more than an appendage to the college until Newman entered it. Now to this ancient home of piety in the Oscott valley, dedicated by Milner to St. Mary, the Oxford converts gave the name of 'Maryvale.'

The day after Newman's arrival, George Talbot—afterwards so well known as Monsignor Talbot and the intimate friend of Pius IX.—and Henry Formby came over from New Oscott to see him. On the following day he walked up with St. John in the afternoon to visit Bishop Wiseman. The succeeding days were spent in getting the household in order. 'I am beginning Bellarmine,' writes St. John to Dalgairns, 'with my head full of pea soup, roly-polies and ribs of beef, and puzzling my brain all the morning to make a stupid jack turn.' Soon, however, the regular life of Littlemore was resumed, though the rules given by Father Dominic gave place to fresh ones drawn up by Bishop Wiseman. The little community consisted of eight persons—Newman, St. John, Stanton, J. B. Morris, Formby, Walker, Christie, and Penny. Charles Woodmason joined them a few days later.

'Day begins at five,' St. John continues, 'Newman ringing the bell, which office the Bishop has given him together with seeing that all the rooms are in decent order by 10 o'clock. Mass at 7. Prime and Tierce at a quarter to eight. Breakfast quarter past eight. Sext and None quarter past twelve, a Latin Conference half past twelve to one; quarter past one dinner; silence ends with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament after dinner; and begins again at 6, with Vespers and Compline—then tea. Rosary or Litany half past eight, Matins quarter to nine; bed. Moreover Newman has formed a choir, consisting of Walker, Bowles, Stanton, Christie, C. Woodmason. The rest of us form the awkward squad. But we have not been able to get Benediction yet. The library at last is in order except a few shelves; the great room and the small adjoining one hold all, but some of the books are up awfully high. Newman grumbles

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uncommonly, but what was to be done? The floor would not bear projecting bookcases like the Bodleian; and there was no alternative without expensive alterations. The large bookcases from Littlemore have been heightened and the rest are new; altogether the house looks very much improved inside. It is strikingly like the Sandford paper mills without. So much for our habitation. It only remains to say that nothing can be kinder than the Bishop is towards us, and I think we all rejoice that Providence has put us in the way of such a director.'

Both Dr. Wiseman and Spencer Northcote urged Newman at this time to take advantage of the general attention concentrated on the converts and to write a succinct account of his reasons for becoming a Catholic. The essay on 'Development' was being widely read. People were asking questions and raising objections to its argument on behalf of the Church. One inquirer had been communicating his own objections to Northcote, who passed them on to Newman.

Newman, who ever felt the impossibility of recording adequately the growth and advance of a living mind, declined in a letter to Northcote the proposal that he should write any such controversial document as was suggested.

'February, 1846.

'My dear Northcote,—It is unreasonable in anyone to object that the grounds a person gives for his conversion cannot be expressed in a formula, but require some little time and consideration to master; which seems to be your correspondent's complaint of my volume. If I could express them in a formula, they would not really be the more intelligible or comprehensible—indeed to show this as a general principle is the main object of the Essay. Catholicism is a deep matter—you cannot take it up in a teacup.

'Any dogmatic or sententious proposition would too surely be misunderstood. If I said, for instance, "I have become a Catholic, because I must be either a Catholic or an infidel," men would cry out "So he has flung himself into the Catholic Church to escape infidelity," whereas I should only mean that Catholicism and Christianity had in my mind become identical, so that to give up the one was to give up the other.

'I do not know how to do justice to my reasons for

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becoming a Catholic in ever so many words—but if I attempted to do so in few, and that in print, I should wantonly expose myself and my cause to the hasty and prejudiced criticisms of opponents. This I will not do. People shall not say "We have now got his reasons, and know their worth." No, you have not got them, you cannot get them, except at the cost of some portion of the trouble I have been at myself. You cannot buy them for a crown piece—you cannot take them in your hand at your will, and toss them about. You must consent to *think*—and you must exercise such resignation to the Divine Hand which leads you, as to follow it any whither. I am not assuming that my reasons are sufficient or unanswerable, when I say this—but describing the way in which alone our intellect can be successfully exercised on the great subject in question, if the intellect is to be the instrument of conversion. Moral proofs are grown into, not learnt by heart.

'I wish however to say something in answer to your friend's question—let me refer then to p. 138 of my Essay, where I state my conviction that were St. Athanasius and St. Ambrose now to come to Oxford, they would go to Mass at St. Clement's.

'And in proof of this position, I should refer to Chs. IV and V, pp. 204–317, which your correspondent might read without troubling himself with the rest of the Essay. The argument of those chapters is this: that the general type of Christendom, and the relation of part with part, in early times and in the present is one and the same—that the Catholic Church and sects and heresies then, correspond to the Roman, Protestant, and other communions now—and in particular that the Anglican Church corresponds to the Semi-Arian body, or the Nestorian, or the Monophysite.

'With kind remembrances to your circle, I am

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

In the months that then ensued Newman put aside all controversial writing and set himself to learn the ways and traditions of his new Communion, and to help his little community at Maryvale to prepare for the ministry. He himself, after a brief hesitation, determined to take Orders. I have found no full explanation of the scruples on this subject to which he alludes, but that they did not last long is shown by the fact that he received minor orders in May. Hardly any subject is referred to in the letters of these months

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except the practical prospects of the community for the future. A visit to Maryvale in July from his brother, Frank Newman, is regarded as a gratuitous intrusion interrupting the new life.

'My brother is coming to see me at Maryvale,' Newman writes to St. John from London on July 11; 'I saw him yesterday. Why should he come? I think he has some obscure idea about thumb-screws.'

On June 8 came news of Gregory XVI.'s death, and early in July the new Pope, Pius IX., sent Newman a special blessing.

Two alternative plans for the future seem for a time to have contended for the mastery. Father Dominic wished Newman and his friends to be 'preachers, missionaries, martyrs.' On the other hand, Wiseman's idea that they should use their special gifts in contending with modern infidelity gradually took shape in Newman's mind not as the prospect of mere literary work, which he ever regarded as unsatisfactory, but as a scheme for founding a school of divinity—even for teaching theology to the future English priests. His own laborious searches into theological history in connection with the 'Essay on Development' made him sensitive to a certain neglect of the historical side of theology—the study of the early sources of the existing dogmatic theology—in the Catholic schools of the time.[1] The story of the living Church, and of the actual working of faith through the ages, was ever Newman's *solvitur ambulando* of the puzzles raised by anti-religious philosophy. This was one of the morals pointed by his famous Essay. He held that dogmatic theology, fully realised in its history and genesis, as the outcome of Christian faith and Christian thought in contact with successive phases of intellectual civilisation,

[1] He expressed this feeling in a letter to Wiseman in the following year. Even in Rome he did not find what he wanted in this respect. Wiseman owned to a certain deficiency. 'I did not much anticipate,' he wrote, 'your finding the cast of theological learning to which your own habits of study have accustomed you. . . . Perhaps in Graziosi you would have found a Professor who if he had not gone much to the sources of dogmatic theology had well mastered the streams that flow from them. . . . This was the character of many professors whom I knew. But I fear there is a falling off even from this by what you write.'

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might be a power both for Christianity and for Catholicism which it had not been yet. He even conceived the possibility of Maryvale being the training ground of the divinity students, or 'divines' as they were called, for the whole of England. The cordiality of his reception at the various colleges, and the evident respect for Oxford learning on the part of the ablest of the hereditary Catholics, made such an idea appear not too ambitious, though of course the neophytes expected to have the aid of some one already grounded in the theology of the schools.

The 'Friars preachers' founded by St. Dominic and made illustrious in the schools by St. Thomas Aquinas were by their history marked out for such a work, and the suggestion was discussed that Newman and his friends should become Dominicans.

A full letter to Dalgairns dated July 6 opens with an account of Newman's trials in giving up the old Oxford swallow-tail coat and choker for a Roman collar and the long skirts of the Catholic clerical costume. He writes from the rooms of Mr. David Lewis, in London, whither he had been called by the widow of J. W. Bowden, the dear friend of his undergraduate days, who was on the point of becoming a Catholic:

'Mrs. Bowden has summoned me up here—and that I may not waste some hours while she goes down to her boy at Eton, I attempt to write to you a letter. My dislike of marching up the London streets is considerable, not indeed that I have any reluctance to wear a clerical dress, for I need not unless I had wished it, but I am so awkward and gawky that I feel ashamed of myself. The only make up is that the poor Catholics recognise it as I go along and touch their hats to me; but fancy *me*, who have never been in costume, wearing a straight cut collar to my coat, and having a long skirt to it. I know I look like a fool, from my own great intrinsic absurdity.'

He passes in the letter to the subject of future plans, and suggests definitely that Dr. Wiseman ought to transfer the divinity school from Oscott to Maryvale, and that he and his friends should be Dominicans. Then he states the objections to his scheme. Is not the Dominican Order 'a

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great idea extinct'? Are not the Jesuits 'the fashion of the age'?

'Thus you see,' he continues, 'I see nothing, except that the notion of a theological school is a great idea—and natural, not only from our hitherto line of reading, but because the Rosminians . . . are fast spreading themselves, as givers of retreats and missions, all over England. I have been thinking lately of an institution having the express object of propagating the faith (the Dominican object) and opposing heresy—whether by teaching, preaching, controversy, catechising &c. &c. But then comes the question whether this would not be very bad policy in this age. An indifferent age will admit Catholicism if it comes under the garb of *utility*, as making people good subjects, or as claiming protection from its being the religion of a large party—but, when you beat the pulpit cushion and rouse the "odium theologicum" you will have statesmen against you. Else, I sketched out the first outlines of a community under the patronage of St. Mary "quæ sola interemisti &c." with the object of first recognising, second defending, the *Mysteries* of Faith. And now I have come to the end of my say, and am "incertior multo quam ante" as Demipho in the play.'

The comments of Bowles and St. John on the suggestion of joining the Dominicans which was communicated to them by Dalgairns were not favourable.

'For my part,' writes Bowles to Ambrose St. John, 'I would sooner be a Jesuit. I have no fancy for that no meat diet, and eight months' fasting you talk about. And how do you think you would stand all that hard head work, living on nothing but air? "Nous avons changé tout cela," said Newman, and I think he is right.'

St. John in a letter to Dalgairns discourages the discussion from another point of view:

'I can't help thinking that all our schemes now are little more than castles in the air, for I am sure Newman will do just what he is told in Rome and nothing else. If he is given to understand he is to be a secular, a secular he will be; whether his line is to be Divinity or Missions will be decided for him.'

Another letter from Newman to Dalgairns shows that St. John is right. 'Our plans are altering or modifying,' he

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writes, and the visit to Rome is the immediate prospect. For a moment the *Collegio Nobile* was thought of as a suitable *habitat*, but ultimately *Propaganda* was decided on.

'At present I am sanguine about my going to Rome,' he continues. 'My only fear is they are expecting too much of me. Cardinal Fransoni took particular interest in my having the crucifix. He sent back the first that was brought him, as not pleasing him. The new Pope has sent me his blessing, and I hear that the last thing he was speaking of before going into conclave was about Dr. Wiseman and me. Dr. Wiseman's credit has risen at Rome much in consequence of our conversions. . . . It would be a nice plan of John Bowden to come here with Lewis. He is hard beset, poor boy. Johnson (who is not himself for grief), Henry Bowden and Church &c. &c. all on him, telling him his father would not have changed &c., and then his love of Eton and Oxford all on one side—and his mother and sister on the other.'

Meanwhile Mrs. Bowden had, to his great joy, been 'received' into the Church—not however by Newman himself or one of the Oxford converts, but by a venerable link with the old Douai College, which was dissolved at the Revolution. The meeting on the occasion between the Oxford leader and the Douai priest is described by Newman himself:

'17 Grosvenor Place: July 8, 1846.

'My dear St. John,—Mrs. Bowden was received this morning. "Deo gratias." I have said not a word, till I could say all. The three younger children will be received in due course—meanwhile no one will know that they are not received, for they will go to Mass with her. I think I shall take up my abode here for several days (hitherto I have been at Lewis's) and shall not return at soonest till Monday next, though I have no wardrobe and no money.

'The Bishop, on whom I called about her on Saturday, was going out of town for a week on Monday. He had sent me to Mr. Wilds for confession, and I was so much pleased with him, that she made up her mind to go to him.

'Do you know who Mr. Wilds is? an old man of 80—a Douay priest, with his senses quite his own, and apparently as sharp as the President of Magdalen. He had been five hours in the Confessional when I went to him, and I was ashamed to give him more trouble. When I rose to go, I

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said "Perhaps, Sir, you would like to know my name—my name is Newman." "No," he said, "go, I don't want to know your name—goodbye." By degrees he comprehended who it was—and then his joy was quite great—he wanted to put me in his own arm-chair—he wanted me to dine with him—and he would have a gossip with me—which he had. When I told all this to Mrs. Bowden (the Bishop being away) she determined to see Mr. Wilds.

'On Monday, she went down to Eton to her son, without a knowledge of whose mind she did not like for many reasons to move—on Tuesday I introduced her to Mr. Wilds, and he appointed next day (to-day) for her admission. She has been received accordingly—and to-morrow is conditionally baptised and sacramentally absolved. She takes her first communion on Friday at eight. . . .

'Send on my letters here—thanks for yours—I had a walk in the streets yesterday with Talbot, who to his or my shame had no Roman collar on. It discomforted me a good deal, and made me a most dull companion. What a fool I am.'

Newman had been especially eager that Mrs. Bowden, and a few other close friends of whom he felt quite sure that they would ultimately follow him, should come without delay. The world was already reporting him to be dissatisfied with his change. For what the world said Newman cared very little. He did deeply care that those who had been for years closely associated with him should now share his hopes and plans and the blessings he found in the Catholic Church. He trusted that they might all be united before he left England for Rome, to begin what might form a new chapter in his life. Foremost among those for whose reception he longed was Henry Wilberforce. Another was George Dudley Ryder, to whose little son Lisle[1] he had stood godfather. The two were associated in his mind, for they were near connections, having married sisters.[2] And six weeks before Mrs. Bowden's reception the welcome news had come from Ryder's cousin, Mr. Lisle Phillipps, that he and Mrs. Ryder and their children, who were staying at Rome, had been received. This was his first Catholic godson. Newman wrote at once to give his friend joy:

[1] Afterwards Sir George Lisle Ryder, K.C.B.

[2] The Miss Sargents, sisters of Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce.

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'St. Mary's Vale, Perry Bar, Birmingham: May 22, 1846.

'My dear George Ryder,—What great joy your letter gave me, and I hear this morning from Mr. Phillipps more about you and yours. I cannot tell you better how I felt than by describing St. John who was with me when the news came both times. When he heard about you he coloured up from joy—when he heard this morning of your wife and the rest, he turned pale and went at once to the chapel. I am an old fellow, and have not keen feelings, but yet mutatis mutandis I felt as much as he. To think that I have a godson a Catholic—he is the first of them. I do trust others will follow.

'And now I have said nearly all I have to say, for your news swallows up everything else. How I long to see you! you are to be out for a year longer—but I will whisper you a secret—perhaps I shall be in Rome in July. If so, I shall stop there a year, but I shall be kept tight, I suspect—and shall not see much of friends. Yet it will be a great thing to see you at all.

'We are getting settled here—but the house is a large one, and is not fully furnished yet. The book-cases have been a great job.

'We are beginning to read divinity and make syllogisms. Only fancy my returning to school at my age.

'I will give my warmest congratulations to your wife, whether she recollects seeing me once, or not, some ten years ago. I think it must be ten years and more.

'Ever yours very affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman could not but hope that George Ryder's step would help to bring Henry Wilberforce, to whom he wrote of this news on May 29:

'It would be hypocrisy in me not to confess the joy I felt at hearing that I had a godson a Catholic—my first Catholic godson. O that they were all Catholics—may those I have seen, as well as those I have never seen, be such. Never will I cease to pray that they may one day be Catholics—may my prayers be a spell over them, though they know it not. I say, I cannot deny the joy it gave me to hear about Lisle Ryder, for I suppose he is one of the converts. But then I did not forget the pain which *they* must feel, the intense perplexity, who had the task of separating cousins who had been accustomed to play together and had formed more

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or less one family. Poor George and his wife have this pain too, as well as you. O that all had his reward, his compensation.'

Henry Wilberforce tarried awhile, although Newman wrote him at this time some of the most insistent letters on the claims of the Catholic and Roman Church which are to be found in his correspondence. From these I make a few extracts:

'St. Mary's Vale, Perry Bar, Birmingham: June 25th, '46.

'It is very difficult for one like myself to put himself in the position of a person, believing indeed in one Catholic organised Church or Kingdom, yet believing also that it consists of various separate governments and polities, quite independent of one another. I do not date my conviction on this subject from October last: for years it has seemed to me a mere absurdity to say e.g. "England and the United States are one kingdom because they came of common ancestors"—and I have kept my conviction under, only from the notion that my sins might have brought upon me some extreme delusion, or some abuse of intellect, of which I was not conscious, might have judicially inflicted on me captivity to some sophism, which others could see through—moreover from deference to the authority of such names as Hammond's or Ken's, I said "Is it possible I should be out of the Church? it is so strange; yet it is so clear; well, perhaps the very clearness shows there is some fallacy in the proof of it. I will wait to see what comes of it." I waited then to see, whether, like some big bright bubble, it would burst, or would prove itself a divine direction by remaining. It has borne the trial; and now in consequence, when I have at length recognised and obeyed it, it acts as a long habitual conviction, not one of yesterday; and it is to me utterly marvellous how a person of your clear intellect can seduce himself into the notion that a portion of Christendom, which has lain disowned on all hands, by East as well as West, for three hundred years, and is a part of no existing communion whatever, but a whole in itself, *is* nevertheless a portion of some other existing visible body, nay of two other existing visible bodies, Greek and Latin. The Siamese twins are nothing to this portent; yet we commonly account even them monsters and not men; but here you have two separate organised frames or persons having a limb in common, and that limb a part of neither, yet two bodies and separate limbs all together one and but

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one body; all which is a sort of bad dream, and recalls the specimens of extravagant Yankee humour which we see in newspapers. Excuse me, carissime, I do not write thus broadly to everyone; many would call me irreverent; but is it not so as I say? Is it not better to give up at once the notion of one Visible Church than thus to impose such a burden on one's understanding? Is it not a mockery to pretend to the doctrine? Is any Unitarian evasion of a sacred truth a greater?'

Newman gradually realised that mere argument would not as yet bring his friend to the Catholic Church. One of his letters reads as though he came to look for the causes of Henry Wilberforce's continued delay in general considerations rather than in theological reasons:

'Maryvale, Perry Bar: Aug. 1st, 1846.

'I don't like your letter just received at all. You read Allies's book—but not mine, till I put you upon it. I expect no good from your reading it.

'As to your talking of your dread of my influence, and the necessity of guarding against my influence, I have always thought it a piece of nauseous humbug—though I have said nothing—and in this letter you seem to confess it. The question is, have I a grain of influence, as *I*, to make you *move*? not at all. But it is very uncomfortable for you to have views put before you, which, though they do not at all tend to make you act, are, to your reason, a grave perplexity with your professed creed. I doubt whether you *have* a creed now—I don't know *what* you believe. I don't think you can say. Is this a right state? . . . Is it a state to live and die in?

'I say you confess your dread of my influence is humbug, because you say "As long as Pusey, Keble, and all are unshaken I shall feel the difficulties of moving much greatest." What is the good then of pretending to examine? What is the good of giving *me* your *reasons*? What is the good of talking about my influence?—please, never talk of my influence again—we are agreed both, that it is nothing. Nor did it ever come into my head to be pained that it was nothing in yours any more than in many other cases.

'I never knew when I wrote the article what Keble thought of the conversions—else I would not have said what I did. But I think it cruelly unjust—think of Capes giving up some £10,000 and his brother £1,500 a year, Marshall leaving the

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country with his wife for want—Glenny sweeping his house with a sick wife and no servant—think of Thompson, Northcote, the Pooles, &c. &c. I really don't know what is meant. All that *can* be said, *i.e.* all that an enemy can say, is that Faber and Oakeley have acted either under excitement, or to and fro, or might have acted better. Faber's giving up a good living goes for nothing. And he has been wretchedly slandered in Oxford.' [1]

New ties and interests did not prevent Pusey's illness at this time from being a great grief and anxiety, and Newman went at once to Tenby and saw him for some hours.

Pusey recovered, and the friends continued to correspond at intervals. But experience had now made it clear to Newman that there was little but pain to be looked for from personal intercourse. They did not meet again for some twenty years.

The rest of August was spent in preparations for the journey to Rome. Ambrose St. John was to accompany Newman. It was ultimately decided that they were to go to the 'Collegio di Propaganda,' and they were not deterred by the almost laughably uncompromising account of the strictness of its rule given by Dr. Fergusson, an old Roman student, which Newman records in a letter to St. John:

'I had a long talk with Dr. Fergusson about Propaganda, and you will all laugh at his information. I don't mind your knowing it—but I should not like it to get beyond our own brotherhood. Above all, don't tell Faber.

'He gave me a minute description of the day there.

[1] Other letters written to Henry Wilberforce at this time will be found in the Appendix, p. 618.

Of the severity of this letter Newman half repented, and he wrote to say so:

'Maryvale, Aug. 3rd, 1846.

'My dearest H.,—A fear has come over me lest I should have been severe in my last letter. I dare say I may have worded what I said unkindly and have hurt you; if so, I am very sorry.

'I write to ask you a question which I forgot. What is George Ryder's direction?

'You know of course how ill dear Pusey is—I only heard yesterday afternoon—I have offered to go to him if he wishes it.

'Ever yours affly.,
J. H. N.'

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Every quarter of an hour has its work, and is measured out by rule. It is a Jesuit retreat continued through the year. You get up at half past five, having slept (by compulsion) seven and a half hours, at quarter to six you run into the passage and kneel down for the Angelus. Then you finish your dressing. At six you begin to meditate—the prefect going up and down and seeing you are at your work. Three minutes off the half hour a bell rings for the colloquium. At the half hour (half past six) mass—which every one attends in surplice. Seven breakfast, some bread and some milk and (I think) coffee. Then follow schools—at half past eleven dinner and so on. A compulsory walk for an hour and a half in the course of the day. Recreation an hour after dinner and supper—but all recreate together—no private confabs. In like manner no one must enter any other person's room. (Corollary. It is no good two *friends* going to Propaganda.) This Corollary is further confirmed—viz. the whole body of students is divided into eight classes or portions (cameratas?) —who are never allowed to speak to each other. If you and Christie and Penny went, they would of course put you into three separate cameratas.

'Further, your letters are all opened, and you put the letters you write into the Rector's hand. To continue—you must not have any pocket money. You must give up your purse to the Rector. If you want to buy anything, you must ask him for money. Everything necessary is found for you. "Then there is no good," I asked, "in taking money." "No," said Dr. F., "none at all."

'Next, you may not have *clothes* of your own—the Rector takes away coat, trousers, shirts, stockings, &c. &c. and gives you some of the Propaganda's. "Then it is no use," I asked, "taking a portmanteau." "No," said Dr. F., "it is no use." They give you two cassocks, an *old* and a new one. It is a great object to use up the old clothes. Mr. Eyre (who was present) even said, though I suppose it was fun, that they gave you old shoes. Why, one might catch the plague, for, depend on it, there are Egyptians and Turks there.

'Yes, they are from all nations—except English. Dr. F. said there was not a single Englishman all the time he was there.

'To complete it, he said that I should be kept there three years, and that I should have to read Perrone.

'Meanwhile Talbot assures me that my going there gives the greatest satisfaction in London, and you know we heard that at Rome they are much pleased also and

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that "apartments" have been got ready at Propaganda for Dr. Wiseman and me.

'The only allowance I extracted from Dr. Fergusson was that you might have private papers in your writing desk. . . . Dr. F. said one thing was provided gratis—snuff ad libitum and I should be allowed to take a snuffbox.'

It need hardly be added that Newman did not in the event find himself treated like the Propaganda boys, but was offered the option of as much freedom as he pleased. On September 2 Newman went to visit Lord Shrewsbury at Alton Towers before his departure for Rome, and met there a large party of Catholics. Seven Bishops were in the house—Drs. Wiseman, Walshe, Gillies, Polding, Griffiths, Waring, and Briggs. Lord and Lady Camoys, Lord and Lady Dormer, Mr. Scott Murray, Sir E. Vavasour, and Sir E. Throckmorton represented the Catholic laity; and the Austrian Ambassador and Sardinian Minister, who were among Lord Shrewsbury's guests, were invited to give Newman any useful hints or introductions. Faber and Oakeley were also of the party.

'A house full of company,' Newman writes to St. John, 'and I looking like a fool. Lord Shrewsbury most kind; would introduce me to the Austrian Ambassador, out of whom Dr. Wiseman and he (Lord S.) tried in vain to get some good for us as regards Milan.

'The Chevalier Dotti, to whom the Pope gave the message for me, is here. The message was more definite than I had before heard.'

St. John joined him in London on the 4th. On the 7th the two friends went to Brighton and thence to Dieppe.

Newman approached Catholic France and Catholic Italy in the spirit which I have already noted as marking the first years of his life in his new Communion. The halo of 'the blessed vision of peace,' of which he speaks at the end of the 'Essay on Development,' bathed in its light all manifestations of Catholic life, feeling, and devotion. Some of his letters are like those of a man in love—Professor Phillimore has used of these years the phrase, 'the honeymoon period'—for whom every look and action of the woman he loves is transfigured. While he was urging his old friends to become Catholics, with an eagerness which contrasted with his more

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cautious habit in later years, he threw himself, in the first instance, into the current of thought and feeling which he found prevalent in Catholic lands. He did so as a matter of principle even apart from the feeling I have above referred to. 'Converts come, not to criticise, but to learn,' he wrote. The more critical attitude, which was natural to him, appears, it is true, at times; but it more fully reasserted itself only by degrees, as the testing process of fuller experience sifted the first impressions he formed. He held, moreover, that a discriminating judgment among varieties of taste and opinion in the Church was eventually called for in a thoughtful Catholic, which was not in place in a neophyte.[1] At the time of which I am writing he seems to have feared lest to be critical of the devotions or beliefs which came before him might be to show a weak faith, and to confirm the prejudices of those who thought that the converts could never really enter fully into the religion they had adopted. 'God keep us,' he wrote to W. G. Ward, 'what I trust we are, averse from every opinion, not only which may not be held, but which only *may* be held in matters of doctrine; that, in spite of the cruel suspicions of those who think there is heresy at the bottom of us, we may submit ourselves, as our conscience tells us to do, to the mind of the Church as well as to her voice.'

[1] Cf. Letter to Dr. Pusey, p. 19.

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CHAPTER V

MILAN AND ROME (1846–1847)

THE night of the 7th was spent at Dieppe, and the next day saw Newman and his companion in Paris, whither they travelled, taking the *diligence* as far as Rouen.

At Paris they were met by Robert Coffin. Notre Dame and the Archbishop were visited on the 9th and the Nuncio on the 10th, as well as the Lazarists and the Jesuits, M. Goudon acting as cicerone. On the 11th all three set out—after a visit to Abbé Degenelles at Notre Dame des Victoires—for Langres, to see Dalgairns. They arrived at M. Lorain's the following evening, remaining as his guests. Of their intercourse with the clergy at Langres Newman wrote the following account to Frederick Bowles:

'Langres: Sept. 15 (day of dear Bowden's death), 1846.

'I had intended to write to you today, and your and Christie's most welcome and interesting letters have just come. I shall not answer them now, but write on about ourselves. How shall I begin? Coffin is still kept here as in a mouse-trap, the coaches to Paris being full. He is a great comfort to us. We set off at ten to-night, if all is well, for Besançon, being uncertain whether we shall thence proceed by way of Lausanne or Geneva. . . . Their mode of living [here] is marvellous. They have hardly any thing warm, even from the beginning of the day to the end—but the very pleasant but cold burgundy wines. Then they have greeted us in the warmest, most affectionate way—we have had state breakfasts and dinners every day, consisting of a succession of dishes dressed in oil, the very scent of which was enough to make one sick—one at 11 A.M., the other at 7 P.M., nothing except (in honor of us) the absurdest mockery of tea in tiny coffee cups, or some wine and grapes about 9 A.M. and nothing between breakfast and dinner. And, to add to it,

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they are in utter astonishment that such fare disagrees with us. It was the worse luck to-day, as we had to dine with the Bishop—at noon—and it was of course a dinner given for me, and I had to talk Latin to him, being so out of sorts all the morning. I rejoice to say, however, it went off very well. It was a very elegant dinner—and little which I could not eat—sherry in liqueur glasses (as well as claret and burgundy, which you may think I eschewed) and rum; a poor imitation of English roast beef, tough in order to be truly à l'Anglaise, and an English plum pudding in the guise of a custard pudding with raisins and *eau de vie* sauce. Besides this was the usual run of dishes. After dinner he handed me, as a lady, to a sofa in another room—and my good genius gave me strength for the time to talk on as fluently as I could expect. It all went off very well. Dalgairns said he had never seen the Bishop to such advantage. He embraced me on the right and left shoulder, as the Archbishop of Paris had done, on parting. . . .

'The clergy are a merry, simple, affectionate set—some of them quite touchingly kind and warm-hearted towards me, and only one complaining, as I think he did, of English heaviness (our stomachs were in fault). At the same time their ceremony is most amusing—they have never done bowing in the most formal manner. St. John has in vain asked how often we ought to bow on taking leave—and for me, who hardly ever made a formal bow in my life, I can hardly keep my countenance, as I put my elbows to my hips and make a segment of a circle, the lower vertebra being the centre and my head the circumference. . . . M. Lamont is very cheerful, and talks Latin well, which few of the other clergy do. The Dean does, and is a kind warmhearted person. There is not a great deal to see here—the Gregorians at the Cathedral pleased St. John and Coffin very much. . . .

'The rooms are curiously furnished—M. Lamont lodges with two ladies, who curtsey as much as the men bow. We paid them a formal visit—I *think* in their bedroom, and they suddenly came upon us with M. Lamont to return it in *our* bedroom. Luckily the beds were made, but one of the two rooms, (they open into each other) was in sad disorder. The bedrooms are all drawing rooms. In mine, in which I am writing, there is a profusion of wood—a wooden ceiling and wainscotting—a polished oak floor—a very handsome French clock — bouquets of pretty artificial flowers — handsome mantelpiece ornaments—and per contra not a drawer for my clothes, the windows and blinds perishing for want of paint,

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and a most miserable feather bed which has cost me, added to the causes above mentioned, one or two restless nights. It is indefinitely a greater penance to lie on a feather bed than on the Littlemore straw—and I don't see when we shall be off the feather bed.

'There is a very kind, but French account, of my proceedings at Paris in the *Univers*, which I suppose will be translated for your edification in the *Tablet*. M. Goudon is the author, doubtless—he was most extremely attentive to us. He is translating my Essay.'

After dining with the Bishop, Newman and St. John went on to Besançon at night (Coffin returning to Paris). The further route to Milan—by Jura, Brigue, the Simplon, and Domodossola—lasted four days more, and Milan was reached on Sunday, the 20th, in time for Mass at the Duomo.

A gossiping letter from St. John to Dalgairns tells the story of the journey from Langres to Besançon and onwards:

'Milan: Sept. 21, 1846.

'We got to Besançon on Wednesday at 12 o'clock and found the Archbishop's secretary waiting for us. He insisted on taking us to the Archbishop after we had made our enquiries about the coaches and found that the diligence for Lausanne did not start until the next morning at 5 o'clock. I need not tell you how extremely hospitable the Archbishop was; how he showed us everything, got us tea directly we came in, looked to our rooms himself, took us over the Cathedral, and told us everything about it: one thing which I think he never could have told you, how that a certain chapel opposite the High Altar was set apart for the sacred cloth (Sindon) of our Lord: how it was lost in the troubles of the French Revolution and the Archbishop has made every enquiry for it and never been able to find it. He described it as having been of extremely great length, but so fine that it was commonly kept in a box less than a foot long. After showing us over the Cathedral, the Chaplain took us over the town, and very beautiful were the Churches I assure you. But, to come to what is more to the point, after all this we went to dinner, where to our infinite amusement there was for "maigre" fare a dish of fricasseed frogs. Oh! for the *Record* or the *English Churchman*! I rather think Newman relished them, but I am sure it was out of obedience that he ate them. After dinner (during which by

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the bye the only language spoken was Latin, which the Archbishop spoke more fluently than I ever heard anybody speak before) the Archbishop spoke of our prospects, and in the course of other matters, I mentioned your fancy for the Dominicans. Upon which he expressed himself very strongly urging us "to tell you to abide in that station where you are called"; and to this advice he added: "I think also I have S. Paul on my side. It is the business of all of you to put yourselves under your Bishop and to be regulated by him in all that you do." After this he gave us his blessing and accompanied us to our roosts, and then took leave of us.

'*Sept. 22nd.*— . . . From Besançon we started on Wednesday morning—had a most beautiful ride to Lausanne over the Jura mountains; Mont Blanc and the Alps all before us on our right and opposite the lake of Neuchatel. But I must not now describe scenery. . . . It was very delightful to find a little chapel near the summit [of the Simplon] which we entered for a few minutes: there was no light and I think it must have been too great a risk to leave the Blessed Sacrament there, but still it was very cheering; a little further on nearer the top Newman and I stopped at a Crucifix and gained an indulgence I hope which was written up in German on the cross. The Italian side is more beautiful than the other and the descent longer as it seemed, for it was near 4 before we got to Domodossola. From Domo we started in an hour's time, passed thro' S. Charles's town Arona at mid-night, and got to Milan just in time to hear the last Mass on Sunday morning in the Duomo.'

At Milan Newman and St. John tarried between four and five weeks. To Newman that town more than any suggested the whole picture of the Church of the Fathers. His letters from thence speak more simply of peace and happiness than any others. Three days after his arrival he writes thus to Henry Wilberforce:

'Milan: Sept. 24, 1846.

'My dearest H. W.,—We are most happy here. We arrived here on Sunday morning in time for Mass—and after all the troubles of our journey, the heat, the tight confinement in diligences, the dust, the smoking, the strange faces and the uncatholic bearing of fellow-travellers, and the long spells of journeying, night as well as day, and then again the discomforts of an hotel, we are quite in harbour. An Abbate, to whom Hope gave me an introduction, has got

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us most excellent rooms, lofty, cool and quiet in the heart of Milan. They form a part of the Priest's house of S. Fidelis, and are reserved for the missioners who come to give retreats in Lent. We can get into the Church without going into the street, so it is like a private Chapel. It belonged to the Jesuits before their suppression, having been given to them by the great St. Charles. It is like a Jesuit Church, Grecian and Palladian—and I cannot deny that, however my reason may go with Gothic, my heart has ever gone with Grecian. I loved Trinity Chapel at Oxford more than any other building. There is in the Italian style such a simplicity, purity, elegance, beauty, brightness, which I suppose the word "classical" implies, that it seems to befit the notion of an Angel or Saint. The Gothic style does not seem to me to typify the sanctity or innocence of the Blessed Virgin, or St. Gabriel, or the lightness, grace, and sweet cheerfulness of the elect as the Grecian does. I could go into this beautiful Church, with its polished tall pillars, and its smiling winning altar, all day long without tiring. And it is so calm . . . that it is always a rest to the mind to enter it. Nothing moves there but the distant glittering lamp which betokens the Presence of Our Undying Life, hidden but ever working, though entered into His rest.

'It is really most wonderful to see the Divine Presence looking out almost into the open streets from the various Churches, so that at St. Lawrence's we saw the people take off their hats from the other side of the street as they passed along; no one to guard it, but perhaps an old woman who sits at work before the Church door, or has some wares to sell. And then to go into St. Ambrose's Church—where the body of the Saint lies—and to kneel at those relics, which have been so powerful, and whose possessor I have heard and read of more than other saints from a boy. It is 30 years this very month, as I may say, since God made me religious, and St. Ambrose in Milner's history was one of the first objects of my veneration. And St. Augustine too—and *here* he was converted! and here came St. Monica—seeking him. Here too came the great Athanasius to meet the Emperor in his exile. I never had been in a city which moved me more—not even Rome. I do not know whether it will—but I have not the history of Rome enough at my fingers' ends to be so intimately affected by it. We shall be here, I suppose, three weeks, or a month—how sorry I shall be to go!

'I have said not a word about that overpowering place,

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the Duomo. It has moved me more than St. Peter's did—but then I studiously abstained from all services &c. when I was at Rome, and now of course I have gone wherever they were going on and have entered into them. And, as I have said for months past that I never knew what worship was, as an objective fact, till I entered the Catholic Church, and was partaker in its offices of devotion, so now I say the same on the view of its cathedral assemblages. I have expressed myself so badly that I doubt if you will understand me, but a Catholic Cathedral is a sort of world, every one going about his own business, but that business a religious one; groups of worshippers, and solitary ones—kneeling, standing—some at shrines, some at altars—hearing Mass and communicating, currents of worshippers intercepting and passing by each other—altar after altar lit up for worship, like stars in the firmament—or the bell giving notice of what is going on in parts you do not see, and all the while the canons in the choir going through matins and lauds, and at the end of it the incense rolling up from the high altar, and all this in one of the most wonderful buildings in the world and every day—lastly, all of this without any show or effort—but what everyone is used to—everyone at his own work, and leaving everyone else to his.

'My best love attend you, your wife and children—in which St. John joins.

'Ever yours, Carissime, most affectionately,

J. H. N.'

He writes on the same day to William Goodenough Penny, one of the Oxford converts who had joined the community at Maryvale:

'It is always a refreshment to the mind, and elevates it, to enter a Church such as St. Fidelis. It has such a sweet, smiling, open countenance—and the altar is so gracious and winning, standing out for all to see, and to approach. The tall polished marble columns, the marble rails, the marble floor, the bright pictures, all speak the same language. And a light dome crowns the whole. Perhaps I do but follow the way of elderly persons, who have seen enough that is sad [in] life to be able to dispense with officious intentional sadness—and as the young prefer autumn and the old spring, the young tragedy and the old comedy, so in the ceremonial of religion, younger men have my leave to prefer Gothic, if they will but tolerate me in my weakness which requires the Italian. It is so soothing and pleasant, after the hot streets,

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to go into these delicate yet rich interiors, which are like the bowers of paradise or an angel's chamber. We found the same in a different way in Paris. It was oppressively hot and we wandered through the narrow streets in the evening, seeking out the Jesuits' house. When we found it, the Superior was out, and we were ushered in, as into a drawing-room, into so green and beautiful a garden, with refreshing trees on the lawn, and quiet figures stealing along the walks saying their office. We entered a trellised walk of vines and seated ourselves on a stone bench which lay on the ground.'

He continues the letter on September 29:

'We are pretty well settled here now, and have begun with an Italian master today, not that we have been idle before. I am as much overcome with this place as I was at first. The greatness of St. Carlo is so striking. I have been reading good part of his life. He is the very life of this place to this day. In spite of all sorts of evils, political and others, in spite of infidelity and the bad spirit of the day, there is an intense devotion to San Carlo. And the discipline of the clergy is sustained by his regulations in a more exact state than we found it even in France or than it is at Rome. He was made Archbishop, as you know, when a young man, by the Pope his uncle—there had not been a Bishop appointed for eighty years, and the place was in a frightful state of disorder. For twenty years he laboured here with the zeal which is so well known in the history of the Church, and carried out and exemplified the reforms laid down at Trent. Well, when he was in the midst of his labour, he was taken off, by his excessive mortifications doubtless as a disposing cause, but immediately by a fever. He was near and at his native place Arona and with difficulty he got to Milan. He was but 46—the news spread in the city that he was in danger—people did not know how to believe it—he was in the very midst of a career of great reforms, and at the prime of life, as men speak. At length the fact forced itself on people's minds, and the churches were crowded—the Blessed Sacrament was exposed—the utmost excitement prevailed—night came, and the frantic devotion (so to call it) of the people continued. Suddenly the great bell of the Duomo began to sound and announced to the city its irreparable loss. This is over three centuries ago, yet St. Carlo seems still to live. You see the memorials of him on every side—the crucifix that stopped the plague as he bore it along—his mitre—his ring—his letters. Above all his sacred relics.

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Mass is offered at his tomb daily; and you can see it from above. "O bone pastor in populo" seems forced on the mind by everything one sees. And it seems as if there were a connexion between him and us, though at first sight what have Saxons who have never paid him any special devotion to do with an Italian? but he was raised up to resist that dreadful storm under which poor England fell—and as he in his day saved his country from Protestantism and its collateral evils, so are we now attempting to do something to resist the same foes of the Church in England—and therefore I cannot but trust that he will do something for us above, where he is powerful, though we are on one side of the Alps, and he belonged to the other. So I trust; and my mind has been full of him, so that I have even dreamed of him—and we go most days and kneel at his shrine, not forgetting Maryvale when there.'

Several friends came and went while they were at Milan—George Talbot and Amherst from Oscott; Richard Simpson of Oriel, who had just been received, and with whom Newman was to be closely associated at a critical moment later on; Edward Walford from Oxford; and Mr. Serjeant Bellasis, the friend of James Hope. On September 29 systematic Italian lessons were begun, St. John being especially keen to become a proficient. Italian manners and Italian compliments were learnt, and to Newman's great delight St. John parted from an Italian friend, whom they expected to see again in Rome the following January, expressing in confident Italian a strong hope that they would shortly meet again 'in hell'—for he pronounced 'iverno' (winter) as if it were 'inferno.' Newman's diary is almost without entries during most of the visit—the time being probably spent in visiting all that was interesting in the place. During the last few days Count Mellerio was in Milan, and several meetings with him are recorded, including an expedition to Monza. Manzoni, however, the author of 'I Promessi Sposi' (which cost Macaulay 'many tears'[1]), did not return to Milan until after their departure.

[1] 'I finished Manzoni's novel,' writes Macaulay, 'not without many tears. The scene between the Archbishop and Don Abbondio is one of the noblest I know. The parting scene between the lovers and Father Cristoforo is most touching. If the Church of Rome really were what Manzoni represents her to be I should be tempted to follow Newman's example.'—Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, ii. 409.

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A letter from Newman to Dalgairns towards the end of the visit shows his unabated delight in the place. Newman again goes into the question of the future plans of himself and his friends, on which his views were constantly changing. The Jesuits, to whom later on, in Rome especially, he was so greatly drawn, had evidently been severely criticised by his Milan acquaintance, and the Oratorian prospect was for the moment in the ascendant.

'Milan: October 18, 1846.

'You are always in my thoughts when I am at St. Carlo's shrine, who was a most wonderful saint, and died just at the age at which I have begun to live. But this is altogether a wonderful city—the city of St. Ambrose, St. Monica, St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, to say no more. Our parish Church belonged to the Jesuits and in it is preserved a cast of St. Ignatius's head taken after his death. The Church of St. Satyrus (St. Ambrose's brother) belonged to the Oratorians, and there is an altar to St. Philip. And St. Paul's was the favourite place of devotion of St. Carlo. But the memorials of St. Carlo are all about us—and to go back to early times, here is the Church from which St. Ambrose repelled the soldiers of the Arian, and where he and the people passed the night in prayer and psalmody. "Excubabat pia plebs in Ecclesia, mori parata cum Episcopo servo tuo"; I quote St. Augustine, as you may not have it at hand. We have just returned from the Duomo where there has been a great function including a (Pontifical?) high Mass in celebration of the Dedication of the Church by St. Carlo. The day is very wet, but the area of the Church was crowded from end to end. . . .

'We have missed Manzoni—but been besieged almost daily by his chaplain—Ghianda, whom we like very much indeed. He speaks Latin like a *native*, though he has given it up in his late conversations with us. Rosmini passed through Milan, sending me a civil message, with an explanation that he did not call since he could not speak Latin nor I Italian. This is not enough to explain his not calling. Ghianda has a great admiration for him, and Manzoni has also. I wish we had more to tell of him, but I cannot get at the bottom of his philosophy; I wish to believe it is all right, yet one has one's suspicions. I do not think we have got a bit further than this in our reflections and conclusions, to think that Dr. Wiseman was right in saying that we ought to be Oratorians. . . . Altogether it seems rather

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the age for external secularism with the gentle inward bond of asceticism—and this is just Oratorianism. We have been asking Ghianda about the Dominicans, and *whether* they had preserved their traditions anywhere. He said he thought they had at Florence, and somewhere else. We asked what he meant—why that they were still Thomists &c. However, on further inquiry we found that the said Dominicans of Florence were manufacturers of scented water, &c. and had very choice wine in their cellar. He considered Lacordaire quite a new beginning, a sort of knight errant, and not a monk. However, as to our prospects, I repeat nothing can be known till we get to Rome.

'I have asked St. John what else I have to say, and he says "Tell him you bully me!" This is true, but he deserves it. I am glad to tell you he is decidedly stronger. I have been making him take some quinine. The journey along the Valley before we came to the Simplon was very trying; and the weather now is not good. We have been so happy here for a month or five weeks, I quite dread the moving again—and if it is wet, so much the worse—but it does not do to anticipate evils.'

On October 21, Newman and Ambrose St. John went the round of the seven Basilicas of Milan, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 23rd they left for Pavia (where they saw St. Augustine's shrine), going on to Genoa, which they reached at noon on Saturday, the 24th, and thence (after a halt of two days) to Pisa and Civita Vecchia, arriving at Rome by *diligence* at 10 P.M. on the Wednesday. On Thursday morning Newman and St. John went straight to St. Peter's, and by a fortunate coincidence found the Holy Father himself saying Mass at the Confession—the traditional tomb of the Apostles.

On the same day visits were paid to Cardinal Fransoni and to Monsignor Brunelli, secretary to Propaganda, who soon became their fast friend. The presence of George Ryder and his young family in Rome gave Newman the rest and happiness of seeing the familiar faces of old friends, and we find many meetings with them recorded in the diary.

For a few days Newman and St. John took up their residence at an hotel at which George Talbot, Amherst, and Lord Clifford were staying. But on November 9 they moved to Propaganda.

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The 'Collegio di Propaganda' was founded by Urban VIII. in the early seventeenth century, to further the plan of his predecessor Gregory XV., who had in 1622 founded the Congregation of Cardinals 'de propaganda fide' with the object of promoting foreign missions to the heathen. The college contained young men of every nationality and prepared them for missionary work. The building in which Newman and St. John found themselves was built by Urban from the designs of Bernini. The college has a fine library and a museum containing interesting MSS. and a wonderful assortment of idols, trophies of missionary conquests in heathen parts. Newman's first impressions of the place are given in a letter to Mr. David Lewis, in which he also gives some account of the last days at Milan and the journey to Rome:

'Collegio di Propaganda, Nov. 15, 1846.

'We have been at Rome three weeks next Wednesday, and in College nearly a week. They are wonderfully kind to us, we have everything our own way and, if we pleased, might be mere sight seers come to Rome to kill time (I suppose, however, they would not be pleased with us if we were). We are in daily lectures with the boys. We dine at 11½ and Sup at 8—both very good meals. At 7 A.M. have café au lait, and tea as we go to bed. They insist on the tea. They have put stoves in our rooms and anticipate all our wants. We have not yet been introduced to the Pope. The climate of Rome is trying—as variable as England, and some days very keen. We have seen Meyrick, who is very happy; we have been to the Passionists—but have seen more of the Jesuits than of any others. We have not yet seen anything of the Oratorians. We had a most pleasant time at Milan, and much regretted to leave it. We were lodged in a Priest's house, but quite to ourselves, and we employed ourselves in visiting Churches and attempting Italian. It was a time when most people, even Priests, were out of town; which would have been a loss, had we been better Italian scholars—and we were even glad to be to ourselves. We made one or two very pleasant acquaintances, besides dining at Count Mellerio's, who is a great person at Milan. Our passage to Genoa might have been much worse, but as it was, we had first to be shipped in boats (a little way past Pavia), when we rowed through the fields and woods of the place for an hour or so—then we had all our luggage opened under

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a most threatening sky, without any covering—then we were mounted atop of our own luggage in two one horse carts, riding backwards, for sundry miles, till night-fall—and then in the dusk and rain to be rowed across the mighty Po. The Jesuits are in great force at Genoa, the French Fathers having taken refuge there. We fell in with an Irish Novice, a very nice fellow, who was allowed to take us over the place—and with a French Father, who had been in England, and spoke English, of whom we saw a good deal. From Genoa we came to Civita Vecchia by the steamer, and went up by a railroad to Pisa on our way. See what a dull matter of fact letter I am writing, but I have not the pictorial power for any other—and you must take it as the best article I can produce. . . . There are above thirty languages in the town; we have been introduced to all the youths—as many as 30 (out of perhaps 120) speak English[1]—but we are the only Englishmen. Everything goes on with quite a military punctuality—but the boys seem very happy and merry.

'We hear no Politics here—but the English papers seem to be full of the Politics of Rome. The Pope's solemn Processo was this day week, when he gave his blessing from the loggia of St. John Lateran—it was a most wonderful sight. We saw him the very first morning we came, walking about St. Peter's, and stood quite close to him, and the first Mass we heard in Rome was his, and that at St. Peter's Tomb—a very unusual occurrence. St. John desires all kind remembrances—and now good bye.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

St. John writes on the same day to Dalgairns at Langres:

'Rome: Nov. 15, 1846.

'We have visited the seven Basilicas, the tre Fontane (St. Paul's place of martyrdom) St. Peter Montorio (St. Peter's) St. Clement's where lie St. Ignatius M. and St. Clement, (close as might be expected to the Colosseum); St. Ignatius Loyola's bed-room and the room where he wrote his constitutions; here also died St. Francis Borgia; there are in the Gesu also St. Stanislaus Kostka's bed-room at the Noviciate (where he died); also St. Philip Neri's relics, and what is most interesting the very little chapel in the Catacombs where his heart was enlarged. We have been

[1] Americans, Canadians, Scotch, and Irish—so Ambrose St. John explains in a letter.

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extremely kindly treated, there is no doubt about it: two of the best rooms in the house have been selected for us, and fitted up with very handsome furniture new from top to bottom; which in Italy is a special compliment. . . . When we first came they seemed to propose that we should have our own way entirely, living here as [at] a lodging house, going to Church at a fashionable hour at the Church opposite, going in and out as we liked: but when they found that this would not do, they were evidently not unwilling that we should conform to the rules as much as we pleased, ourselves; and we are accordingly given three lectures a day. The rector was evidently pleased when Newman talked with him the other day, and spoke of the great sacrifice we chose to make &c. I wonder what he thinks we have been used to. We have everything in greater luxury than at Maryvale except fires, which we might make up for with stoves. I cannot doubt however Newman does edify them in the true sense of the word by turning schoolboy at his age. For me it is all very well, and I have no doubt with time I shall not find old Perrone very dry. We shall move together and get on in spite of a cut and driedness which one may have to expect. What they will do with us I have no idea yet, we have not had any hints about ordination or anything else. All the authorities in the house are Jesuits, and the domestic places of responsibility are filled by Jesuit lay brothers: as doctor, porter, superintendent of the house affairs, &c. So much for our new school, for school it is, tho' for grown up boys albeit. There is every prospect of its being a very happy place to stop in. I hardly know what else to tell you—we have met the Ryders and a good many others that we know, amongst others Newman's friend and convert Miss Giberne.'

It was Newman's temptation—so he told Father Neville in looking back at those days—to spend the leisure time he allowed himself with old friends whose memories and habits had so much in common with his own. But he felt that he must not fail to use his opportunity for knowing Rome and the Romans. Forty-five was not young for the beginning of a new life, and there was no time to be lost. The climate tried him and a very severe cold kept him in bed for some days: but he made friends with Cardinal Acton, who took him to see the Passionists on the Celian within a few days of his arrival. He had a long talk with Padre Mazio and other Professors at the Roman College, with the Rector of

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Propaganda, and with Monsignor Brunelli during his first week, and called on Princess Doria.

On the 23rd, after a visit to William Clifford[1] at the Collegio Nobile and a walk of some hours in the country, Newman and St. John were unexpectedly summoned by Monsignor Brunelli to the Vatican to be presented to Pius IX. The interview is described a little later by both in letters to Dalgairns:

'As St. John has not given you an account of our visit to the Pope,' Newman writes, 'I will; though you don't deserve it, you write such scanty letters. At the end of November, one Sunday, after we had been taking a dirty walk and come in almost at dusk, we were suddenly summoned in that dirty state to go to the Pope, and went with our Mantille dipped in water, not to remove, but to hide, its filth. We went with Monsignor Brunelli, the Secretary here, Archbishop of Thessalonica, and after waiting about an hour and a half in the anteroom, were summoned in to His Holiness. We saw him for but a few minutes. He is a handsome vigorous man, not looking older than he is, and his manners exceedingly easy and affable. He told us a story of some English conversion, and when St. John asked in simplicity "What was the man's name?" he smiled and, laying his hand on St. John's arm, answered, "Do you think I can recollect your English names?" He asked our Christian names, and said he was very much pleased to see me—a recovered sheep, and then he ran across the room and gave me the picture St. John told you of. He gave St. John himself a coronation medal, and afterwards told some one he was so sorry he could not give him a picture, but he had no other. When I knelt down to kiss his foot on entrance, I knocked my head against his knee. A friend of mine, Miss Giberne, on being presented, took up his foot in her hands; it is a wonder she did not throw him over. This is what I suppose you wanted to know. There is not much to tell—but particularity brings a thing home to the mind, I know.'

St. John writes at the same time:

'Before Newman went to the Holy Father, he (the Pope) told F. Corta that he wished to see Newman "again and again," and when we were there nothing could be more really and heartily cordial than his way. . . . I do hope

[1] The brother of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, afterwards Bishop of Clifton.

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and trust that when Newman has become more familiar with the language he will have an opportunity of laying open to him the wants of England &c.: from the Pope's encyclical letter it quite looks as if he felt that the most pressing want of the Church at present is something to meet the philosophy of the age. It is curious how exactly this coincides with Newman's line. But now here comes the rub—how in the want of a free knowledge of the language and of influential persons to represent Newman's capabilities and all that the rest of the converts might do in this or in any other way, how, I say, is the Pope without almost a supernatural guidance to put Newman in the way of carrying out any plan for establishing a school of philosophy or for any other purpose. How is the Pope to know again the influence Newman has on the minds of others, how that he is almost alone as a preacher to students and divines of an English turn of mind? All these things when on the spot present themselves as practical difficulties which are not so easy to solve, and Newman as you well know is not the person to solve them by putting himself forward.'

Father Neville, to whom Newman had talked often of these days, learned from him that he was somewhat tried by the schoolboy life and schoolboy companionship at Propaganda—'a whole troop of blackamoors,' in Father Neville's own phrase; and to one who had for years lived in the most interesting society which Oxford afforded, the great change in his surroundings, coming in middle life, must have had its drawbacks. He ever spoke, however, with especial admiration of Father Bresciano the Rector, and of Father Ripetti his Jesuit confessor. St. John had, as we have seen, been sanguine that the importance of the work which Newman had most at heart for intellectual needs within the Christian Church, in view of the anti-Christian movement of contemporary thought, was strongly felt in Rome. But this hope was not entirely verified. Whatever the Pope felt and desired instinctively and in general, in fact things seem to have remained much what they had long been, and developments in philosophy with a view to the thought of the hour received no encouragement. This, the one serious trial of his Roman visit, became more evident later on; but there were symptoms of it from the first which led to a certain moderation in anticipations for the future. The new life was, in Newman's

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own phrase, 'loss and gain.' Trials multiplied later on. The time at Propaganda, however, remained on the whole in his mind one of peace on which he loved to look back. A letter written at this time to Henry Wilberforce speaks unmistakably of happiness, although the note of sadness is not absent:

'Collegio di Propaganda: Dec. 13, 1846.

'My dear Henry,—I am tempted to write to you again, since your kind message through the Ryders—and that the more because it is pleasant to think of an old friend in a far country. Nothing can exceed the kindness of the people with whom I am. Father Bresciano especially, the Rector, is a man of real delicacy as well as kindness, and he anticipates all our wants in the most acceptable way—he really enters surprisingly into our feelings; but after all there is nothing like an old friend. New friends cannot love one—if they would; they know nothing of one—but to one who has known another twenty years, his face and his name is a history; a long series of associations is bound up with every word or deed which comes from him, which has a meaning and an interpretation in those associations. And thus I feel that no one here can sympathize with me duly—for even those who think highly of me have the vaguest, most shadowy, fantastic notions attached to their idea of me, and feel a respect, not for me, but for some imagination of their own which bears my name. It would be sad indeed, if all this did not throw me back upon more directly religious thoughts than that of any creature—and indeed it does. Both what people here can do for me, and what they cannot, carries off the mind to Him who "has fed me all my life long until this day," whom I find protecting me most wonderfully under such new circumstances, just as He ever has before, and who can give me that sympathy which men cannot give. It is so wonderful to find myself here in Propaganda—it is a kind of dream—and yet so quiet, so safe, so happy—as if I had always been here—as if there had been no violent rupture or vicissitude in my course of life—nay more quiet and happy than before. I was happy at Oriel, happier at Littlemore, as happy or happier still at Maryvale—and happiest here. At least whether I can rightly compare different times or not, how happy is this very thing that I should ever be thinking the state of life in which I happen to be, the happiest of all. There cannot be a more striking proof how I am blest. As we go about the Churches of Rome, St. John ever says of the last he sees,

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"Well, this is the most striking of all." This as yet has been the happiness of my own life—though of course I do not know what is before me, and may at length against my will be brought out into the world—but it does not seem likely. I say it does not seem likely, for I can't tell as yet what they will make of me here, or whether they will find me out. It is very difficult to get into the mind of a person like me, especially considering so few speak English, and fewer still understand it spoken,—and I can say so little in Italian. Then again in a College one sees so few people out of doors. It is most difficult even to get to speak Italian, though I am in an Italian house; what with the time in chapel, the Latin spoken in lecture, and the brief vacations. I am living the greater part of my time to and with myself—with St. John in the room opposite. What can people know of me? Nor would it do good to go out—both because I am so slow at the language and because I am so bashful and silent in general society. Miss Giberne, who is here, tells me a saying of Rickards about me, that when my mouth was shut it seems as if it would never open, and when open as if it would never shut. So that I don't expect people will know me. The consequence will be, that, instead of returning with any special responsibilities upon me, any special work to do, I should on my return slink into some ready-formed plan of operation, and if I did not become a friar or Jesuit, I should go on humdrumming in some theological seminary or the like. It is one especial benefit in the Catholic Church that a person's usefulness does not depend on the accident of its being found out. There are so many ready-formed modes of usefulness, great institutions, and orders with great privileges and means of operation, that he has but to unite himself to one of them, and it is as if Pope and Cardinals took him up personally. I am always, I think, egotistical to you, but indeed I believe to no one else. So, since I am in for it, I will add, what (as far as I know) I have never told to anyone —that, before now, my prayers have been so earnest that I never might have dignity or station, that, as they have been heard as regards the English Church, I think they will be heard now also.

'As yet the persons I have chiefly seen, besides the good Jesuits here, are those of the Gesu and the Roman College. They are all abundantly kind—and I think I shall gain a good deal from them—there are none however yet, who quite come up to our good priests at Milan, to one of whom in particular we got much attached. They are generally

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somewhat cut and dried here—(all I say to you is in confidence). One thing however has struck me here and everywhere, (though I am ashamed to introduce it with an "however"—ashamed to introduce it at all) the monstrous absurdity of supposing that the Catholic Priests are not absolute and utter believers in the divinity of their own system. They are believers so as to be bigots—their fault is that they generally cannot conceive how educated Englishmen can be Anglicans with a good conscience—but they have a profound confidence in the truth of Catholicism—indeed it would be shocking to entertain the question, except that it is so commonly asked in England.

'We are about 150 here. 32 languages spoken in the house. It is most affecting to see the youths give the embrace at the Pax at the Mass. It is like Pentecost come again. And some of them may, for what one knows, be martyrs. There have been (many) Martyrs of the Congregation, for they go to all sorts of countries. By the bye we have in a chapel the relics of a martyr, St. Hyacinth, which have lately been found in the catacombs, inscription and all—he was burnt; it is a long and curious story. The tomb had been unopened since the time of St. Damasus who inclosed it. We have been with Fr. Marchi to the Catacomb of St. Agnese. I dare say you have heard an account of it from the Ryders. My imagination was disappointed, I had heard so much of it, but not my reason. Fancy a chapel under ground, deep and (of the 2nd or 3rd century) highly painted. This strikes me as a most remarkable fact, that church decoration should be a part of Christianity, that it should be practised in the midst of persecution and in the heart of the earth. The chapel I speak of has an apse; and an altar, just like a modern Catholic one, with the tomb of a martyr under—the paintings of two martyrs *praying* on each side—and at the back (what we should call the east end) a large figure of the Blessed Virgin with her hands out in prayer (as the Priest stretches them now in the Mass)—our Lord is in her lap, *not* in prayer. . . . In the same (I think) chapel there were two stone chairs—think of seeing the chairs in which the primitive bishops and priests sat in persecution, and in their very places, unmoved! . . . It is impossible to see Mrs. and still more Miss Ryder, without seeing how firmly they are Catholics; and that excitement has nothing to do with their conversion. I wish you saw the children—they seem so happy. Little Alice came up to me on St. Francis Xavier's day and asked me if

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I did not love the saint of the day. They take to Catholicism just as the Bowdens do. O my dear H. how can you be so cruel to poor John! Why defraud him of his inheritance? The report here is that Fortescue is near moving.

'We are under the Pincian, but the Tiber was close to us the other morning, having crossed the Corso.

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.'

The thoughts, feelings, and general impressions of Rome during the first two months of their residence may be gathered from the following letter written at the end of December by St. John to Dalgairns, who had just received priest's orders at Langres:

'All the Italians we have been thrown amongst have been, I must say, most universally kind, in the college it increases rather than wears off; and the F. Rector is certainly one of the most considerate not to say kind persons I have met with. Meeting with such a man has certainly saved us both a great many trials. He is always telling Newman to have his own way more, and looking out to see what he really wishes. . . . We have picked up divers things from time to time about the rules &c. of different orders we have come across. [From] what I have heard of the Dominican ἦθος; they put me in mind of the old Anglican "High and dry's." Newman will go into them more at length. The Jesuits I never can cease to venerate, be my calling what it may; they are a wonderful body: The Passionists have a high name as a very edifying body, too strict though for poor dear old human nature. Their house is one of the best ordered monasteries in cleanliness &c. &c. in Rome: we hope to see them again to-morrow for it is the anniversary of our stay at Aston Hall. Dr. Theiner of the Oratorians we have seen and breakfasted with; most extremely kind he was, said Mass for us and gave us Communion on St. Stephen's day in St. Philip's little chapel where he had his ecstasies at Mass and where the brother used to come back after leaving him for two hours, and look thro' a grating to see if his ecstasies were over (his Sciocchezze as St. Philip used to call them himself). All remains as he left it. His confessional, bed, shoes, discipline, all there. A most interesting visit we had and we hope soon to see more of the institute and get acquainted with its working. The Redemptorists we have not seen; they have no house here, only a small church and two or three priests, but they have

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a very high character indeed as a rising order. Their great house is at Naples, and see them we certainly ought. Have we then after all got nearer our mark you will ask; what is to be our line? As yet we have not. Newman has no data yet to know whether Theology or preaching is to (be) his line: it must work out in time. Meanwhile we are getting experience and all of us are being sifted. Besides us three Penny is certainly to be with us. "De caeteris nihil constat—Spero sed timeo." You yourself when at Maryvale can undoubtedly do much. . . . What think you of coming to Rome before you return to England? If Bowles perhaps were to come with you, I really think it might be more important than returning at once to Maryvale. It may be Newman may see his way so plain that you would not be needed here, but the chances are that your being here would very much assist him. No one at a pinch could trumpet for him, and bring out his meaning and his line &c. like yourself. The Pope and all persons high in office here, speak French.[1] However I only throw this out now; it may so happen that by Easter we shall say to you :—"*you must come.*"'

An incident slight in itself, yet trying and tiresome in the gossiping atmosphere of Roman society, had happened early in December. A niece of Lady Shrewsbury died suddenly immediately after her arrival in Rome. Prince Borghese called on Newman on December 3 and begged him to preach at her funeral on the following day. The Prince hoped that he would point the moral of a sudden death. The Romans always imagined that many Protestants in Rome were deterred only by worldly motives from joining the Church. Here then was an opportunity of reminding them that if they delayed it might prove to be too late. Newman did his very best to excuse himself from a distasteful office, but in vain.

'Prince Borghese would take no refusal,' St. John writes to Dalgairns; 'in vain did Newman say it was not in his way to make appeals to the feelings &c., there was no getting off it was clear without offending the whole—Borgheses, Dorias, and perhaps Lord Shrewsbury; the Prince made such a point of it, that he went himself to the Cardinal Vicario to get permission for Newman to preach. And so preach he must, and that upon a

[1] Dalgairns spoke French like a native.

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certain subject (viz. the Protestants), and preach he did the next day. I was there and heard him. You may guess what a trial it was to him. You will have little difficulty in imagining the sermon. In many points not unlike some of his printed sermons, according to request turning the event into an argument for the necessity of conversion in every one of us. You may fancy him saying: "We all need conversion." When he had spoken in general to Catholics and all, he addressed the Protestants, commenting strongly on the usual miserable irreverence of the English in the Churches, as everybody knows the one thing which strikes people who go to any great function in Rome, prying about like brute animals into the Holiest places. He especially excepted all who had come to the funeral, saying, "Do then for God what you are willing to do for men you love. Help this poor soul by your Conversion as Catholics can by their prayers." He concluded with a beautiful panegyric on the real greatness of the Anglo-Saxon character, "it only needed to be Catholic &c." Such a sermon to you and I would be an old friend: but excepting myself I really believe it was a new idea to every soul present. As you may guess, those who did like it liked it very much —as the Princess Aldo Brandini, a half sister of Prince Borghese, who himself with others of his family could not follow the English. But the majority, including many old stageing Catholics who brought Protestant friends to hear the music, were disgusted to see their friends whipped before their faces. And still more the Protestants who heard the account from their brother Protestants (whose sole idea seems to be that Newman has called them all brutes and dogs &c. &c.) became quite rabid; and the disease, propagated at balls and parties, has spread partly amongst Protestants and partly even amongst Catholics to an amazing extent. All this would be mighty little consequence. Pretty nearly all English here come for pleasure, and do not like to be told "Rome is no place for them but the very place in the whole world where Michael and the dragon may almost be seen in battle." (Newman's words.) But Talbot has spread far and wide that the Pope told him (Talbot) that Newman had spoken too strongly to the Protestants and that he supposed he was more of a philosopher than an orator. This has given a handle which has certainly produced a bad effect amongst the English Catholics in Rome. Talbot, I should say, at first liked the sermon and wished others to like it, so it is no more than mere thoughtless

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gossip on his part; but it is a sad mistake. So much for this affair which . . . as you may suppose has at times rather tried Newman.'

For a time there seems to have been at the Vatican a touch of that neglect with which any court is apt to show its displeasure; and the Pope's wish to see Newman 'again and again' appeared to evaporate.

But other trials were in store from Newman's difficulty in obtaining the agreement of Roman theologians with certain views, expressed in his writings, which he felt to be necessary for the times.

Newman had, before leaving England, heard from many quarters of the impression made by his 'Essay on Development' on thinkers outside the Church—Protestants, as they were in those days comprehensively called. The following letter from Dr. Gillies, Vicar Apostolic and Archbishop of one of the Scotch districts, written earlier in the year, 1846, bears witness to the effect of its general argument on an Edinburgh audience:

'I received your book late on a Saturday night, and spent a portion of the night in reading it—I introduced it next day from the pulpit to a mixed congregation, and announced at the same time a short course of lectures upon it—My eighth and last lecture was given last evening, and I am most happy to tell you that from first to last, once in spite of the most stormy and trying weather, your Book has secured a very select and crowded attendance. Fully two thirds of those present were Protestants of every description, and there were at least ten men for one woman, and mostly men of education. The lectures generally occupied the best part of two hours each, when they did not considerably exceed that time; yet from first to last your arguments were listened to with the most intense interest, and I have had occasion to hear since from the best authority that very many Protestants were extremely sorry that I so much compressed the matter at the end, as already to have brought our weekly meetings to a conclusion. That a very favourable impression has been made by your essay on the minds of many Protestants I am certain.'

It is probable that the nature of Newman's first chapter in the 'Development' Essay had a large share in giving the

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thoughtful Scotchmen a new idea of the importance of the Catholic Religion and interesting them in the Essay itself. Newman's treatment of the development of a living idea in its relations to the civilisation in which it energises, infused into an old controversy the quality of philosophical imagination. Roman rigidity and the 'variations of Popery' were dealt with as opposite manifestations of the special genius of Catholicism. A deep philosophical principle was suggested as accounting for phenomena in the Catholic religion which had been so often treated with contempt.

That the philosophical law exhibited in the development of any great idea was manifest in the changes in the external presentation of the Catholic religion from the days of the Apostles to those of Gregory XVI. was Newman's constant contention. As the idea remains identical in spite of all changes in that environment which determines its actual expression, so was the Catholic religion, he argued, ever essentially the same through all the changes in its external manifestations and *status*, and in the method of the theological schools. Of the course of that religion may be said in some measure what he says of the development of a living idea itself, 'old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below, to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often.'

The assurance of Archbishop Gillies that the argument of his book had arrested the attention of the Scotch thinkers was very satisfactory and encouraging. He desired to get it authoritatively recognised as orthodox Catholic apologetic. It was all-important, then, to utilise the opportunity of his being in Rome for this purpose.

Moreover, almost at the beginning of his visit to Rome Newman turned his serious attention to the proposal that his own followers should take their place as theologians and apologists of the new age. He considered again the scheme which he and Dalgairns had discussed in England, that Maryvale should be a school of theology. And both in theology and in apologetics the principle of his Essay was in his mind all-important. The acute secularist and anti-religious movement on the Continent was being brought before his eyes. It was

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the eve of the revolution of '48, in which the anti-clerical spirit was so marked. Rome, on the other hand, stood before him as the living evidence of the continuous existence of Christianity in the Catholic Church, and of its truth. The vigorous life of Rome's old age was on Newman's principles one of the very proofs that its religion was true. Both these spectacles inspired him to complete and co-ordinate his own philosophy of the development of the Christian Church. 'The maxims and first principles of religion in a perfectly logical mind lead to Rome; their denial to religious negation'—this was his main contention from 1845 to the end of his life. One set of principles led to the development of religious truth, the other to the development of religious error. Thus the principle of development combined both the evidence for the Catholic Church and the reply to modern agnosticism.

He expressed this position later on in one of his Catholic works as follows:

'The multitude of men indeed are not consistent, logical or thorough; they obey no law in the course of their religious views; and while they cannot reason without premisses, and premisses demand first principles, and first principles must ultimately be (in one shape or another) assumptions, they do not recognise what this involves, and are set down at this or that point in the ascending or descending scale of thought, according as their knowledge of facts, prejudices, education, domestic ties, social position, and opportunities for inquiry determine; but nevertheless there is a certain ethical character, one and the same, a system of first principles, sentiments and tastes, a mode of viewing the question and of arguing, which is formally and normally, naturally and divinely, the *organum investigandi* given us for gaining religious truth, and which would lead the mind by an infallible succession from the rejection of atheism to theism, and from theism to Christianity, and from Christianity to Evangelical Religion, and from these to Catholicity.'[1]

Newman desired, if he resumed his work for theology, to draw out this argument scientifically both as a strong weapon

[1] This statement of the case was added as an appendix to the later editions of the *Grammar of Assent* in reply to a misrepresentation of Newman's argument which appeared in the London daily Press.

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in the hands of the Christian apologist and for the benefit of inquirers and sceptics. The task of teaching divinity to theological students would be exactly the opportunity he wanted to bring out clearly and persuasively his philosophy of faith and to instil it into the rising generation—a far more effective mode of influence than mere controversy, with its attendant misunderstandings. Yet for men, however acknowledged their intellectual eminence, to aspire to teach divinity when they were but recent converts, must, he felt, appear bold. In England the converts, though so well received at the colleges, were, he gradually learnt, already viewed with some suspicion by the bulk of English Catholics. On the other hand, they were absolutely trusted by one man of genius among their English co-religionists—Bishop Wiseman. And the scheme, both in itself and in its ultimate object of stemming the tide of modern infidelity, had been Wiseman's own. Moreover, Wiseman was by education and traditions a Roman. The hope arose that the views he and Newman shared might find special support in Rome; and armed with authority from the Holy See Newman might successfully accomplish what else it would be extravagant to think of attempting. The root-principles of his religious philosophy were sketched in the sermons on Faith and Reason known as the 'Oxford University Sermons,' of which he wrote that he considered it, though incomplete, the best book that he had ever written.[1] The superstructure was indicated in the 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.'

The first thing, then, was to ascertain how these works were viewed in Rome. And there was a difficulty from the start, for no theologian in the city read English with any facility. The 'Development' Essay, as the work immediately leading to his conversion, naturally came first under consideration, and Dalgairns arranged to have it translated into French. A similar proposal was made a little later as to a selection from the Sermons.

But all this while there was a country besides England itself in which English was read, America. And the practical people inhabiting that country were first introduced to the 'Essay on Development' by the Unitarians, who quoted it as evidence

[1] See p. 58.

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that the Trinitarian doctrine was not primitive, but was a development of the third century. An outcry followed—the narrow and vigorous Dr. Brownson taking the matter up in his Review; and echoes of the outcry found their way to Rome. Further, the 'Development' Essay—which, though finished when he was convinced of the truth of Catholicism, was, strictly speaking, a work of Newman's Anglican life—was not separated by the popular hubbub in Rome or in America from his other Anglican works, written in the days when Rome was hateful to him. Strong sayings were quoted from the 'Prophetical Office' as to the papacy being Antichrist and Romanism 'possessed by the devil.' Echoes reached Rome, within a fortnight of his arrival, of ignorant clamour in America of a kind which it is hopeless to deal with—in which misunderstanding acquires the heat of righteous wrath, and to listen to explanation is held to be like giving ear to the tempter. All this was the more disappointing because Newman had found immediately on his arrival that the all-important *principle* of 'Development,' the fact that it was a *vera causa*, was admitted by the Roman theologians; and he had hoped that the question of its extent as evidenced by the facts of history could be discussed calmly. The American outcry prevented for the moment any such calm discussion and seems to have scared the Romans. Controversial exigencies naturally held an important place in the city which was the centre of the government of a militant Church, and thus the report that Newman's book had given the Unitarians big and effective guns created prejudice. All this was most annoying and discouraging for Newman. He was determined not to press his view publicly without Roman support, but he at once took steps to let the Americans know that at least in principle his theory *was* accepted in Rome. A fortnight after his arrival Newman refers to the situation in a letter to Dalgairns:

'Collegio di Propaganda: November 15, 1846.

'My dear Dalgairns,—Knox writes me word that the whole American Church, all the Bishops I think, are up in arms against my book. They say it is half Catholicism half infidelity. Of course they know nothing of antiquity or of the

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state of the case; . . . but their extreme violence—for Knox calls it a storm—shows that I am quite right in writing to Knox what people think here before I now commit myself publicly to what yet I see no reason whatever to relinquish privately. All I have heard about my book here has been from two professors, one dogmatic of the Collegio Romano, (Jesuits). They evidently have been influenced by the American opposition which is known in Rome; but what they say after all is not much. They admit the *principle* of development but say I have carried it too far, judging by bits translated for them. When I asked for instances they took *the part of Bull against Petavius* and said Petavius went too far and retracted. I pressed them whether I had been too far on the subject of the Pope's supremacy, but they didn't seem to know more of the book than the above. They said that the American *Unitarians* availed themselves of my admissions. This both showed whence their objection to me came, and also explained the cause of the American irritation. The Socinians of Boston urge them with bits of my book; they are not divines enough to know whether or not they should take my theory, and therefore are simply at a disadvantage. I suspect this is the state of the case. Also I fancy the book may be too ultramontane for our American friends, and too much representing the Church as against government.

'However it is clear that (*though I don't think it will come to this*) I must not be the propounder of a new theory on so grave a subject without any encouragement to believe that I am concurring in the Roman traditions.

'But the practical point is this. You see *everything* depends on the exactness of the French translation.[1] An incautious rendering of particular phrases may ruin everything. It is plain, then, sorry as I am to give you trouble, a good deal depends on your sharpness of eye. You are the only person who can do what is required. I will say this too—I am very anxious that my Preface, containing my Retractations, should be carefully translated. You will see the reason—for what do you think Father Perrone in his new edition says of me? "Newman Romanum Pontificem vocat diabolum." By the bye it is an encouraging fact, connected with the theory of development, that the said Perrone is writing a book to show that the Immaculate Conception may be made an article of Faith. . . .

[1] This will seem to some a remarkable presage on Newman's part in respect of the singularly inaccurate translations of his writings in our own time.

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'You must not be prejudiced against the Jesuits. I say this because I think you have never come *in contact* with any. We have seen a great many, and with no persons do we get on so well. Not that I *mean* to be a Jesuit or to persuade you, but I really do think we should leave ourselves open to everything, and I wish you to be clear of prejudice. We got acquainted with a very pleasing Father (P. Jourdain), a Frenchman at Genoa, and here we like them very much. Meyrick[1] is very happy and we have seen him twice—last on Friday, St. Stanislaus's day.

'What do you think of Mr. Spencer having joined the Passionists? I am very glad for Father Dominic's sake. We went to their House here with Cardinal Acton. It is very clean and beautifully situated. We saw various remains (dress, &c.) of Venerable Paul.[2] They expect he will be canonized by the end of three years. Suppose we all become Passionists.

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. NEWMAN.'

As Newman learnt more of the state of opinion in Rome and among Catholics elsewhere, the situation became more tantalising. His Oxford University Sermons made a great and most favourable impression among the theologians in some quarters—notably in France. Then, again, the neo-scholastic philosophical revival had not yet begun, and Rosmini had been urging the need of a religious philosophy specially suited to the age. The absence then of any existing generally accepted rival system (for he learnt on all hands that there was none) seemed at first sight to give Newman the opportunity for urging his own views. Moreover, Newman found that what was taught on 'Faith and Reason' and on 'Development' by Father Perrone, the chief theological Professor in Rome, went in its general direction on lines with which he himself entirely concurred. Again, one of the most important points in Newman's own philosophy—the idea of 'wisdom' as the outcome of deep thought in the Christian Church on the whole field of knowledge under the

[1] Newman had written by mistake 'Tickell.' St. John, in correcting it to 'Meyrick,' adds: ('N. says it is all the same, all Jesuits have the same cut about them.')

[2] St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists, who was in 1846 not yet canonised.

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guidance of the Spirit of Wisdom, and as the special gift of the perfect—he found accepted in substance by a representative theologian with whom he conversed.

Yet in the end it proved that, while he understood, and claimed as in accord with his own thought, so many of the views of the ablest Roman professors, some of the most influential among them did not understand him and hesitated to accept his teaching. His terminology was different from theirs; and when thought advanced to further issues than they had already contemplated, even though the consideration of such issues was Newman's response to questions raised by the thinking world, these minds, so acute up to a certain point, appeared to him to stop short abruptly.

Moreover, what was not understood was at once wrongly characterised by its adverse critics: they gave it a label from their own stock-in-trade, and it was then declared to be untenable. His language on 'probability'—in which the essential contrast was really between demonstrative evidence and circumstantial or cumulative evidence—was interpreted as a denial, with Hermes, of the possibility of getting beyond probability and attaining to certainty on matters of religion. It availed not that Newman found precisely his own view in so approved a writer as De Lugo. De Lugo points out that while our belief in revelation, in so far as it depends on the Word of God, is most certain, nevertheless its ultimate premiss is our belief that God has in fact spoken. This is a matter of circumstantial evidence and not of demonstration. And it is less clear and cogent than our belief (for example) in the existence of India, which rests on human testimony, and is also a question of moral proof and not of demonstration.[1]

[1] Oritur autem hæc major evidentia de India, quam de rebus fidei, non quidem ex eo quod fundamenta nostræ fidei minora sint; sunt enim multo majora, cum sint veracitas et testificatio divina; sed ex eo, quod minus clare nobis proponuntur, quam fundamenta ad credendam existentiam Indiæ. Nam ad convincendum intellectum, et determinandum ad assensum non solum deservit pondus ipsius motivi, sed etiam major claritas, qua proponitur, quæ magis impedit dubium, et formidinem de objecto, quam pondus solum motivi absque ea claritate cogniti. Quare *licet auctoritas divina æque clare cognita magis determinaret ex se, et convinceret intellectum, quam motiva humana, quæ habet ad credendam Indiam: de facto tamen seclusa pia affectione, et imperio voluntatis, minus cogit, quia non æque clare, sed magis obscure apparet, quam apparerent illa alia motiva, et ideo seclusa imperio voluntatis, posset facile intellectus dissentire,*

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Newman held that his own position no more disparaged religious certainty than De Lugo's, but his terminology made his view suspect. Some of his critics, adhering to the language of the thirteenth century, with its passion for syllogism, seemed to him to be ready to lose an important truth and ignore undeniable facts rather than admit a new expression.

Newman's language about Faith was confused by others with the condemned fideism of M. Bautain. So, too, on the question of actual development of doctrine he could not get the Roman professors who criticised him to face clearly his difficulties, and his critics accused him of holding that the Church could define what was simply not in the tradition. His position was, of course, that what was implicitly present from the first, as being an 'aspect of the idea' handed down by tradition, might be at a given time denied by those who did not yet master intellectually all the implications of this tradition. And yet at the same time, while Roman divines failed to accept the view in the abstract, they were defending it in the concrete. Perrone was maintaining that the Immaculate Conception—which such representative Doctors as St. Bernard and St. Thomas had declared *not* to be in the tradition—*could* nevertheless be defined. Again, Perrone *did* admit the difference between moral and demonstrative evidence; yet many demurred to Newman's own expressions, which meant no more. And these criticisms were, he learnt, based on scraps of his writings, which were not understood in their context. All this tried and perplexed him. The customary exposition on these questions was that left as a legacy by acute minds; but it stopped short here and there, he thought, of issues which had since become pressing. On difficulties long familiar the current text-books had the accepted answer, often expressed extremely well. A new point of view, however, those divines who criticised him seemed not to realise. To acquiesce in this state of things was, he said, to abandon the dream of an apologetic adequate to meet the growing infidelity of the age.

prout de facto dissentiunt hæretici, quibus proposita sufficienter sunt motiva credibilitatis nostræ fidei: cum eadem experientia ostendat neminem negare Indiam humana solum auctoritate probatam.—De Virtute Fidei divinæ, Disp. II. Sect. 42. Cf. Newman's letter to Mr. Capes at p. 247.

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Yet, on the other hand, Newman, whose great desire was to work under authority, could not undertake a campaign against a phase of theological thought which tried him. He did indeed urge privately that the philosophy he advocated, based as it was on generalisations from the history of thought within the Church herself, though unfamiliar to Catholics in its form, was in substance unquestionably in harmony with Catholic traditions. He urged that it ought to be given time to develop and explain itself. Whereas it was instead hastily judged by a customary mode of speaking which did not allow for it, and by an interpretation of its phraseology which was alien to its true nature. That authority should condemn or check what he believed to be essential for the defence of Christian faith in new circumstances, before it had been given time to make itself understood, would be in his eyes a misfortune. Yet he feared that this might occur if he pressed his points too insistently. Moreover, he thought he saw signs that the views of Roman divines were in a state of transition. He found, to his surprise, that both St. Thomas and Aristotle were now out of favour in Rome. Philosophising in general was suspect. It was clear that such views were not likely to be permanent. A little patience was needed. When, therefore, it became finally evident to him that he could not, for the time at least, win general and hearty support among the Roman theologians for his writings on these subjects, he determined to abandon the scheme of founding a theological college as at least premature, and simply to leave his books to make their own way gradually.

At first he thought of laying his own view of the situation before the Pope himself. But this idea he soon abandoned. Some years would have to be allowed for what he had already written to be weighed and understood. It must then come to be generally realised that what Rome already admitted as to Development in such cases as the prerogatives of the Papacy and the Immaculate Conception, really conceded principles for which Newman was contending, and which the theologians who opposed him hesitated explicitly to grant. Moreover, on Faith and Reason his terminology was the real *gravamen*. His own analysis was not opposed in essence to that of the schools, but rather was engineered by a different

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line of approach—starting from the psychological side where the heirs to scholasticism started from the logical side. Certain principles familiar to Oxford were, he said, new to Rome. They must be understood before his works could be themselves accurately taken in. Without such preparation, his drift being misconceived, he might even be censured—a painful commencement of his Catholic life.

He had written definitely to Wiseman within a few weeks of his arrival, proposing to found a theological seminary at Maryvale: and Wiseman accepted the suggestion. But after it had been made, further interviews with Roman theologians raised serious doubts. In his letters at this time we see his changing impressions as to what was thought in Rome of his last book, and what hope there might be of his teaching in England under the direct authority of Propaganda. In the end the theological scheme was abandoned and the Oratorian plan was revived, to its exclusion.

J. H. NEWMAN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

'Rome. Collegio di Propaganda In Fest. St. Caecil. Nov. 22.

'My dear Dalgairns,—I sent you a letter from this place so recently, that probably I shall not dispatch this at once, but I write while things are fresh in my mind and as they occur.

'We heard in Milan that Rosmini's one *idea* was to make a positive substantive philosophy instead of answering objections in a petty way and being no more than negative. He seemed to think that the age required a philosophy, for at present there was none. Several things of the same kind which he said struck me as good. What we hear here, though we have but just begun to hear, confirms this. Hope told me we should find very little theology here, and a talk we had yesterday with one of the Jesuit fathers here shows we shall find little philosophy. It arose from our talking of the Greek studies of the Propaganda, and asking whether the youths learned Aristotle. "Oh no," he said, "Aristotle is in no favour here—no, not in Rome—nor St. Thomas. I have read Aristotle and St. Thomas and owe a great deal to them, but they are out of favour here and throughout Italy. St. Thomas is a great saint—people don't care to speak against him; they profess to reverence him, but put him aside." I asked what philosophy they did adopt. He said

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none. "Odds and ends—whatever seems to them best—like St. Clement's Stromata. They have no philosophy. *Facts* are the great things, and nothing else. Exegesis, but not doctrine." He went on to say that many privately were sorry for this, many Jesuits, he said; but no one dared oppose the fashion. When I said I thought there was a latent power in Rome which would stop the evil, and that the Pope had introduced Aristotle and St. Thomas into the Church, and the Pope was bound to maintain them, he shrugged his shoulders and said that the Pope could do nothing if people would not obey him, and that the Romans were a giddy people not like the English. He did not like to talk more, but said, if we came to his rooms some day, he would have a talk with us. I am glad to say that he and another father spoke highly of the Dominicans, and he on this occasion said that St. Thomas was honoured among them (!) as Ghianda had told us was the case at Florence. He spoke slightingly of Perrone—but seemed to think he was useful for the moment.—Here's a look out. . . .

'This notion has come into my head,—if it seems possible a little while hence, I shall write to Dr. Wiseman—till then you are the only person I tell it to—but it may vanish in smoke. Might not Propaganda like to have a dependency of its own in England? All England is now under the Propaganda, but for that very reason it has almost no part of England. Again they talk of a hierarchy, and *then no* part of England would be under Propaganda—and they might like to keep a hold over it. Now, might not we become such an offshoot of Propaganda under strict rules? . . .

'*Nov. 23rd.* Yesterday after writing the above, we were suddenly summoned to the Pope; but I shall leave St. John to give you an account. From what I hear to-day, I fear theology, as such, must for a time be laid on the shelf at Maryvale, and we must take to preaching practical sermons. The theologians of the Roman Church who are said to sway the theology of Rome are introducing *bits* (without having seen the whole book) *bits* of my Essay into their lecture to dissent from. This seems very absurd. I will not raise controversy in the Church, and it would ill become a new Catholic to be introducing views—and again, really all my books hitherto have been written from hand to mouth—and though it will not only be a triumph to such as Palmer but I fear throw back such as Hope, I think I shall be content to let the matter rest for years before I write again. The

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worst is that I am cut off from controversy against infidels altogether.

'*Nov. 26th.* I have complained to Father Mazio of the Collegio Romano, who assures me the Professors have not been speaking against my book; yet there must have been some foundation for the report. I told them how it would be taken up in England, and did all I could to frighten him —for if the Yankees make a clatter about concessions to the Unitarians on the one hand, it is right to inflict upon the Romans the fear of the English being thrown back on the other. I think I shall get no opinion whatever one way or other on my main point. If I were to write a sort of memorial or case to the Pope himself and ask his advice, you would tell me it is worth nothing, as you did at Langres. I cannot think this—all Saints have had recourse to the Pope for advice and direction—yet they did not expect him to speak "ex cathedra."'

TO THE SAME.

'Collegio di Propaganda In Fest. Concept. Immac. B. M. V. 1846.

'I fear you will call me a fidget since I have written to you so lately—but I think I might put a few lines of Preface to my third (French) Edition of the Essay, if you did not think that by saying something I should be committing myself to what I did *not* happen to deny. Since I wrote I find the Essay is accused of denying moral certainty and holding *with Hermes* we cannot get beyond probability in religious questions. This is far from my meaning. I use "probable" in opposition to "demonstrative" and moral certainty is a *state of mind*. . . . I suspect they are somewhat afraid of the *book* in prospect, here; yet they grant the principle [of development]. Perrone has written a Treatise on the connection of Reason and Faith which I like very much. I am glad to see I have no view counter to it—but there is the subtle question "whether a person need be conscious of his own certainty (faith)" &c., which I cannot find he answers, and I have asked him about it. . . .

'There is no doubt the Jesuits are *the* only persons here. They say, however, that the Dominicans are rising in Italy. You shall come and judge for yourself. You have plenty of cash.

'I have just discovered that at p. 9 of my book I quote from my Prophetical Office a passage where I say that there is but probability for the existence of God. This would scandalize the Romans sadly. I might leave it out

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did it not seem to throw light upon other passages. What I *meant* was that the moral certainty which belief *implied* arose from probable not demonstrative arguments.[1] Would a Preface of a few lines confined to the subject of probability be the best remedy?'

Even apart from the reasons which finally decided Newman in his choice for the future, his letters show that the Oratorian plan was growing on him. Possibly the daily intercourse with Ambrose St. John, whose tastes were not intellectual, told in the Oratorian direction and against Dalgairns' idea of joining the Dominicans. Newman did not sympathise with the exclusive Thomism in theology and the French rigorism with which the Dominicans were associated. In one letter he avows that he could not join an order with a 'dominant imperious theology.' On the other hand, the Oratorians, essentially Italian, fell in with the gentler moral theology of St. Alfonso. 'You and St. John,' he writes to Dalgairns, 'must of course have a real influence on my decision.'

'We have seen the Chiesa Nuova,' he writes to Dalgairns on December 31, 'and the Casa adjoining, with Theiner—who said Mass with and for us and communicated us in the small room where St. Philip had his ecstasies. The "casa" is the most beautiful thing of the kind we have seen in Rome—rather too comfortable, i.e. fine galleries for walking in summer, splendid orange trees &c. &c. If I wished to follow my bent, I should join them (the Oratorians) if I joined any. They have a good library, and handsome sets of rooms apparently. It is like a College with hardly any rule. They keep their own property, and furnish their own rooms.

[1] W. G. Ward often pointed out that the language of modern Roman theologians on this subject was quite unlike that of the greatest scholastics, who fully recognised the difficulties attaching to the proof of Theism. In a letter to J. S. Mill, dated November 1848, he quotes the words of De Lugo, 'existentiam Dei vix potest eximius philosophus evidenter demonstrare,' and of Suarez, 'Constat ex dictis magna consideratione et speculatione opus esse ad veritatem hanc efficaciter persuadendum . . . Multi gentiles de hac re dubitarant . . . et nonnulli etiam fideles et docti negant eam veritatem esse evidentem.'—*W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 27. The words of St. Thomas Aquinas are well known, 'If the way of reason were the only road open to the knowledge of God, the human race would remain in the greatest darkness of ignorance, since the true knowledge of God, the best means of making men perfect and good, would accrue only to a few after a long time.'—*Contra Gentiles*, i.

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It is what Dr. Wiseman actually wishes, and really I should not wonder, if at last I felt strongly inclined to it, for I must own I feel the notion of giving up property try my faith very much. . . .

'I have the greatest fear I am bamboozling myself when I talk of an order; and that, just as Anglicans talk of being Catholics but draw back when it comes to the point, so I, at my time of life, shall never feel able to give up property and take to new habits. Not that I should not do it, had I a *clear* call—but it is so difficult to know what a clear call is. I do not know enough of the rule of the different congregations to have any opinion yet—and again I do not think I could, religiously, do anything that Dr. Wiseman disapproved. . . . But as much as this I think I do see—that I shall not be a Dominican. I shall be of a (so-called) lax school. Another great difficulty I have in thinking of a regular life, is my own previous history. When it comes upon me how late I am trying to serve the Church, the obvious answer is, Even saints, such as St. Augustine, St. Ignatius, did not begin in earnest till a late age. "Yes, but I am much older than they." So then I go on to think and to trust that my past life may form a sort of *ἀφορμή* and a ground of future usefulness. Having lived so long in Oxford, my name and person are known to a very great many people I do not know—so are my books—and I may have begun a work which I am now to finish. Now the question is whether as a regular I do not at once cut off all this, as becoming a sort of instrument of others, and so clean beginning life again. As a Jesuit e.g. no one would know that I was speaking my own words: or was a *continuation*, as it were, of my former self. On the other hand this matter of the Sermon and the Pope, of which St. John will tell you, seems to throw me *off* any direct assistance from the Pope and *on* to an order or congregation, if I am to be useful. Don't suppose I lay more stress on it than this, viz. that he may think me a person of little judgment, who has lived in a College all his days, and is not likely to do much *directly* for the conversion of the English. Had I time, I would tell you a notion, which I have thought it worth while to mention to Dr. Wiseman of our being a college in England dependent on Propaganda here, and as it were their servants. This would not be inconsistent with being Oratorians.'

Ten days later he returns to the anxious question of the French translation of his Sermons and Essay.

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'I am both surprised and pleased,' he writes to Dalgairns, 'to hear what you say about my University Sermons—for though I feel confident they are in the main Catholic, yet I doubted whether they did not require considerable alteration in the phraseology, as indeed I have hinted in the Preface. I still think they require explanation. . . . The truth is, I think people want *preparing* for the Essay by laying down principles which have long been familiar to *our* minds. . . .

'*Jan.* 11.—We have been hearing mass this morning in the very room of St. Francis (Assisi) in the Trastevere. The Superior is a learned man, one of the Congregation of the Index, and we had some interesting talk with him. He seemed to take it for granted we were to be *writers*, and spoke most handsomely (on the information of a friend) of the "Lives of the Saints." He wished theology written as a *whole* and "con gusto," not drily and by bits—recommended St. Thomas, and *no* commentator (not Cajetan even, whom the Jesuits so recommended, as being dry) or if one, Billuart, whom Father Dominic recommended. St. Alfonso had no view—collated opinions, put them down, gave his own, and that was all. Rosmini was an able, holy man—a great friend of his own, but had made theology *somewhat* too philosophical, i.e. wished to prove everything. . . . He spoke of "the theologian" very much as I have spoken of "wisdom" or philosophy in my last Sermon but one. We hope to see him again. He is a great friend of Theiner's and has translated one of his works. By the bye, we went to the Oratory last night, and were very much disappointed to find it a *simple concert*, with hardly anything religious about it—a short sermon—a few prayers, people sitting the while. (7 P.M.) We were this evening at St. Ardoca, the Theatine Church, to hear Father Ventura. The whole was just what we had hoped the Oratory would be; the Rosary, a clear, plain, dogmatic, powerful sermon—and benediction;—a large Church crowded. . . .

'*Jan.* 12.—It strikes me there may be a difficulty of getting the book published in Rome—first it goes through three censors, which will cause delay—next one is a Dominican "ex officio," as you know, and may be severe with it. It must be published by you in France. Again, which I am told here is very important for the Essay, you must find for the Sermons some *authorities* to put in notes "ad calcem." You once showed me e.g. a passage of St. Bernard—you may have some from St. Thomas—and Nicolai's "summa" may give some from the Fathers, e.g.

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Tertullian says that the heathen called faith a "presumptio" —perhaps, however, not in my sense of the word. And there is a passage about faith in Origen Contra Celsum 1, 8 or 9. If, however you will send me references, I will send you back the *passages* from hence. They should be short and critically apposite. I *have* some at Maryvale. You must not think Father Passaglia at the Collegio Romano not a philosophical divine. I think he most probably is—he has the appearance of it. They *quite* recognise here the distinction between moral and demonstrative proof, but are jealous. I really do think I should, and do, agree with them fully. I discard Hermesianism &c., &c., as much as they. I may have used unguarded expressions, or been now and then extreme, but I think they (i.e. the Church, viewing it humanly) take a broad *sensible* shrewd view of reason and faith—and I have ever wished to do the same and think I have so done. I will sketch a preface and send to you directly my volume comes to me from England. A great deal depends on a clear explanation *what I mean by* reason and by faith—and the *drift* of the whole. The first sermon (on the Epiphany) is the most delicate. I should not wonder if I had to alter some bits.'

It was perhaps Newman's keen sensitiveness to his surroundings, and his instinctive craving to persuade and desire to be understood, which made him write at this time his Latin treatises on St. Athanasius, as he found his English writings so imperfectly comprehended. They included a dry historical exhibition of the variations in the use of the terms finally employed in the definitions which fixed the doctrines of the Incarnation and Trinity—a point of great importance to some of his arguments in the 'Development' Essay.

In the letter to Dalgairns in which he announces the preparation of these treatises occurs one of those rare passages in which he betrays a keen consciousness of his own intellectual power. Evidently the work of revising the University Sermons had made him grasp their outcome with new vividness and realise their power as a whole:

J. H. NEWMAN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

'I am terribly frightened lest the book [the French version of the University Sermons], like Rosmini's and others, should be brought before the Index. Do they do

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so to *Protestant* books? no, therefore *best keep* all those allusions which show it was preached in Oxford. It seems hard, since nations now converse by printing, not in the schools, that an English Catholic cannot investigate truth with one of France or Rome without having the Inquisition upon him. What I say is, "I am not maintaining what I say is all true, but I wish to *assist in investigating* and bringing to light *great* principles necessary for the day—and the only way to bring these out is *freely* to investigate, with the inward habitual intention (which I trust I have) always to be submitting what I say to the judgment of the Church. *Could not this feeling be expressed in the Preface?*

'I will put down here, as I read thro' the Sermons, any thoughts which strike me, *which will make the Preface.* I quote from the *Second* Edition, but I believe there is not above a page difference between them. I may also include some independent thoughts for the Preface.

. . . . . .

'And now after reading these Sermons I must say I think they are, as a whole, the best things I have written, and I cannot believe that they are not Catholic, and will not be useful. Indeed these are the times (I mean after reading them and the like) that feelings come upon me, which do not often else, but then vividly—I mean the feeling that I have not yet been done justice to—but I must leave all this to Him who knows what to do with me. People do not know me—and sometimes they half pass me by. It has been the portion of Saints, even; and well may be my portion. He who gives gifts, is the best judge how to use His own. He has the sole right to do as He will, and He knows what He is doing. Yet sometimes it is marvellous to me how my life is going, and I have never been brought out prominently—and now I am likely less than ever—for there seems something of an iron form here, tho' I may be wrong; but I mean, people are at no trouble to deepen their views. It is natural.

'What do you think of my being engaged in translating into Latin and publishing here 4 disputations from my Athanasius? 1. On the 4th oration. 2. On the creed of Antioch. 3. On the *ὑπόστασις* &c. So it is—you see I am *determined* to make a noise, if I can. It shan't be my fault if people think small-beer of me. Is not this ambitious?' . . .

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On February 14 Newman writes hesitating even as to the publication of the Sermons without a strong theological approval. He absolutely denies the coincidence of his theory with the *fideism* of Bautain; yet, as even Dalgairns thought that the two views were coincident, how could he hope to avoid suspicion? Again, Dr. Grant and Father Passaglia were reported to have been speaking against the 'Essay on Development.' He does not want a second 'row.' The trouble over the St. Isidore sermon had already tried him. 'I don't like,' he writes, 'to begin my Catholic career with a condemnation and retractation.' The more peaceful prospect of practical work as an Oratorian definitely wins the day. He begins making suggestions for the *personnel* of the Oratory. He wants a 'good musician,' a 'good lay-brother,' a 'good cook.'

St. John in an accompanying letter speaks of the Oratorian plan as practically decided and the idea of a theological college abandoned. The French translation of the Sermons, however, was ultimately published. St. John's words explain the situation clearly:

'As to any other plan—as of a Theological school—there is no doubt it is too much for us poor converts at present. Even those who are most favourable to us I think feel it is—and there is a party who would be up in arms at the idea. These people have tried Newman a great deal lately. Nothing is so harassing as to hear suspicions, and not to be able to get anything definite to act upon. And as far as I see Newman's game is to wait and let his book fight its own way. Come what will, it will never be pooh-poohed. Again it harasses him much to be lugged head and shoulders into controversy again. The truth is to be brief we want the Church to back us in England against prejudices. In all practical work we shall be backed most heartily—and as to Dr. Griffiths or the old Catholics they are not, between ourselves, in good odour here at all. The Pope, Cardinal Fransoni, Mgr. Brunelli—one and all complain of the state of London &c. Here then we are sure of support; but in theology all as yet is quite uncertain.'

Such difficulties were perhaps inevitable considering the extreme slowness of Rome to admit even novelty of expression in theology. Moreover, Newman thought that

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the history of Lamennais, who after being honoured by Leo XII. had ultimately left the Catholic Church, had increased the traditionary fear of originality. 'They can't forget that they burnt their fingers over Lamennais,' he said. However, as we shall see, Newman arrived later on at a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with Father Perrone. But the unanimous and cordial Roman support for his views which he regarded as a *sine qua non* to undertaking the teaching of theology was clearly, as has been already intimated, not at the time forthcoming.

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CHAPTER VI

THE ORATORIAN NOVICIATE (1847)

THOUGH the plan of being secular priests and Oratorians rather than Jesuits or Friars was not formally determined on until the middle of February, it was clearly outlined a month earlier in the correspondence of Newman and St. John with Dalgairns.

J. H. NEWMAN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

'Collegio di Propaganda: January 15, 1847.

'. . . How would it *suit* us to be Oratorians? First, we must give up our Dominican notion of *teachers of divinity in schools* or of *classics* or *philosophy*. The Oratorian rule does not admit of it. . . . Secondly we *must* be *located* in a *town*. These are two conditions which seem to me plainly unavoidable, if we are to be Oratorians at all. And now to see how we can adjust ourselves to them.

'First, the Oratorian duties take up only a portion of the time of the members—and having much time to themselves they can be learned men, as in the case of Baronius &c. &c. And Baronius it seems connected his learned pursuits with serving the Hospitals. . . . I confess that, as far as I am concerned, *I* should prefer much a season given to active duties before returning to my books. Next I conceive that the plan of the Oratory needs altering, in order to adapt it to the state of England, and this alteration would be in favour of study. St. Philip met with his brethren three hours a day, and all comers were admitted. A spiritual book gave rise first to some remark, then to a dialogue—then to a sermon. Now I should prefer meeting in this way only on Sundays and other festivals, and giving the discussion somewhat more of an intellectual character. On festivals it might also be, or at least embrace, the discussion which would be found in a mechanics' institute, indeed I should wish at any rate the Oratorio to include the functions of a Mechanics' Institute among its duties. On Sundays,

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when English habit would not bear mere science or literature, the matter, which was the *ἀφορμή* of the discussion, might be Butler's Lives, Ecclesiastical History, a spiritual book &c. &c. First then would come music, then the reading, then *an objection* upon it; e.g. "*This* saint gave up his property—I don't see the good of this"; or "I can't make out that there was time enough between the deluge and Exodus for *this* formation of language"; or "These Mahometans seem as good people as Catholics"; or "*These* discoveries in the stars seem to shake one's faith in the special connection of the human race with the Creator," &c. &c. Then would follow a debate, ending perhaps in a sermon, if there was not too much of it. The whole should end either with the Rosary, or Litany, and with music too in some way or other. Out of the persons who came a confraternity should gradually be formed, chiefly of course of young persons, and confession and directions would come in. Now pause a while. First it is plain that such a work would come easy to ten or twelve persons—and there would be much time over for reading &c. e.g. for Penny. It would be work in the *way* of reading. It would afford room for lecturing and disputation which may be my line; for preaching, which is (one of) *yours*; for taking care of young people, which is St. John's; for science which may be Christie's, for music which is Formby's and Walker's. Though it does not embrace schools for higher lore or theology as such, it comes as near both as is possible without actually being either. To proceed:—St. John and I feel London has particular claims on us; how is this reconcilable with our position at Maryvale? thus: I would begin in Birmingham, but only by opening such a mere oratorio as I have described. You will observe I have said nothing about a Church. The circumstances of Birmingham make a Church undesirable. We might there be a mere appendage to the Cathedral and might make our experiment near home on this small scale. If it succeeded, or if from local circumstances it did not, we might propagate ourselves or migrate to London (keeping of course Maryvale) and there attempt to get both Church and Oratorio. Meanwhile,, while we were at Birmingham, the Oratorio might be open from October to June—and during the summer months the Confraternity might march out on holydays to Maryvale, and we might have the stations in the garden. . . .

'St. John will transcribe the greater part of this for Dr. Wiseman, and will ask him to show it to Penny.'

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St. John adds a postscript:

'Newman has never told you that it is part of the Oratory rule to flog, I think in public but in the dark during Lent for edification. If this rule is essential and cannot be abolished, he says he will put you and our Irish John in front as the best floggers whilst he and Walker retire to the rear and lay on gently behind a screen. Our John by the bye is a regular good fellow, quite a prop in Maryvale at present.'

J. H. NEWMAN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

'Collegio di Propaganda: Jan. 22, 1847.

'I am diligently analysing St. Philip's rule—and in the course of doing so yesterday and this morning this fact broke upon me—that the rule, though embodying the one idea we are contemplating, viz. a body of priests labouring in the conversion of great towns, (yet with time for literary works), the rule, I say, was in almost all its parts perfectly unsuited to a country of heretics and Saxons. E.g. four sermons running every day, disciplining before or with a congregation, going in a troop from Church to Church, sitting down on grass and singing, getting by heart a finished composition &c. &c. Then again I found that the Pope had forbidden all alterations of St. Philip's rule, and the appropriation of the name of St. Philip by bodies making such alterations. This posed me—and I thought no time was to be lost in ascertaining how the truth lay. St. John then was bold and good enough to go to Theiner (I suppose you know his name, the continuator of Baronius, an Oratorian) with the purpose of stating generally that he had friends in England who contemplated the erection of an Oratory in one of our large towns, but that the above seemed a difficulty in their way. He has just returned, and will give you himself an account of his mission which has been most satisfactory. He says Theiner has been most excessively kind, but is rather an unmethodical talker, does not listen or enter into one's meaning, and seems to have little tact. This by the way. But now, enter St. John, solus. (Applause.)

'Yes,' writes St. John on the same sheet of paper, 'Theiner is most kind upon all occasions, *but he is not a Jesuit*, and this quite accounts for all want of tact &c.: so I cannot be a Jesuit. Mind you I mean to make this proviso upon all occasions, you are never henceforward in my presence to express unqualified approbation of anything that is not of or

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belonging to the Society. On this condition, *perhaps*, I may consent to live in the same house with you. And now for my mission.

'Theiner began by asking about Newman &c.—upon which I took occasion to say that he had been very much interested in reading the Annals of the Congregation which he had lent us; one thing had occurred to us, it appeared there had been at one time a house of Oratorians in Germany, and we wished to know whether that had been obliged to adopt any modification in a country which was so unlike Italy. He did not know anything about the order in Germany, but modifications of the rule had continually been made. St. Philip had governed his congregation without any rule intentionally, because as he (St. Philip) said, rules were means to a religious life but did not constitute it, he seems to have been afraid of his children becoming formal: still as this could not go on during his life he directed Baronius to write a rule. Still, notwithstanding this, I understood him to say that the spirit of St. Philip had been preserved rather by tradition than by letter. . . . Study is quite one of its objects, e.g. Baronius and now Theiner himself: tho' they never have made much of their learned men. When Baronius brought his first volume to St. Philip very handsomely bound as a sort of tribute to him as Superior, St. Philip took it up, and whist!—away it went to the other end of the room on the floor and the only praise he got was:—"now go down into the Church and hear three masses." So at present they say of Theiner himself:—"Father Theiner is very much talked of out of doors for his learning, but he is no such great shakes after all"; and he has to go down from his studies and teach little children at times. All this I heard from Theiner himself. If ever there was a Saint who set his face against humbug it was St. Philip. Fancy his sending a smart spruce noble youth to a public house with a most enormously large bottle and a piece of gold to buy a pen'orth of wine!

'*Feb. 2nd.* You see I have waited a long time for a letter from you, but none comes and I shall go on. A great deal has occurred this last week. I hope we shall not take away your breath. 1. I have been dining with the Oratorians, and can answer for their observance of their rule in the Refectory. . . . They gave me the idea of simple amiable men whose life had been passed in the house and the Confessional. This corresponds with what we hear of them as good Con-

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fessors and nothing more. Not great preachers, not learned, with the exception of Theiner. This at present is all the information I have gained personally. *Now open your ears.* Newman has been turning the thing over and over in his mind, and at last wrote down in a Latin letter to the Cardinal his whole view as he drew it but roughly for you; explaining by the bye the state of our large towns, the position of our house with regard to Birmingham, our feelings about London itself &c. &c. and concluding with an appeal "successori Piscatoris et discipulo Crucis" against the jealous inertia of certain old Catholics in England. I assure you *he* came out in that letter. Well Newman took it to Mgr. Brunelli, Secretary of Propaganda, who after two days' consideration began to us: "Mi piace immensamente"; it is "ben ideata," and this he repeated three or four times. Then he went thro' the several parts of it approving as he went on, and admitting that the application of the Oratory in England would require certain alterations so as to make it take with a sharp manufacturing population. He told us we must at once take it to the Cardinal (which we have since done) and after they had prosed together about it, and it had become matured, he would take it to the Pope, who doubtless would give us a Brief for the establishment of a House in Birmingham observing St. Philip's rule with such external alterations as would be required. He said also "you will require means to carry this out."'

A glow of excitement appears in Newman's and St. John's letters towards the end of February. It appeared that the Holy Father was delighted with the Oratorian plan. The coldness at the Vatican—real or imagined—which had followed the sermon at St. Isidore's, had evidently passed away. Pius IX. was not contented with approving—he made his own suggestion. Let the English, he proposed, have a noviciate in Rome. He named a friend of his own as a likely person to act as their Superior.

The proposal gave general pleasure. Among those specially interested was a remarkable man with whom in later life Newman was destined to be closely connected—Dr. Ullathorne, afterwards Bishop of Birmingham, and at that time Vicar Apostolic, who was in Rome negotiating the establishment of the future English hierarchy.

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St. John and Newman both write the news to Dalgairns. Newman sets his imagination at work. The social element is needed at the Oratory. So he tries to think of recruits who are something more than devout priests.

Their letters are on the same sheet—Ambrose St. John's coming first:

AMBROSE ST. JOHN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

'Propaganda. Rome: St. Matthias.

'The Pope has taken us up most warmly, not merely approving, but advising and assisting. When Mgr. Brunelli took him Newman's paper last Sunday evening, he said the project seemed to him not only good in itself, but *adapted to ourselves*; what he actually knows of us I cannot say, perhaps more than I think. Next, he saw there would be a difficulty in taking an Oratorian with us to England, yet withal the necessity of having the traditions orally and practically. So he threw out a suggestion of his own, not however wishing it to be more than a suggestion; "why" he said, "should they not all, as many as can, come to Rome, we would find them a house, and after going through the Exercises together, and passing a sort of Noviciate under an Oratorian Father who would 'pro tempore' be their Superior, all go back together?" He then mentioned Father Caradori of Ricanati with whom he is personally acquainted and who he said would be just the person to superintend us if he could come; if not he directed Mgr. Brunelli to write to the Bishops of Ricanati and Fermo to enquire if out of the houses in their dioceses they could send such a Superior as we should require. The time Mgr. mentioned to me was a few months, though of course when the Pope acts, we must not bargain. On the whole the advantages are so obvious if we follow the Holy Father's advice, and it will be such a settler to all future opposition here or at home, that Newman is at once determined to act upon it. He has written to Dr. Wiseman, to whom the Pope wished we should refer. . . . Those whom we have spoken to express such interest in the plan, particularly Dr. Ullathorne, who by the bye has a great deal in him, and will be a very useful ally: he takes to Newman much, and has been recommending his sermons. . . . Newman has been slaving like a horse and in the midst of his thoughts about the Oratory has translated into Latin his four long notes to St. Athanasius. They will make some 70 or 80 pages. I hope and trust it will teach people a thing or two.'

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Newman's letter follows:

'Feb. 24.

'Here I have nothing to say and the paper not full. Please bring from France some little *sixpenny* keepsakes for me to give away to the youths here—e.g. beads, little crucifixes &c. &c. They will be valued more as coming from a distance. We are now musing over our need of companions who have a good deal of fun in them—for that will especially be wanted in an Oratory. Fat Marshall, I don't think you saw him, is the kind of man—to please boys and young men, and keep them together. Learning and power of preaching will not be enough for us. St. John suggests Irishmen—they have wit and fun. . . . I should like a regular good mimic, who (if we dare suffer it) would take off the great Exeter Hall guns. What stuff I am writing. If we have not spirit, it will be like bottled beer with the cork out.'

The latest news is added by St. John on March 2:

'I have just come from Mgr.'s who had mentioned to the Pope Newman's accordance with his wish to bring more of our party here. The Pope was much pleased and immediately counted us all his own property. "Let them write to their friends at once, to come as soon as they can after Easter." Newman thinks you had better set off not later than the end of Easter week. As to the house the Pope has one in his eye, "bellissimo sito" Mgr. says, whether in Rome or not I know not. The Oratorian Father they will look out for themselves. So, literally, nothing remains except to collect all together as fast as we can. What will be done about our Ordination we do not as yet know.'

Dalgairns, Bowles, Stanton, Coffin, and Penny soon joined their friends in Rome with a view to a quasi-noviciate before returning to England.

For a time the Holy Father talked of ultimately giving the Englishmen the great Oratorian House at Malta. For the present they were assigned rooms in Santa Croce, which they furnished themselves, leading there a far freer life than they had led at Propaganda.

'Pius IX. chose Santa Croce as the place where we should all go,' writes Mr. Bowles in a letter to a friend, 'the Pope himself calling it *un bel sito*—a beautiful situation, which it certainly was—We were then Newman, St. John, Penny, Dalgairns, Coffin, Stanton, and myself. We had a whole

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wing of the monastery on the upper floor to ourselves with a kitchen and man cook, an Italian named Michele, as servant, and a dining room to ourselves on the ground floor. Father Rossi was appointed, by the Pope, from the Oratory in Rome, to be our Novice Master. He also had his room on the same floor, and there was a recreation room also, which was also the Chapel, with an Altar in it.'

It was understood that the Englishmen were to visit the Oratory at Naples and elsewhere, to learn the working and spirit of the congregation, before their formal beginning in England. A special intimacy grew up between Monsignor Palma and Newman and St. John: Pius IX., even amid the distractions of that turbulent and anxious time, was all kindness and thoughtfulness.

A letter from Newman to Mr. David Lewis gives Newman's feelings as to the immediate prospect and shows him wistfully mindful of old friends at home:

'Collegio Propaganda: Ascension Day, 1847.

'In ½ an hour I and St. John are going in for our examination —in a few days we expect to be Ordained Sub-Deacons, and by the end of a month we are to be Priests, and perhaps placed altogether in our new abode—which is at the Bernadine Convent at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. This Basilica is so called, because St. Helena, not only brought the True Cross there, but earth from Mount Calvary on which the Chapel or the Altar there is built—thus if there be a centre of the Church, we shall be there, when we are on earth from Jerusalem in the midst of Rome. The Pope is constant in his thought of us, and when we ask anything says, "Siano tranquilli—I will do all." . . . I don't know at all what the papers say, as I see none but the *Tablet*—which is generally too full of Irish news to give the English gossip. Then as to [Arthur] Stanley, I did not know he had been preaching Sermons — are they bumptious? Are they printed? are they against the book of Daniel? or do they prove Moses to be a Turk? or Abraham to be a Myth? Something strong it must be which has touched the sensibility of the Heads—and which Heads? Has old Fawcett roared, or old Golius been whispering? or has he come across the new professor of Exegetics?—All these are questions quite beyond me. As to Sibthorp, I see the *Tablet* announces his return to the Church absolutely. Perhaps you have heard

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that Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Grant are on their road, being it is said, on important matters, as a deputation from the Bishops.'

On May 22 St. John and Newman underwent their examination for orders; on the 26th they were ordained sub-deacons by Cardinal Fransoni in his private chapel, in the presence of their companions; the diaconate and priesthood following on the 29th and 30th. The Malta scheme was abandoned owing to the objection of the local Bishop. The diary records this month visits to Perrone, to the Passionists, to the General of the Jesuits, to the Archbishop of Besançon, who was in Rome, and to Monsignor Palma, who had succeeded Monsignor Brunelli as secretary to Propaganda. Newman says Mass one day in June (the 8th) in St. Ignatius' room at the Gesu, another (the 13th) in St. Philip's room at the Chiesa Nuova. The intimacy with both Perrone and Theiner grew; and St. John reports that 'Newman and Perrone have struck up a great friendship—they embrace each other.'

In point of fact, Newman, although he had abandoned the idea of teaching theology and further pressing the arguments in his work on Development, was still extremely anxious to secure the *imprimatur* of Perrone for his theory. And this important matter of technical theology divided his attention with the plans for a future Oratory in England. They had much discussion together, and Newman wrote a summary of his argument in Latin and sent it to Perrone.[1]

The result was satisfactory, for Perrone's main objection was confined to Newman's expression 'new dogmas' in place of 'new definitions.' Newman was using the phrase 'dogma' to denote the explicit intellectual concept expressed in a new definition. Perrone seems to have taken it as tantamount to

[1] With the MS. he sent the following letter: 'Ad Reverendum Patrem Perrone, S.J.,—Ecce ad te mitto, vir spectatissime, illa, quae à me pro tuâ solitâ benevolentiâ petiisti; longiora tamen, credo, quam pro tuâ maximâ patientiâ sperasti. Sed difficile est etiam prolixâ tractatione simplicem rem aliquam, obscuram certe aut novam, expedire. Si notulis hic et illic in margine positis, horâ quâdam vacuâ, si vacuam habes, iudicium de hisce meis tuleris, lucro à me erit apponendum. Spero me non errasse, sed in huiusmodi materie facilius est sperasse quam nosse; id solum profitebor, decantatum licet, "errare possum, haereticus esse nolo."

'Tui observantissimus &c.

J. H. NEWMAN.'

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new truth added to what was at first revealed to the Church. This was a difference almost entirely of expression. In principle they agreed. Both held that the 'deposit of the Faith' once for all committed to the Church was so given that Christians were not explicitly conscious of all its intellectual implications, which were subsequently defined. The 'dogma' was given once for all, but its explication, which made it more distinctly understood by the faithful, was a matter of time.

Perrone's summary of his own criticism on Newman's tractate is appended to the MS., and runs thus:

'What I have above noted may be reduced to the following: (1) that the Church was always conscious of the whole *depositum* committed to her of all the truths of faith, (2) that this *depositum* was committed to her as it were in a block and as one revelation, (3) that the truths of faith are not capable of increase in themselves but only of more explicit exposition, (4) that therefore these truths do not grow materially (as the schools speak) and in themselves, but only in relation to our fuller comprehension of them and more distinct knowledge by the definition of the Church, and, as it is generally expressed, not in relation to themselves but in relation to us.'[1]

Newman held that this criticism substantially left his position untouched; for if the difference between explicit and implicit knowledge, between the later dogma as defined in distinct dogmatic propositions and the earlier dogma given to the Church as a block and as one revelation, might be so great as to permit (as Perrone held) the definition of the Immaculate Conception, which was long denied by some of the best theologians to be part of the original deposit given 'as a block,' it might well cover all he had said in his Essay.

[1] The translation in the text is somewhat free, and I append Perrone's own words: 'Quae hactenus adnotavi revocari possunt ad insequentia: ac 1° quod ecclesia semper habuerit conscientiam totius depositi divinitus sibi commissi omnium veritatum fidei—2° quod hoc depositum in solidum ac veluti per modum unius eidem ecclesiae commissum fuerit—3° quod veritates fidei in se non sunt capaces incrementi, sed solum magis explicitae expositionis—4° quod propterea veritates istae non crescant materialiter, ut loquuntur scholae, et in se, sed solum in ordine ad nostram maiorem cognitionem, seu magis distinctam illarum notitiam per ecclesiae definitionem, et ut dicitur *non quoad se sed quoad nos*.'

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He re-expressed his general theory in 1849 as follows, using the terminology of Perrone:

'It is well known that, though the creed of the Church has been one and the same from the beginning, yet it has been so deeply lodged in her bosom as to be held by individuals more or less implicitly instead of being delivered from the first in those special statements, or what are called definitions, under which it is now presented to us, and which preclude mistake or ignorance. These definitions which are but the expression of portions of the one dogma which has ever been received by the Church, are the work of time; they have grown to their present shape and number in the course of eighteen centuries, under the exigency of successive events, such as heresies and the like, and they may of course receive still further additions as time goes on. Now this process of doctrinal development, as you might suppose, is not of an accidental or random character, it is conducted upon laws, as everything else which comes from God; and the study of its laws and of its exhibition, or, in other words, the science and history of the formation of theology, was a subject which had interested me more than anything else from the time I first began to read the Fathers, and which had engaged my attention in a special way. Now it was gradually brought home to me, in the course of my reading, so gradually, that I cannot trace the steps of my conviction, that the decrees of later councils, or what Anglicans call the Roman corruptions, were but instances of that very same doctrinal law which was to be found in the history of the early Church; and that in the sense in which the dogmatic truth of the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin may be said, in the lapse of centuries, to have grown upon the consciousness of the faithful, in that same sense did, in the first age, the mystery of the Blessed Trinity also gradually shine out and manifest itself more and more completely before their minds. Here was at once an answer to the objections urged by Anglicans against the present teaching of Rome; and not only an answer to objections, but a positive argument in its favour; for the immutability and uninterrupted action of the laws in question throughout the course of Church history is a plain note of identity between the Catholic Church of the first ages and that which now goes by that name; just as the argument from the analogy of natural and revealed religion is at once an answer to difficulties in the latter, and a direct proof that Christianity has the same Author as the physical and moral world. But

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the force of this, to me ineffably cogent argument, I cannot hope to convey to another.'[1]

The intercourse with Perrone was of great importance for the future, for Newman could always remember that when he had talked out his views he had found substantial agreement between them, except that Perrone was unwilling to say 'yea' or 'nay' on certain questions, and did not carry his analysis to the point which Newman's penetrating mind desired.

But communications between them were naturally intermittent and the practical prospects of the future Oratorians occupied Newman's attention very closely.

Much was expected from Dr. Wiseman's visit to Rome in July in the direction of maturing plans for the future. He came to see Newman at Santa Croce on the 24th. The Brief for the English Oratory was prepared that week and left with Monsignor Palma on August 4. On the 9th Pius IX. came in person to visit them at Santa Croce. Wiseman chanced to be there, and a visit to the Oratory at Naples was planned for Newman and St. John. It was arranged moreover that Newman should go with Wiseman in the following week to the country house of the English College of Monte Porzio in the lovely country near Tusculum. This would be an opportunity for arranging further details. But once again came disappointment, for the political disturbances of the time caused Wiseman to be sent off suddenly to England on a semi-diplomatic mission to the British Government.

A note to Henry Wilberforce at this time shows Newman's feeling of uncertainty as to the future, and at the same time his calm trustfulness that the 'kindly light' will be with him, and that Providence will mark out his further course:

'Santa Croce in Gerusalemme: August 11, 1847.

'St. John has given me to seal this, though he has not signed his name. You shall soon hear from me. It rejoiced me to see your handwriting. It is quite wonderful to see how wonderfully we have been protected through the

[1] See *Difficulties of Anglicans*, I. pp. 344–346. In a letter to W. G. Ward, written in the same year, he proposes writing further on the subject if he could get Perrone to revise his work. 'I would not do it without the highest sanction,' he writes. 'You see the Pope has in a way taken up Perrone.'

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summer here, which is now waning, though autumn, as Horace tells me, is the more fatal time. We do not deserve such protection, but I hope St. Mary and St. Philip will stand by us still. "Lead Thou me on" is quite as appropriate to my state as ever, for what I shall be called to do when I get back, or how I shall be used, is quite a mystery to me.'

The visit to Naples was on the 20th, and after a night at an hotel they took lodgings in the Via Pasquale, and made Naples their headquarters for a fortnight. They spent much time with the Oratorians. 'Most of them are young, lively, pleasant persons,' Newman reports to Frederic Bowles. 'They seem all gentlemen—or nearly all . . . one old father of 89 had had two conversations with St. Alfonso.' The Englishmen rowed to Baiae, visited Virgil's tomb, went to Nocera and Amalfi; Newman said Mass over St. Andrew's body at Castellamare. They inspected Pompeii and climbed Vesuvius on August 31. Newman was urged by the Oratorian fathers to stay for the Feast of St. Januarius. He was unable to do so, but satisfied himself of the genuineness of the famous miracle. Going Romewards by Capua they visited the great Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino, whence they travelled by *diligence* to Rome on the 7th September.

To Henry Wilberforce ten days later he gives some account of the visit to Naples:

'Santa Croce: Sept. 17, 1847.

'I should have written before, but St. John and I have been at Naples, and our time, as you may guess, not quite our own for writing letters. We went there, among other reasons, to see the Oratory of the place, which was founded in St. Philip's time. It is a magnificent Church, Sacristy, and House—and beats the Roman, fine as the House of the Chiesa Nuova here is. And we were very much pleased with the clergy who inhabit it—most of them were young men and very intelligent and inquisitive about England. We liked all the clergy we saw there—we were introduced to the Cardinal Archbishop, a young man of 33—saw a good deal of the Jesuits, who are a wonderfully striking body of men, and about whom I could write you a good deal. I have a very clear idea of the said Jesuits, as far as it goes, and of their position. . . . When we were there the feast of St. Gennaro was coming on—(it is the day after to-morrow, the 19th) and they were eager for us to stop—they have the

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utmost confidence in the miracle—and were the more eager, because many Catholics, till they have seen it, doubt it. Our father director here tells us that before he went to Naples, he did not believe it. That is, they have vague ideas of natural means, exaggeration, &c., not of course imputing fraud. They say conversions often take place in consequence. It is exposed for the Octave, and the miracle continues—it is not simple liquefaction, but sometimes it swells, sometimes boils, sometimes melts—no one can tell what is going to take place. They say it is quite overcoming—and people cannot help crying to see it. I understand that Sir H. Davy attended every day, and it was this extreme variety of the phenomenon which convinced him that nothing physical would account for it. Yet there is this remarkable fact that liquefactions of blood are common at Naples—and unless it is irreverent to the Great Author of Miracles to be obstinate in the inquiry, the question certainly rises whether there is something in the air. (Mind, I don't believe there is—and, speaking humbly, and without having seen it, think it a true miracle—but I am arguing.) We *saw* the blood of St. Patrizia, half liquid, i.e. liquefying, on her feast day. St. John Baptist's blood sometimes liquefies on the 29th of August, and did when we were at Naples, but we had not time to go to the Church. We saw the liquid blood of an Oratorian Father, a good man, but not a saint, who died two centuries ago, I think; and we saw the liquid blood of Da Ponte, the great and Holy Jesuit, who, I suppose, was almost a saint. But these instances do not account for liquefaction on certain days, if this is the case. But the most strange phenomenon is what happens at Ravello, a village or town above Amalfi. There is the blood of St Pantaleon. It is in a vessel amid the stone work of the Altar—it is not touched—but on his feast in June it liquefies. And more, there is an excommunication against those who bring portions of the True Cross into the Church. Why? because the blood liquefies, whenever it is brought. A person I know, not knowing the prohibition, brought in a portion—and the Priest suddenly said, who showed the blood, "Who has got the Holy Cross about him?" I tell you what was told me by a grave and religious man. It is a curious coincidence that on telling this to our Father Director here, he said "Why we have a portion of S. Pantaleone's blood at the Chiesa Nuova, and it is always liquid."

'I must say I like what I saw of the Naples clergy. I never agreed in Froude's view of the priest's laughing

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in the Confessional, which I saw as well as he; but he would not give in to me. Indeed, though of course there are bad men everywhere, I think the priests in every country I know about, are most exemplary. Think of how they are dying in England, cut off by the fever—not by chance, but one succeeding another in the same post, just like soldiers in a battle—eight in Liverpool alone—four or five in Leeds, and going down with the consciousness beforehand it was to be a martyrdom. Mr. Spencer's and Burder's case are very remarkable in another way. Mr. Spencer had become a Passionist, Burder (of Magdalen Hall) a Trappist—two of the very strictest orders of the Church. They had accordingly a long noviciate each, and wished it to be shortened and to be irrevocably bound to their order. Each took the fever and received (I believe) the last Sacraments. Considered to be dying, they were allowed to take the vows and receive the habit in their last minutes—and then both recovered. Thus they have cheated as it were their rule of *noviciate*. Many other touching things have come to my knowledge, or across me, since I became a Catholic. Last year Sir Edward Vavasour called on me at Maryvale—and I had some pleasant talk with him. He was a most amiable person, and talked in an amusing way of his surprise at two of his daughters having lately taken the veil. What he was thinking of came out soon. In a few months he gave up all his property to his son, and became a poor "Christian Brother"—a set of laity who teach poor-schools. Well, Bishop Wilson (not Daniel) tempted him to come to Rome, and they were to join company at Marseilles; when the news reached the Bishop at Marseilles of his sudden death on his journey. Near Dijon, he had got out of the *diligence* to walk up a hill, and suddenly died. No one knew at first whether he was a Catholic or Protestant—being English, it was presumed he was the latter, but on stripping him for burial they found some medals &c. upon him, and a discipline in his pocket. What joy to the poor Curate to find a brother in the dead! and for him it seemed as if he had been tried whether he would make the sacrifice of giving up his all, and then taken away without the labour and sorrow which it involved. I could run on, but must stop. As to Oxford, is it not ominous, considering the new House of Commons, that the British Association has met there! It met there in 1832 and just before the attempt to throw the University open to Dissenters.'

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On October 6 there is an interesting entry in Newman's diary, of a visit with Bishop Grant and Bowles to Monte Porzio, and of the information given by the prelate that the new hierarchy for England was 'determined and known.' Thus this decision, which created such a stir when acted upon in 1850, was public property for two whole years without arousing any opposition whatever.

Those of the little group who were not yet priests were now preparing for ordination. On October 12 Penny and Coffin passed their examination for holy orders, and they received the diaconate on the 24th and the priesthood on the 31st. On the 28th Newman and St. John kept the anniversary of their arrival in Rome, walking to St. Peter's and saying Mass, one at St. Leo's altar, the other at St. Gregory's. It was at this time that Newman wrote his story illustrative of the Oxford of the later phase of the Movement, 'Loss and Gain.' The actors in the drama hailed the book as a perfect representation of the Oxford society of those days—but the great leader was absent from the picture. The author's enjoyment of this task is illustrated by an anecdote told by Mr. Kegan Paul in his 'Biographical Sketches': 'A friend, also a convert, related not long since how, in the winter of 1847, he was a very constant visitor to Dr. Newman and was puzzled at finding him so frequently laughing to himself over the manuscript on which he was then engaged, till he said: "You do not know what I have been doing. Poor Burns, the late High Church publisher, a convert like ourselves, has got into difficulties, owing to his change of faith and I am going to give him this manuscript to see if it may not help him a little out of them."'[1] Four months of noviciate were considered sufficient, and their visit to the Eternal City was now approaching its termination. Stanton and Dalgairns left on November 12, Coffin on the 27th, Penny and Bowles a few days later. The few days which elapsed before St. John and Newman followed them were spent in leave-taking and in the final arrangement of the Brief for the new Oratory. Manning and Sidney Herbert came to Rome just before Newman left the city, and meetings with both of them are recorded. On December 3 Newman

[1] C. K. Paul, *Biographical Sketches* (1883), pp. 201, 202.

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went, in company with a new novice, Francis Knox, and St. John, to bid farewell to the Holy Father at the Quirinal and finally to present his Brief in its completed form. On the 6th he started homewards with St. John, travelling by Loreto.

Pius IX. was 'most paternal'—so Newman writes to Dalgairns—'and Knox was in raptures. The Pope called him Padre Francesco, and Knox declares he won't part with it.' The Pontiff on this occasion gave Newman an opportunity for describing their prospects in England, but Newman's very limited Italian made the conversation come to little.

They stopped at Civita Castellana and Foligno, reaching Loreto on the evening of the 9th. On the 10th both St. John and Newman said Mass at the Holy House, going on from thence to Ancona and Fano, where they called on Cardinal Wiseman's mother, who was staying on a visit to her daughter, Contessa Gabrielli.

Bologna and Verona were also halting-places, and after a night at Innsbrück they reached Munich on the 18th and took tea with Döllinger before proceeding to Würzburg and Frankfort.

From Frankfort they passed to Cologne and thence by rail to Ostend, where they slept, on the 23rd crossing to Dover, and going on to London on Christmas Eve. On New Year's day Newman said his first Mass at Maryvale.

A brief letter to Henry Wilberforce tells of the journey from Rome, of the visit to the Holy House of Loreto, and of his return to the new home, dedicated to Sancta Maria in Valle, before Christmas tide, with its sacred associations, was gone by:

'Mary Vale, Perry Bar: January 12, 48.

'My dearest Henry,—Thank you for your congratulations. St. John and I got back on Christmas Eve; so we began our English life with the Nativity, saying Mass first in England on that blessed day, as I had said it first of all at Rome on the F. of Corpus Christi. They are cognate feasts, and the first and the last in the ecclesiastical year. I stayed a week in London, and came down here Dec. 31, saying my first Mass here on New Year's Day.

'We *ran*, as I may say, all the way from Bologna, fearing

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first lest the Alps should be closed—next anxious to get here by Christmas Day, and I took, as I had hoped, my dear godson Chas. Bowden to serve my first Mass.

'What took us to Bologna was that we went round by Loreto. We went there to get the Blessed Virgin's blessing on us. I have ever been under her shadow, if I may say it. My College was St. Mary's and my Church; and when I went to Littlemore, there, by my own previous disposition, our Blessed Lady was waiting for me. Nor did she do nothing for me in that low habitation, of which I always think with pleasure.

'I trust I shall be here in quiet for some time, but it is impossible to say.

'As to dear Manning, I must tell you, I thought him looking very ill. He (at Rome) ran up to me as I was getting into a carrozza—and I must say fairly that for the first instant, I did not know him. And when I saw him again and again, his old face did not come out to me, nor did I get over, as one so often does, my first impression.

'All blessing attend you and yours this festal time, although, dearest Henry, you prefer sitting in the Street to entering the bright Presence Chamber of the New-born Lord.

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—I am here by myself—St. John does not come till next week.'

I have found no mention in Newman's letters from Rome of the important political events which took place during his visit there and immediately after its conclusion—except the brief reference, already quoted, to the fact that while the foreign papers were full of Roman politics he, living in Rome, heard nothing of them. But that he fully entered into all that was happening, and into the more stirring events which came after his departure, we know from his published writings. And he spoke in later years to Father Neville of his impressions at the time.

Pius IX. had broken with Austria, and the Liberals urged him to work for Italian unity. He was hailed by Mazzini as the great reforming Pope of the nineteenth century and the future saviour of Italy. 'I am observing your steps with immense hope,' Mazzini wrote to him.

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'Have confidence. Trust yourself to us, . . . we will found for you a government unique in Europe.' The programme urged by his Liberal adherents was that sketched by Gioberti five years earlier—an Italian confederation under the presidency of the Pope. The popular enthusiasm was unbounded. Writing from Italy in 1847 Dean Church says: 'Their enthusiasm for Pio Nono is quite mediaeval. They can talk of nothing else.' The Pope was hailed as the champion of Italian independence against Austria. But he fell between two stools. Hated by the Conservatives and pro-Austrian followers of his predecessor, his trust in the Liberals was too simple. And Newman—so Father Neville has often told me—saw this from the first.

Pius IX. began his pontificate as a reformer. His first act was an *amnestie générale*. The prisons were opened and all the political prisoners were released. The 'scum of the earth' (this was Newman's phrase) were let loose in the Papal States. The members of the secret societies, haters of the Church and of Christianity, soon gained the upper hand in Rome. Pius IX. aspired to and won, for a time, the title of the most liberal Pope of modern days. 'The most enlightened of modern sovereigns,' said our own *Morning Post*. The reaction of disillusion was correspondingly great, and he lives in history as the Pope of *intransigeance*, whose response to all proposals of compromise with the later movement for Italian unity was 'Non possumus.' He angered the Conservative Cardinals by disbanding the old clerical ministry; and his lay prime minister, Count de Rossi, was assassinated by the Liberals in 1848. Monsignor Palma (Newman's intimate friend) was shot dead at the windows of the Quirinal. The Pope fled to Gaeta. The tricolour was hoisted from the Quirinal and a republic proclaimed in Rome. When the Powers intervened in the following year and restored the papal sovereignty, the old clerical government was reinstated, and Pius was henceforth the unbending foe of 'Liberalism' in all the forms in which it manifested itself on the Continent.

We trace in Newman's published writings the deep impression made on him by the crisis. A chapter of the 'Historical Sketches' is devoted to the action of Pius IX. at

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this time. The Pontiff had consistently emphasised his dissent from the programme of the men who attempted to claim his approval. Although he had broken with Austria, he had refused to sanction the advance of the Papal army against the Austrian troops beyond their own frontier. He had refused to bless the tricolour flag brought him by the soldiers before their departure. In vain had the leader of the popular party pressed him to launch the censures of the Church against the Austrians. He had disowned the revolutionary measures promised in his name in 1848 by his minister, Mamiani. As he had declined at the outset to make any compromise for the sake of Austrian support, so now he dissociated himself from those bitter foes of the Austrians who claimed to be his allies. True to himself and his office, he set at naught the maxims of political prudence and retreated in apparent isolation. 'The Protestant public,' wrote Newman, 'jeered and mocked at him as one whose career was over; . . . yet he has supplied but a fresh instance of the heroic detachment of Popes and carried down the tradition of St. Peter into the age of railroads and newspapers.'[1]

The Pontiff calmly proceeded with the duties of his office, the formation of Hierarchies in England and Holland, the impending definition of the Immaculate Conception. And, without effort on his own part, he soon found himself back again in Rome. In the very year of the Pope's return Newman described with dramatic force the nature of the struggle between the armed soldiers of Mazzini and the spiritual power represented by the Papacy—a power whose peculiar strength lay in the intangible weapons by which it is enforced and defended:

'Punctual in its movements, precise in its operations, imposing in its equipments, with its spirit high and its step firm, with its haughty clarion and its black artillery, behold the mighty world is gone forth to war—with what? With an unknown something, which it feels but cannot see; which flits around it, which flaps against its cheek, with the air, with the wind. It charges and it slashes, and it fires its volleys, and it bayonets, and it is mocked by a foe who

[1] See *Historical Sketches*, iii. 142 *sq.*

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dwells in another sphere, and is far beyond the force of its analysis, or the capacities of its calculus. The air gives way, and it returns again; it exerts a gentle but constant pressure on every side; moreover, it is of vital necessity to the very power which is attacking it. Whom have you gone out against? A few old men, with red hats and stockings, or a hundred pale students, with eyes on the ground, and beads in their girdle; they are as stubble: destroy them; then there will be other old men, and other pale students, instead of them. But we will direct our rage against one; he flees; what is to be done with him? Cast him out upon the wide world; but nothing can go on without him. Then bring him back! But he will give us no guarantee for the future. Then leave him alone: his power is gone, he is at an end, or he will take a new course of himself; he will take part with the state or the people. Meanwhile, the multitude of interests in active operation all over the great Catholic body rise up, as it were, all round, and encircle the combat, and hide the fortune of the day from the eyes of the world; and unreal judgments are hazarded, and rash predictions, till the mist clears away, and then the old man is found in his own place, as before, saying Mass over the tomb of the Apostles.'[1]

[1] *Difficulties of Anglicans*, i. 156.

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CHAPTER VII

THE ENGLISH ORATORY (1848–1850)

THE second week in January saw the gradual assembling of the new community. Dr. Wiseman had now been transferred to London as acting Vicar Apostolic of the district.[1] But the new Oratory was placed by Papal Brief at Birmingham, close to his former residence at Oscott, and there it consequently remained. A letter to Henry Wilberforce gives some particulars as to the Brief of foundation. It also shows Newman filled with that deep sense of the supernatural agencies at work in the history of the Church which he had brought with him from Rome and from the Holy House at Loreto:

'Maryvale: January 19, 1848.

'I suppose you think I might have told you more in my last letter by this your second. But I really have not much to tell. The Pope's Brief, which I bring with me, *fixes* me at Maryvale and Birmingham—but, as my name alone is introduced into it, me only. I could not change without his interference. Dr. Wiseman's going to London is *since* the Brief was drawn up. The late Bishop[2] (of London) between ourselves was the *only* Bishop who did not cordially welcome me. He was a good, upright, careful man, but timid—he was really kind to me personally, but he feared me. So I felt myself cut out of London. He died just after the Brief was finished. My being at Birmingham (which I like better *myself*) will not preclude my coming to London occasionally.

'We were to have brought the Bulls (for establishing the Hierarchy), and waited for that purpose—but there were

[1] Dr. Walsh had succeeded Dr. Griffiths, but his delicate health led him to appoint Dr. Wiseman as his delegate.

[2] Dr. Griffiths, the Vicar Apostolic of the London district.

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delays, and we saw that if we waited longer, we should miss either Loreto or a London Christmas. We arrived, as it was, only on Christmas Eve—and had travelled seven nights out of eight.

'I went to Loreto with a simple faith, believing what I still more believed when I saw it. I have no doubt now. If you ask me why I believe, it is because *every one* believes it at Rome; cautious as they are and sceptical about some other things—I believe it then as I believe that there is a new planet called Neptune, or that chloroform destroys the sense of pain. *I have no antecedent difficulty in the matter.* He who floated the Ark on the surges of a world-wide sea, and inclosed in it all living things, who has hidden the terrestrial paradise, who said that faith might move mountains, who sustained thousands for forty years in a sterile wilderness, who transported Elias and keeps him hidden till the end, could do this wonder also. And in matter of fact we see all other records of our Lord and His Saints gathered up in the heart of Christendom from the ends of the earth as Paganism encroached on it (i.e. his relics). St. Augustine leaves Hippo, the prophet Samuel and St. Stephen Jerusalem, the crib in which our Lord lay leaves Bethlehem with St. Jerome, the Cross is dug up, St. Athanasius goes to Venice, there is a general *μεταβαίνωμεν ἐντεῦθεν.* In short I feel no *difficulty* in believing it, though it may be often difficult to *realize*[1] . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.'

In January there were gathered together at Maryvale Fathers St. John, Dalgairns, Penny, Stanton, and Coffin. These, together with Father Knox (a novice) and three lay brothers, formed the original community of Oratorians. Philip and Joseph Gordon joined them as novices[2] in the following month.

Besides the actual novices, the Oratory proposed to take and educate a few boys with a view to their ultimately joining the community.

'You should let me take Lisle,' Newman wrote to George Ryder, 'and make a little Oratorian of him, i.e. to wear the

[1] It must be remembered that in 1847 recent criticism as to the history of the Holy House was unknown, and the tradition was far more widely received among Catholics than it is at present.

[2] Afterwards Father Philip Gordon, Superior of the London Oratory, and Father Joseph Gordon of the Birmingham Oratory, who died in 1853.

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dress and serve at functions, and be educated. Then when he grew up, he could exercise the dear right of Private Judgment, throw off the habit and set up for a flash character—for we have no vows.'[1]

The Oratory was formally inaugurated on February 2, the Feast of the Purification. Newman chose that day—which was also the foundation day at Oriel—in order that his new Oratory might be 'under the shadow of Maria Purificans.' Some of the Fathers took as their customary designation the name of some saint: thus Coffin became Father Robert, Dalgairns Father Bernard. Others, as St. John, Knox, and Newman himself, retained their own Christian names.

Thus 'under the protection of Our Lady and St. Philip' his first work as a Catholic was begun, in the double spirit of faith and absolute resignation which was so marked in him. He was ready for failure in the world's eye, for possible failure also to accomplish much which he himself pictured as the aim to be striven for. God would bless as His own all work done for Him, and therefore real failure was impossible. But He would bless it in His own way and not necessarily in the way imagined by His instruments. Newman never forgot that the world's neglect was the recompense for which St. Philip himself used to pray. 'Neglect,' he said in an early sermon, 'was the badge which St. Philip desired for himself and for his own, "to despise the whole world, to despise no member of it, to despise oneself, to despise being despised."' His grateful acquiescence in Birmingham rather than London as the scene of their labours was conceived in this same spirit.

The story which has now to be told is, for years, that of strenuous labour, as Newman followed unswervingly the

[1] Lisle Ryder came in the summer, and Newman writes to his father a few days after his arrival:

'Tell Mama that Lisle knows I am writing, but has nothing just now to say. Nor have I anything to tell about him, except that he had a dirty face the day before yesterday, and threw a handful of flour over Br. Aloysius's black cassock this morning.'

Lisle's brother Henry, afterwards an Oratorian, joined him a little later. But the plan of educating boys was soon abandoned, being, however, revived on a far larger scale when the Oratory School was founded in 1859.

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'kindly light,' still, and in some ways more than even in his earlier life, 'amid the encircling gloom.' The prayer for neglect seemed at moments to be very literally answered; and the answer was hard to bear. Many chapters in the story tell of misunderstanding on the part of those whom he strove to serve, of the temporary prevalence in England within the Church of tendencies which he deplored, of the troubles which inevitably attend on one with the poet's or literary artist's temperament who is called on to initiate a great practical work—and this late in life. Such trials at moments, to use his own words, 'tore off' his 'morbidly sensitive skin.' To one with his temperament mental trial and apparent incidental failure appeared to cause a kind of physical pain even amid the most patient endurance. And as we read in the following pages the record of what he suffered we may be tempted to think that such sufferings represented the whole of his life in these years. But those who knew him best all bear the same testimony as he himself bore when directly questioned on the subject—that his trials never even in the most joyless hours diminished the underlying peace and happiness, the rest of soul, which the Catholic Church had brought him, and which he had never known before. His life as a Catholic recalls the device inscribed at the beginning of a Benedictine prayer-book—the word 'Pax' encircled with a crown of thorns. So, too, for the souls in purgatory peace is held to remain amid the acutest sufferings, because they know that their union with God is at last secure and their very suffering unites them to Him. Precisely twenty years after the opening of the Oratory, when purifying trial had done its very worst or very best, he wrote some words which must never be forgotten while the following pages are read. One who was still an Anglican had in January 1868 expressed a doubt whether Newman did not regret having parted from his old friends in the Church of England, whether he had found in the Catholic Church after all what he looked for, or what compensated for all he had lost. To this question, conveyed to Newman through an intimate friend (the late Lord Blachford), he thus replied in a letter:

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'My own deep wound was before I left them, and in leaving them; and it was healed, when the deed was done, as far as it was personal, and not from the reflection of their sorrow. To-day is the 20th anniversary of my setting up the Oratory in England, and every year I have more to thank God for, and more cause to rejoice that He helped me over so great a crisis—Since A. B. obliges me to say it, this I cannot omit to say:—I have found in the Catholic Church abundance of courtesy, but very little sympathy, among persons in high place, except a few—but there is a depth and a power in the Catholic religion, a fulness of satisfaction in its creed, its theology, its rites, its sacraments, its discipline, a freedom yet a support also, before which the neglect or the misapprehension about oneself on the part of individual living persons, however exalted, is as so much dust, when weighed in the balance. This is the true secret of the Church's strength, the principle of its indefectibility, and the bond of its indissoluble unity. It is the earnest and the beginning of the repose of heaven.'

The new congregation was in full working order before February was over.

'We are very busy, as you may think,' Newman writes on March 9—'I as Superior, as Novice Master, as Lecturer in theology, have enough to do—besides chance matters and going to Birmingham. We have, I believe, 18 priests in fact or *potentialiter*.'

Indeed the number of coming recruits seemed to be very large, and the possibility was soon discussed of branch houses at Bayswater, in Reading, and elsewhere. From the very beginning of Newman's labours for the Oratory on his return to England we observe a certain note of despondency amid untiring work. He complains in many letters of loss of vigour. He was forty-seven years old—a time of life when even very hard work in a groove already formed is easy, but the worry of initiation is irksome. ''Tis a strange time,' he writes to one friend in March, 'all things are being new cast.' 'It is an awful thing,' he writes to another (Henry Wilberforce), 'beginning so new a life in the end of my days. How I wish I had in me the energy which I had when I began the Tracts for the Times! Now I am scarce more, to my own feelings,

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than an *inutile lignum*; so stiff, so wooden. May you never have, dear Henry, the bitter reflection that you have left yourself but the dregs of life for God's service!'

Then, again, many of his new companions were less congenial than those of Oxford days. Frederick Faber had founded a community of enthusiastic converts, whom he named the Wilfridians, at St. Wilfrid's, Cotton Hall, Cheadle. They petitioned to be allowed to join the Oratory at Maryvale, and Newman consented. They were admitted in February. Devoted to Newman though these young men were, there was from the first a difference of temperament between him and the newcomers which only increased as time went on. Moreover, the constant pressure of the complicated and difficult work of practical organisation told upon Newman's spirits, and the rigorous fasting of many years upon his health and strength. He seems to have had at moments the feeling that his influence was gone and his power of doing good at an end.

One who knew him most intimately has said of him that he ever had an almost physical inability to open out spontaneously in conversation when there had been misunderstanding. If others took the first step he would often respond gratefully. But only a few knew him well enough to approach him with success. Thus a wholly mistaken impression might long prevail and colour his view of the relations between himself and others. Possibly enough, some such misconception entered into the feeling which he expressed that summer in writing to Ambrose St. John, who had left him for a few days on family business, that the young men from St. Wilfrid's (the *giovani* as he called them) were stiff and restrained in their intercourse with him. The letter is characteristic even in its minute and in themselves trivial details as to his health:

'Maryvale: July 12, 1848.

'Carissime,—Don't come back till Tuesday.

'My head is so stupid to-day, that I take up my pen, as the only thing I can do, even if that. I have a little cold, but, independent of that, my head has been worse since you left. . . . It makes me languid and drowsy, and then I can't do my duties, and people think me reserved &c., when I don't mean to be.

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'At times the sense of weight (of responsibility) and of desolateness has come on me so strongly, that I could fancy it might grow equal to any pain; and I thought what the Pope must suffer. It is useless to tell you on paper all the little trials which constitute all this and it is ungrateful in me not to be more cheered with the improvement of things in some quarters. My great trouble is some of the giovani—not that anything new has occurred, but they have so repelled anything between us but what is external, shown so little kindness when I have done things for them, treated me with so little confidence, as to throw me back upon myself—and now I quite dread the fortnightly chapter day, when I have to make them a little address, as being something so very external, when I have no means to know what is going on in their minds. In consequence I feel as if I was not doing my duty to them, yet without any fault. I don't know what influence I am exerting over them. It is as if my time of work were gone by. Except that one has been led step by step to where one is, beginning in 1841 with going to Littlemore, one is tempted to say: "How much happier for me to have no liabilities (so to speak) but to be a single unfettered convert";—but if this had been so, I should not have known you, Carissime—so good and evil go together.

'The above I wrote before dinner, and suddenly during dinner my deafness &c. went away completely on my taking some cayenne pepper, which I had speculated upon using for some hours before, and for the time I am better than I have been for a fortnight past—how odd it is—whether nervous, or what?

'I grieve for your troubles at home, though I have been talking only of my own. Don't take them to heart.

'Love from all.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

A curious instance of Newman's difficulty in bridging the apparent separation between himself and younger members of the community, when there was in reality nothing but affectionate feeling on both sides, was related to me by Father Philip Gordon. He told me that after some weeks, during which he and Newman met daily without a word, when he was wondering as to the cause of what appeared to be a real breach between them, the Father Superior one morning put into his hands the following note:

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'My dearest Brother,—It is strange to write to you and write about nothing; but such is my fate just now and for some time, that, since I have nothing to say to you, I must either be silent or unseasonable.

'Many is the time I have stood over the fire at breakfast and looked at you at Recreation, hunting for something to talk about. The song says that "love cannot live on flowers": not so, yet it requires material, if not for sustenance, at least for display—and I have fancied too that younger and lighter minds perhaps could not, if they would, care much for one who has had so much to wear him down.

'All blessings come on you my dear Brother—in proportion to my waning.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman at first made a great effort to throw himself completely into the ideas of his new followers from St. Wilfrid's who were disposed to adopt Continental forms of popular devotion almost indiscriminately. He also used in these early years the vehement language, common among the younger converts, in respect of the Anglican Church. He wrote of its services as 'a ritual dashed upon the ground, trodden on and broken piecemeal; prayers clipped, pieced, shuffled about at pleasure until the meaning of the composition perished . . . vestments chucked off, lights quenched, jewels stolen, the pomp and circumstance of worship annihilated; a dreariness which could be felt and which seemed the token of an uninspired Socinianism pouring itself upon the eye, the ear, the nostril of the worshipper.'[1] As years went on such language became less congenial to him. As to popular devotions he came definitely to hold the view which had all along commended itself to the solid commonsense of men like Dr. Newsham of Ushaw and Dr. Ullathorne, who advocated no wide departure from such forms of piety as had long been in use among English Catholics.[2] The earlier impulse came,

[1] *Historical and Critical Essays*, ii. 443-4.

[2] Cf. *Letter to Dr. Pusey*, pp. 21-22. At the same time there were Italian prayer-books like the *Raccolta*, to which he was always devoted. Indeed, his own personal taste in devotion was always far more in sympathy with the Continental forms than was that of the old Catholics. What he deprecated was untheological exaggerations. Concerning his love of the Roman architecture we have already spoken. And the Birmingham Oratory adopted the Roman vestments.

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as he says in his letter to Dr. Pusey, from younger men whom he 'loved and trusted'; but he adds, 'my mind in no long time fell back to what seems to me a safer and more practical course.' The struggle in his mind, however, and the ultimate modification in his opinions added to his trial, and in the time of transition he failed wholly to please either party. The 'old Catholics' of England, along with certain deficiencies arising from their long exclusion from our great educational centres, had plenty of character, and together with it plenty of honest English prejudice. There were novelties in devotion introduced from Continental sources by the converts which were not to their taste. Faber and his friends, besides adopting the Roman vestments and classical architecture, which were not to the liking of the generation of English Catholics whose taste had been formed by Pugin, affected also the exuberant and sometimes untheological language to be found in some French and Italian books of devotion. These things were innovations. The 'old Catholics' (as they were called) were no doubt somewhat jealous of the influence of clever converts from Oxford who aspired apparently to teach the whole Catholic community in England. Newman's younger followers were far less disposed to be considerate towards the 'old Catholics' than was Newman himself. They went their own way. And the 'old Catholics' came to regard them as a party which held aloof from the general body. Newman, who felt that, even with all possible encouragement, his task in founding the Oratory was hard enough, was keenly sensitive to the smallest sign of such absence of sympathy. Dr. Wiseman now asked the Oratorians to preach Lenten sermons in the London churches. Newman expected crowded congregations. The enthusiasm with which he had been received everywhere in 1846 was still fresh in his mind. But a certain reaction seemed already to have set in, and the churches were nearly empty. Newman preached at St. George's on April 9, at Chelsea on the 10th, at Spanish Place on the 11th, and again at St. George's on the 12th. Other sermons followed. The congregations grew no larger. It was a fortnight of complete failure. To the younger fathers—Faber, Hutchison, Dalgairns, Coffin—who also preached, the failure was of

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little account. Newman felt it deeply. 'To please Dr. Wiseman,' he writes in his Journal, looking back at the time fifteen years later, 'I made the wretched throw off in London, against my will, of the Oratorian Lent preaching at Passiontide — a blunder and a failure which even now I cannot think of without a raw sensitiveness.'

Then Father Wilfrid Faber—as Frederick Faber was now called—full of vigour and initiative, acting on Newman's wish to make English Catholics familiar with the biographies of modern Saints, started some translations of Italian Saints' lives.

The following memorandum gives the views with which Newman sanctioned the inauguration of the series [1]:

'The Saints are the glad and complete specimens of the new creation which our Lord brought into the moral world, and as "the heavens declare the glory of God" as Creator, so are the Saints proper and true evidence of the God of Christianity, and tell out into all lands the power and grace of Him who made them. What the existence of the Church itself is to the learned and philosophical, such are the Saints to the multitude. They are the popular evidence of Christianity, and the most complete and logical evidence while the most popular. It requires time, learning, the

[1] The following is another memorandum on the same subject:

'The objects I had in view in starting the Modern Saints, beyond gratitude to the Regina Sanctorum who used the Saints' Lives for my conversion, were these:

'1. That we were in evil plight in England for want of the supernatural—the *ethos* of Catholics seemed utterly protestant, and their religion different from what had converted us.

'2. That there was an unusual amount of vocation and call to perfection among Catholics, and that converts would seem almost so called by their conversion, and life out of the Church, and that the Lives would co-operate with God in this.

'3. That there were numbers outside the Church with whom controversy was passed and over, and who would be reached by this.

'4. That low views of grace among Catholics, and wrong views of it in others would be corrected thus.

'5. That it would help to destroy antiquarianism and introduce modernism and foreignism.

'6. That, as a matter of fact, colleges, schools, and religious houses were greatly in want of some such work.

'7. That it would promote devotion to the Madonna, images, relics, etc.

'8. That it would help to make confessors into directors.

'9. That it would destroy much narrowness arising from actual ignorance of Catholic matters—men seeing heresy etc. everywhere.'

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powers of attention and logical consecutiveness and comprehensiveness, to survey the Church of all ages and places as one, and to recognise it, (as to the intellect, it is, and must be distinctly recognised,) as the work of God alone; to most of us it is the separate, and in one sense incomplete, portions of this great phenomenon which turn one's mind to Catholicism, or whole work of God,—a perfect work from beginning to end, yet one which may be bound between two boards, and mastered by the most unlearned. The exhibition of a person, his thoughts, his words, his acts, his trials, his features, his beginnings, his growth, his end, have a charm to every one; and where he is a Saint they have a divine influence and persuasion, a power of exercising and eliciting the latent elements of divine grace in individual readers, as no other reading can have. We consider that the Lives of the Saints are one of the main and special instruments, to which, under God, we may look for the conversion of our countrymen at this time.'

Some features in these 'Lives,' with which readers of Italian hagiography are familiar, scandalised many English readers. Mr. Price, a priest of the old school, published in *Dolman's Magazine* a strong attack on the life of St. Rose of Lima. The attack was violent and indefensible. Mr. Price accused the writer and translator of sanctioning idolatry, on the ground that St. Rose was represented as asking favours from the image of a saint. But while Mr. Price was generally admitted to have gone too far, few if any of the hereditary Catholics considered the series entirely satisfactory; and even Dr. Newsham of Ushaw, Newman's staunch friend, held that they needed modification to suit the taste of English readers. The abundance of imperfectly proved miracles was objected to, and some of the stories of scandals within the Church were considered unsuitable for Protestant England. Dr. Ullathorne, who on April 30 was installed as Vicar Apostolic of the Central district (and consequently Newman's Bishop), held the objection to them to be widespread. On learning that the 'Lives' chosen and edited by Father Faber were in some quarters disapproved, Newman wrote to Bishop Wiseman in October, proposing, if the Bishops thought well, to edit the series himself, in the name of the whole Congregation.

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Newman had an interview with Dr. Ullathorne, and chronicled the result in a letter to one of his brother Oratorians. The letter shows a touch of combativeness and party spirit unlike Newman's earlier or later manner—a sign perhaps of the strain caused by his efforts to fall in with the tone of mind of some of the younger fathers:

'Maryvale: Oct. 22/48.

'Well then, the Bishop has stopped the Lives of the Saints. *Without my asking him*—for what I put before him was, that *we* could not go on, *without* the Bishop's support. He has not simply declined his support, but in every variety of form, categorically and circumstantially, advised their stopping.

'I saw him yesterday. He was very kind and easy in his manner. He said he had asked a number of persons—first Dr. Browne of Wales, who was for stopping them. He had asked a number of priests—he had been to nunneries, and found them disliked. The first great fault was *dryness*. What he wanted *extremely* was original lives like that most beautiful of St. Stephen Harding, and others which we published at Oxford. Next, that the feeling of Catholics about them might be summed up in these two objections—first that the miracles *need* not be believed (and were difficult)—secondly that they would *prejudice protestants*—that the nuns of St. Benedict's Priory (I think), a very well regulated spiritual body, feared they would harm Protestants—that he had heard some Catholics or Protestants (I forget which) at Wolverhampton scrupled at receiving the account of St. Winifred carrying her head—that Bacci was dry—that he believed that Dr. Waring, from the "English" character of his mind, would be of the same view. I did not give any opinion of my own, because I was not asked;—he said he would write to one or two other Bishops, and then let me know. . . .

'He went on to ask if F. Faber was not opposed to Gothic architecture, screens, etc. I said that we all disliked *exclusiveness* but nothing more—that I thought Gothic was extremely superior to Grecian as a matter of art, but that we wished to keep the Rubrics. He said here or elsewhere, that we must do something to soothe the "jealousy" of the clergy. I did not reply—but this strikes me as impertinent—*why* are they jealous? *What* have we done? since the day we were Catholics they have been bursting with "jealousy"—and we are on every occasion to give way to this indefinite terror.

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'The only remark which I have to make is that it is *shameful* to recommend us to stop the Lives, *before* they have made Price eat his words publicly. But it is our destiny, and blessedness, thus to be treated ever. I thought of trying to set him against Price, but I somehow think that our Lady and St. Philip will take our part, if we do not take our own —and even humanly speaking we shall be sure to have defenders, if we do not defend ourselves.

'But this is almost clear, that we must send some one to Rome—at least I don't see how we can escape it. I know I have at present the Pope's ear; and I think he might be made to see that a so-called Englishman may speciously conceal under screens and roods a great deal of doctrinal error. We ought to (and might) get full leave in our rescript to keep up the Italian traditions of the Oratory.'

That Dr. Ullathorne's views were not quite what might be inferred from this account of Newman's the following letter from the Bishop himself shows. His standpoint seems to differ but little from that of Dr. Newsham—that portions of the Lives were unsuitable to the general public.

'We must guard,' he writes to Newman on November 3, 'against mistaking each other. We are each looking from a separate point of view, I suspect. My letter requires the limitations implied in my previous conversations; and what I have said from myself must be distinguished from what I have cited from others. The principal enjoyment of my own life has been the lives of the Saints and their mystic writings. Very rare, alas! now, are such enjoyments. I had even planned with a Dominican Father the publication of a series of such works, when the mitre placed against my own inclinations upon my head, extinguished the plan. Hard and toilsome and full of pains are the unseen labours of a Bishop in a country like this.

'Heroic spirits are the small minority. Such spirits have been drawn towards you, and have gathered around you. Heroic grace is gained by the "small number." Give strong meats with wisdom and soberness. It was what St. Paul did with the new Christians of his time. He knew them well and did not give the same food to all.

'The late Fr. Gentili, a bosom friend of mine, and as you know a saintly man, began in England with a lofty ideal, which, happily, never diminished in his own ardent spirit; and for many years he concealed not his opinions on the English

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clergy and their "*low*" views. He became intimately conversant with their missionary struggles and with the nature of the people; old Catholics, and converts, and catechumens, with whom they have to deal. A few months before his death I had, to my great happiness, many and long conversations with him, prolonged day by day for six weeks. His view of the facts of our position and of the nature of our contest had become wonderfully changed in the course of his missions. . . . It was his wide experimental knowledge of the whole body of society in England which is brought in contact with Catholic teaching which changed his views. He had become much more moderate in his mode of instruction, though he lamented its necessity. He saw that many things in the clergy which he had formerly attributed to sluggishness were to be ascribed to prudence. This fact must be taken with its right limitations. He lamented the hasty conclusions which new converts (this does not, believe me, include you or those who are with you,) and some indiscreet young Catholics of old stocks, had reported in Rome, and also the mischief which had been created from which we all had for a time to suffer. . . . He longed himself to go to Rome to give in person this corrected view of things, as his more intimate experience had found the case to be.

'What I say then, is:—

'1st. You are free in right to publish whatever is not against faith and morals.

'2nd. You are right in zeal and charity in publishing many lives of Saints and holy books.

'3rd. Prudence, without which, as the fathers of the desert say, no virtue is a virtue, she being the ruler of all virtues as a Queen, requires that what to you and me is full of edification and instruction should not be put forth in such a form that what to you and me is apprehended rightly may be changed into error in the ill-prepared minds of the multitude. The mass will generalize particular facts with regard to the clergy for example, where they know not by experience the general spirit of the clergy. . . . They only can safely for themselves know the weaknesses which Satan sows in the Church, who know the force of her graces. The feeble in faith and the faithless will fasten upon the first as a ground for withholding consent to the second. The bane and antidote are before them, but will they not in taking both make the bane destroy the antidote. An English Catholic does not refuse to own what is in his church, but belongs not to it; but he

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declines coming forward to tell it, as he would decline to tell the vices of his next neighbour where he knows that it will scandalize.

'But to return for a moment to the general subject. I would say let the majority of readers, the mass of the weak, the ignorant and the grossly prejudiced be kept in view. I would advise the lives to be re-written, and then we shall have a language always clear and unmistakeable as to the substance of doctrine implied in the narrative. So wrote the Fathers when they wrote in the midst of heresy. The less authenticated miracles, those which a writer introduces when he wishes to make a work as full as possible, should be pruned down. Not the most wondrous but the least authenticated. A writer writing for England would naturally throw in those reflections which would prepare the mind of the reader and put him in the proper point of view. How well this was done in the Oxford lives, and how popular they were for that reason, amongst others, even amongst Catholics.'

The Bishop did undertake to show publicly that he disapproved of Mr. Price's strong language. He wrote a public rebuke of Mr. Price. But as some weeks passed before its appearance and the Oratorians (who had seen it) did not think its language sufficiently emphatic, a circular giving notice of the suspension of the publication of the series was forthwith issued by Fr. Faber, who printed as his warrant for so doing the following letter from Newman:

'"Maryvale: Oct. 30th, 1848.

'"My dear Father Wilfrid,—I have consulted the Fathers who are here on the subject of the Lives of the Saints, and we have come to the unanimous conclusion of advising you to suspend the series at present. It appears there is a strong feeling against it on the part of a portion of the Catholic Community in England, on the ground, as we are given to understand, that the lives of foreign saints, however edifying in their respective countries, are unsuited to England, and unacceptable to Protestants. To this feeling we consider it a duty, for the sake of peace, to defer. For myself, you know well, without my saying it, how absolutely I identify myself with you in this matter; but, as you may have to publish this letter, I make it an opportunity, which has not as yet been given me, of declaring that I have no sympathy at all with the feeling to which I have alluded, and, in

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particular, that no one can assail your name without striking at mine.

'"Ever your affectionate friend and brother,
in our Lady and St. Philip,
J. H. NEWMAN,
Congr. Orat. Presb."'

Newman's letter caused considerable offence among the hereditary Catholics, and gave pain to Dr. Ullathorne himself.

The Bishop had distinctly promised to express his disapproval of Mr. Price's article—though not so strongly as Newman had desired—and therefore seems to have felt that the Oratorians on their side ought to act towards him in a more friendly spirit. He thought them too sensitive—and plainly said so in the following letter:

'I have often in my secret heart regretted that the course of events has tended to isolate the fathers of the Oratory from the body of old Catholics in this country. I am not solitary in that feeling, which is a most kind one. You know how difficult it is for those who are not intimately acquainted with each other in all the turns of their sentiments, not to mistake each other at times, when working together in one cause. How easily we misjudge each other and how soon we become critical. For instance, old Catholics, familiar with all our habits, will consider that I have strongly censured the article in *Dolman's* and marked the author for life. To have gone much further, would, in my position, have looked more like passion than judgment. The words added, "that I had not concealed my opinion whenever the subject was brought up before me," show that my censure had been habitual until it came, when occasion offered, to a public expression.

'Before my letter appeared in the *Tablet*, a painful feeling had arisen. For under the impression that the "Lives" had been stopped by authority, the circular was thought to betray sensitiveness and "pugnacity." The former impression is now removed, but still the sensitiveness of the circular, regarding as it does the lives of the meek and humble servants of God, has widely left a painful impression. . . .

'My dear Mr. Newman, I can with difficulty refrain from tears whilst I write. I love you so much, and yet I feel so anxious for the spirit recently, I think, indicated.

'Believe me, that a little of human nature is to be found fermenting in this sensitiveness. I write with pain, for it

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is difficult for us to see . . . any of the more delicate shades of pride, and more especially of intellectual pride, until it is beginning to move from us by the impulse of an act of humility. Forgive my freedom. Hitherto from delicacy and respect I have withheld from pointing out to your charity a source from which some part of this uneasiness has sprung, whatever external occasion may have given it opportunity. See what a faith I have in your humility. An invocation of the Holy Ghost, two or three chapters of the following of Christ, an examen, and a few acts in presence of Almighty God give peace to our disturbed hearts, and the humbleness of right judgment to our minds. Let us pray for one another that we may bear ourselves in all the meekness of Christ and of his saints.'

This letter Newman forwarded to Dr. Wiseman. It helped to an understanding. And Mr. Price, who was not at all the villain of the piece he had been considered, wrote a generous letter of apology in which he begged Father Faber to continue the series.

FATHER NEWMAN TO DR. WISEMAN.

'St. Wilfrid's, Cheadle: Dec. 3, 1848.

'I hope the late unpleasant business is now ended. We have received a most generous letter from Mr. Price, and I wrote to-day to ask him down here, if his duties will allow him time, and he will favour us by coming.

'Mr. Capes says that you thought that "Dr. Ullathorne had no call to lecture me," but my dear Lord, not only he, as a Bishop, but *any* one may lecture me, and I should be obliged for it. What I had to remark in Dr. Ullathorne was that he spoke about me *without knowing* me. It stands to reason that no one can know a person of my age in a moment—and the Bishop has had no experience whatever of persons in my circumstances—and he spoke of me on a *theory*. I sent you the letter to see, that you might know how we stood.

'I foresaw, before suspending the Series, that I should not succeed without bringing a corresponding quantity of criticism on myself. But I will willingly bear the imputation, if I have done a good work. If we started again, we should like very much the names of the Bishops *in general*. I do not like subjecting your Lordship to such attacks as have been made from those who place themselves under the countenance, as it were, of *other* Bishops. From Dr. Ullathorne's published letter, I trust he will now give his name.'

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Early in the following year, however, the extreme reticence of the English Bishops whom he consulted on the subject led Newman to the conclusion that they considered the series likely still to proceed on lines which were unwise, even if not actually censurable ; and it was discontinued. The whole episode tried him extremely—the more so probably because the opinion to which he was gradually coming coincided on the whole with that of the Bishops and Dr. Newsham. That opinion is expressed at length in a well-known passage, written in 1865, in his published letter to Dr. Pusey on occasion of the Eirenicon.[1]

On October 31, 1848, Newman left Maryvale for good for St. Wilfrid's, Cheadle. Stanton came with him, and they were followed a few days later by St. John, Bowles, and Dalgairns. The six novices at this time were Joseph and Philip Gordon, Francis Knox (afterwards known as the learned editor of the Douai diaries), Stanislas Flanagan (in later years a famous character as Rector of Adare in County Limerick), Nicholas Darnell, and Alban Wells. Schemes for a branch Oratory had been discussed and dropped. While plans were changing and maturing, 'good-natured friends' told Newman of the criticisms passed on the Oratory by the old Catholics. Newman laughed at the intelligence, but he

[1] 'I prefer English habits of belief and devotion to foreign from the same causes, and by the same right, which justifies foreigners in preferring their own. In following those of my people, I show less singularity, and create less disturbance than if I made a flourish with what is novel and exotic. And in this line of conduct I am but availing myself of the teaching which I fell in with on becoming a Catholic; and it is a pleasure to me to think that what I hold now, and would transmit after me if I could, is only what I received then. The utmost delicacy was observed on all hands in giving me advice: only one warning remains on my mind, and it came from Dr. Griffiths, the late Vicar Apostolic of the London district. He warned me against books of devotion of the Italian school which were just at that time coming into England. . . .

'When I went to Rome, though it may seem strange to you to say it, even there I learned nothing inconsistent with this judgment. . . .

'When I returned to England the first expression of theological opinion which came in my way, was apropos of the series of translated Saints' lives which the late Dr. Faber originated. That expression proceeded from a wise prelate, who was properly anxious as to the line which might be taken by the Oxford converts then for the first time coming into work. According as I recollect his opinion, he was apprehensive of the effect of Italian compositions, as unsuited to this country, and suggested that the Lives should be original works, drawn up by ourselves and our friends from Italian sources' (p. 20).

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had not the ideal thickness of skin which would have made him indifferent to it. He refers to the various rumours in a letter of November 19 to Frederick Capes:

'From your letter I am amused to see that it is the feeling of all Catholics, old and new, that the Oratory is hitherto a failure. But, my good fellow, you do not know what it is to bring a religious body into form. If a body with vows is difficult to manage, what is one without vows? We have between 30 and 40 as good and dear companions as we could wish in imagination, but the higher, the more gifted, the more spiritual are minds, the more difficult to shape in one course. No two Saints take quite the same line—could a *body* of saints exist? each with his particular inspiration? and though we are not Saints, and have no particular inspirations, but the ordinary rule to *obey*, yet you may fancy that these aspirations, which would keep Saints from a humdrum way, are somewhat difficult to regulate. Then again, we have to learn each other. And we have to learn the genius of the congregation, and to make it work. When I came back to England, I said "Oh for a year of *quiet*"—I despaired of it—and hoping to throw out a tub to the whale, I proposed the Lent sermons in London, thinking that if we seemed to do something, we should be let alone. They did not answer their object—however, a year's quiet we have had, and we *could not have done* without it. We could not have been a body without it. It is with difficulty we begin work even now—but we hope to manage it. Meanwhile it is amusing, while we have been hugging ourselves on the *real work* we have done, on the gigantic internal difficulties we have surmounted (I fear to boast, but certainly we have been much blessed) you and gentlemen at a distance looking on, and seeing we were not insane enough to waste our strength in flashes in the pan, have said, "It is a failure, the Father Superior is at his old game—sitting still—giving up things, cherishing ideals about Bishops, while souls lie by thousands perishing in our great towns; nibbling at Bayswater and Reading, promising to go into the Adelphi shilly-shallying about Derretend (Deritend) in Birmingham, complaining of the want of funds, when he, like some others, should throw himself on a poor population for support, and fight (as you say) with brazen weapons." Well, as to work, we have done something—I should not wonder if, in Birmingham, Maryvale, and here, we shall have received into the Church a hundred converts in the course of the year;—I suppose we

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have preached 8 to 10 sermons every Sunday, and have had a fair number of penitents—nothing indeed to what an Oratory should do, but something when it was not our direct work. And as to our apparent shilly-shallyings, we have only, *during* one year of quiet, been beating about for the best field of labour, and actually have *settled* on one *before* the end of it.

'But the truth is these old priests will be satisfied with nothing—they have pursued us with criticisms ever since we were Catholics. Why do you keep together? Why don't you go to Rome? Why *do* you go to Rome? why do you rush into the Confessional before you are examined in all dogmatics and all morals? Why do you sit idle? What a short noviciate you have had! When did you read morals? None of these questions are fictitious, and they are but samples of a hundred. No, we must go our own way; we must look to the Fount of grace for blessing and for guidance—and we must care nothing (and we don't certainly care over much) for the tongues about us.'

The sojourn at St. Wilfrid's was temporary, pending the arrangement of the new Oratory in Alcester Street, Birmingham, of which some of the fathers took possession in January 1849. The Oratory Chapel was opened on February 2, Ambrose St. John saying the Mass and Newman preaching. Newman's diary records a visit on the 5th from Dr. Moriarty, afterwards Bishop of Kerry and his intimate friend. In the same month special sermons for children were inaugurated, and Newman and Dalgairns began a course of lectures.

There is no doubt that Newman's differences of view and temperament from the 'young men from St. Wilfrid's,' which gradually became unmistakable, contributed to suggest the idea of a separate Oratorian house in London in which the energies of Father Faber especially should have their scope, and which should be recruited from those fathers and novices whom Newman felt not to be in full sympathy with himself. It was in January 1849 that the scheme of an affiliated Oratory in London was first considered. Dr. Wiseman had been transferred to the London district on the death of Bishop Griffiths, and urged Newman to change the *habitat* of the Oratory from Birmingham to London. Newman declined this proposal, but suggested the establishment of a branch

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of the congregation in the metropolis. A building in King William Street was secured.[1] Father Wilfrid Faber (who had only come to Alcester Street from St. Wilfrid's on April 10) went there for good on April 16, and was joined there in the same month by his intimate friend Anthony Hutchison and by Father Dalgairns.

Thus the comradeship with Father Bernard Dalgairns—the most intimate of recent years except only the friendship with Ambrose St. John—came to an end. Newman writes thus to Faber on April 22:

'Father Bernard is just gone. Curiously enough I have set down seven years, for a long while, as the term of *Contubernium* with my friends. Froude was with me from 1827 to 1834. Rogers from 1833 to 1840, and when at the end of that time I saw him get on the Oxford coach for the continent, I thought of the seven years and wondered whether I should ever be with him again. Now F. Bernard came up to Littlemore on the eve of St. George 1842 and he leaves the Oratory here on St. George 1849. Don't mention this, as I have *before now* been afraid of Fr. Ambrose getting hold of it—he is so fanciful.'

Newman clearly felt that he was giving to those whom he sent to London in many ways the 'better part.' He had no wish to go to London himself, but he considered that he had shown all consideration for those from whom he was separating, as we see from the following words in a letter to Faber:

'I conceive the state of the case is as follows:

'We determine to colonize from Birmingham to London:—Those who go, give up certain things:

'They give up a formed house, the mother Oratory, possessed of vestments, churchplate, of the relics of St. Valentine, &c., of a library, &c., and as they go voluntarily, they gain certain things instead: they gain the *Metropolis*, the centre of political and ecclesiastical influence; wealthy friends, and those, *gentlemen*, instead of a population exclusively of poor Catholics, a *Bishop* especially devout to St. Philip, and attached to his congregation; a selection of those *members*

[1] This building was afterwards Toole's Theatre, and W. G. Ward remarked after going to a very good play there: 'Yesterday I visited Toole's Theatre. Two thoughts came to my mind. The first was, "Last time I was here I heard Faber preach"; the second was, "How much more I am enjoying myself than I did when I was last here!"'

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of the Congregation who are richest; it has struck me ever since the division was contemplated, as it now is, and I wrote it down to mention at the time of that division, and am sorry I did not, that the balance was more in favour of the London house than it ought to be.'

The formal opening of the London Oratory was fixed for May 31. The London group, both in their differences from Newman and in their loyalty to him, succeeded in some sort to the *rôle* played by W. G. Ward and his friends at Oxford. Devoted to Newman personally, they were, as he came gradually to think, somewhat rash and imprudent in their enthusiasm. It was a difference both of age and of temperament. Newman, anxious to avoid display and unnecessary innovation, was content to move slowly and cautiously. He desired to avoid giving offence whether to the old Catholics, to the ecclesiastical authorities, or to the British Lion. His younger and more impetuous followers were eager to be up and doing. In Newman's eyes they did not fully realise the effect of their actions or count the cost. They paced the London streets in the Oratorian habit in sight of the Commissioner of Woods and Forests.[1] They were caricatured in *Punch*, and rumours came from several quarters of the irritation which a spectacle so strange to the Londoners of 1849 caused. Again, they were reported to be hypercritical and to love strong expressions. Newman seems to have been in two minds when his friends were censured for indiscretion. Some of it was the outcome of a joy in their new faith which the world could not understand. He speaks of this in a striking passage in one of his sermons preached at this time:

'It sometimes happens that those who join the Catholic Church from some Protestant community, are seen to change the uncertainty and hesitation of mind which they showed before their conversion, into a clear and fearless confidence; they doubted about their old community, they have no doubt about their new. They have no fears, no anxieties, no difficulties, no scruples. They speak as they feel; and the world, not understanding that this is the effect of the grace which (as we may humbly trust) these happy souls have received, not understanding that, though it has full experi-

[1] Sir R. Inglis, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests, was a strong Evangelical.

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ence of the region of the shadow of death in which it lies, it has none at all of that city whereof the Lord God and the Lamb is the light, measuring what Catholics have by what itself has not, cries out, "How forward, how unnatural, how excited, how extravagant!"—and it considers that such a change is a change for the worse, and a proof that the step was a mistake and a fault because it produces precisely that effect which it would produce, were it a change for the better.'

On the other hand, his letters to Faber himself show that Newman was not without some misgivings as to the prudence of his London brethren. He writes on May 12:

'Now I will tell you frankly, that I think you have been too go-a-head with the Bishop, and I say it the rather, because if you do not look sharp you will be carried off your legs. I hear that dear Father Edward spreads out his cloak like a peacock's tail in the sight of Sir R. Inglis. While the *Tablet*, before you are well in your saddles in King William Street, advertises you to the universe as its destined saviour. All this will create fear, odium, jealousy—and you may have the newspapers or the Woods and Forests[1] step in and do you a mischief. The Woods and Forests might at least pull off your habits for you.

'I was not pleased at your talking of Dr. Ullathorne as a little man—it may be a fact, but it is not a dogmatic fact, which the Church may rule contrariwise. I suppose the Church may rule he is a tall man—in the eyes of the Church he *is* a tall man.'

Again on May 15:

'Take my word. Beware of being carried off your legs just now. I had written a joking note to you the other day on the subject, but was afraid to send it, when I saw the earnest tone your letters were taking.

'I have been rendered anxious by one or two things. I suppose none of you knew what was to be, but that article in the *Tablet* about us should not have appeared without my being consulted. And now again you take it for granted the opening is to be advertised, and perhaps my name is to appear, yet I have not been asked about the advertisement. In like manner I ought to have seen your letter to the Bishop. The word "Philippine" is an innovation of the same kind, though perhaps without your knowing about it.

[1] The Commissioner of Woods and Forests.

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'Depend on it, Carissime, you all need my control over you in little things at this minute, more than you have yet, or will again. You may damage everything just now. It is a very critical time.'

Faber promised to enter into Newman's views, but pleaded that he had no authority wherewith to enforce them. Before the formal opening, therefore, Newman appointed him Rector of the London Oratory. We see throughout his letters his desire to give the younger men free scope and yet his wish to retain a certain control in matters where his own maturer judgment was required.

'Advertise the day of opening,' he writes, 'by all means and in your own words. But what I mean, and the chief or only thing I wish to have a voice in, is external things, the modes of growing into notice. I am not quite satisfied, e.g., to hear that Sir R. Inglis stared at Father Edward. The Jesuits may have an excess of caution, but they are wiser in these matters. My very wish that you shall wear your habit in London makes me fear any wanton display which may look like a *bravado* and strip you of it. I feel what you say about want of control—be then at once and hereby Rector of the London Community—and I will write to Father Minister by this day's post and say what I have done, and that he is now naturally Father Minister and Missioner, as he has lost all his subjects. And be absolute in all internal matters. Only, as I have said, I should like to have an opinion on the services (*when they are out of the way*) and on public announcements.'

'As to *my* position at the opening,' Newman continues on May 20, 'do you know that it is the usage of the Chiesa Nuova on great functions, for the Father Superior to serve as acolyte? We saw Father Cesarini so serving, either on S. Philip's day or at St. Nereo. Therefore if you *will* put me into the function, I claim my place—there is no precedent for making me priest assistant, and I murdered it at Fulham.'

The opening ceremony was duly carried out on May 31, and Newman describes the event in a letter to Ambrose St. John:

'Oratory: London, May 31, 1849.

'The scaffolds were not out of the Church till last evening, nor the workmen till past eleven this morning. The Bishop (Dr. Wiseman) preached a most beautiful sermon —in composition and logic a perfect sermon, and with great

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feeling. He preached from the Altar. The music was composed by Capes expressly for the occasion. The Collection (to our friends) very disappointing. I am no judge—£30. They expected £100 at each service.

'It is now close on five—and the carriages are setting down their burdens. Birmingham is a place of peace. O that I had wings like a dove for I do dislike this preaching so much.'

The intense piety and zeal of Father Wilfrid and his friends soon had their effect, and Newman could but give thanks. 'I rejoice to hear such good accounts,' he writes on June 15; 'some one writes to-day "God be praised for your success in London. I hear of nothing but the stir the Oratorians are producing. It makes many storm and rage."'

Soon the question arose, what to do with St. Wilfrid's?—the house of the Wilfridians who had joined the Oratory. For long this difficulty exercised them, and eventually Newman proposed to solve it by founding a school under the direction of the Oratorians—a scheme which came to naught at the time, but was realised ten years later, not at St. Wilfrid's but at Edgbaston. The difficulties of the situation were summed up by Newman, after months of discussion, in the following characteristic *memorandum*:

'There is the famous story of the man who bought an elephant, and was too poor to keep, and too merciful to kill it, and was unable to persuade any one to accept of it. We are in somewhat of the same case.

'1. We cannot live at St. Wilfrid's because it is against our Rule.

'2. We cannot shut it up because we are bound to keep up the Mission.

'3. We cannot return it to the Earl of Shrewsbury because it is ecclesiastical property.

'4. We cannot give it away, for no one, neither District nor Religious Body, will accept so expensive a gift.

'5. We cannot, much less, sell, for no one will buy.

'6. We cannot let it to a family, for the Earl of Shrewsbury will not hear of it.

'7. We cannot let it for a school, for the Bishop protests against it.

'8. Yet we cannot keep it because of expense.

'Problem, like the quadrature of the circle, what is to be

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done with St. Wilfrid's? It is a gain to get any plan, and undesirable as the following may be, before we put it altogether aside we must look at all the difficulties in the face and propose another or a better.

'To take boys above fourteen or fifteen years of age, and at a pension not under (?) £150.

'To educate them under two Fathers, one from each house, as directors of the Institution, and by means of persons from the Universities not members of the Oratory, e.g. F. Minister, as Rector and spiritual adviser—F. N. as superintendent of studies. . . .

'1. The age and pension of the boys precludes all interference with Catholic Colleges.

'2. The consequent rank, &c., of the boys approximates it to an Oratorian undertaking, as near as can be—at Naples they have an Oratorio dei Nobili, as distinct from the Common Oratory.

'3. Some of the Professors might in progress of time, not to say the boys, be converted into Oratorian subjects.'

We see in another letter that he regards the proposed school primarily as a feeder for the Oratory, the place of early education for Oratorians of the future.

'I should like St. Wilfrid's to be the Eton of the Oratory —a place where Fathers would turn with warm associations of boyhood or at least youth—a place where they wish to be buried—(where their relics would be kept)—a gin bottle or cayenne phial of the Venerabile servo di Dio, il Padre Wilfrido Faber, an old red biretta of his Eminence C. Robert Coffin, and a double tooth and knuckle bone of St. Aloysius of Birmingham.'

Again he writes:

'I think you will find no order or congregation but finds a school necessary to *feed the* order. The Benedictines profess this to be the only reason of their school at Downside, *by which they do not gain.* Stonyhurst has fed the Society—the Rosminians have begun a school. The Passionists who have no school, have no novices. Looking to the future, it is a question whether we can keep up the Congregation without a school in some shape or other.'

Newman's original plan was to take part in the work of the London Oratory for three months in the year, spending the rest of his time amid his books at Birmingham. And the old

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thought remained—the hope that he might, in connection with the necessary education of his novices, with a view to Holy Orders, do a work for Catholic Theology and polemics by driving home the lessons of history. Dalgairns, who had been two years earlier so warm a supporter of this plan, had now so completely fallen into the very different programme mapped out by Faber, that he failed to enter into Newman's wish to devote special attention to theologico-historical work, and spoke of it as contrary to the spirit of the Italian Oratorians.

Newman, in defining his view, explains:

'When I spoke of a school, I hardly meant of dogmatics—but much more of history, which is quite Oratorian—and particularly early history and the early Pagan history—and the management of controversy, i.e. polemics—all which our Rule contemplates in the alteration expressly made on the Chiesa Nuova Rule as to the matter of our sermons.'

Faber and Dalgairns argued that such an ideal was more in the line of Cardinal Berrulle and the French Oratorians than of the followers of St. Philip. With this view Newman did not agree. He writes on June 19, 1849:

'I don't see the appositeness of what you say about the French and Italian Oratory. I suppose Baronius, Bozius, and Gallonio (immediate disciples of St. Philip), Rainaldus, Severanus, Aringhi, Galland (1770), de Magistris (1790), and Theiner (1840) are as learned men as any in the French Oratory, e.g. Thomassinus, Cotelerius, Morinus, Lami, Massillon, Quesnel; these are all I recollect. And I suspect the Italians, as a whole, beat them—can boast more learned men than any Brummagems ever will be, and you will observe they stretch from St. Philip's time to this day. Let me hear what you have to say to this.'

The two houses did not agree on the question, and Newman did not press his view on the London house. Still he maintained that his proposal was in line with St. Philip's rule and with their own Brief.

A certain difference of tone and habit between the two houses was visible—the reflection of the strong personalities of Newman and Faber respectively. And as time went on and Catholics in England divided into the two schools

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of thought, the London Oratory was identified in popular estimation with one, the Birmingham with the other. These schools of thought had their counterpart throughout the Catholic world—being represented in France (though with certain differences) by the two reviews, the *Univers* and the *Correspondant*.

The Oratory hymns, now so well known, were begun at this time. Faber's reputation as a poet, established by his 'Sir Launcelot' and sealed by Wordsworth's recognition, marked him out for work of this kind, and Newman encouraged it—though not without giving some of the novice master's criticism. Faber's first attempts were on subjects which Newman accounted too theological and too scholastic for church hymns. And his sense of humour stuck at the younger man's theology in rhyme, which recalled the effusions of Evangelical poets.

'I admire your poems,' Newman writes; 'I don't revolt at the "Predestination"—but I *stuck* at the scholasticism. Have not I heard similar dogmatic effusions, though of an opposite school? e.g.

> 'My righteousness is "filthy rags,"
> No "merits" can I plead,
> For man is but a "lump of sin,"
> And sin his worthiest deed.

vel splendidum illud et trochaicum:

> 'Man is but "accounted righteous,"
> And, tho' justified, must sin.
> Grace does nought but wash the surface,
> Leaving him all-foul within.'

Newman wished the Oratorian poetry to form a book, partly sacred and partly profane. Mr. Capes, then editor of the *Rambler*, proposed to publish two poems in each number, giving permission that they should in the end be republished in one volume, to be called 'Songs of the Oratory.'

'I smile, invulnerable and prepared,' Newman writes to Faber in January 1850, 'at your quiet hit at my having time to versify—I "make" them while shaving.

'I have an idea, which you may pluck—what say you to a series of poems in the *Rambler*, such as the "Lyra Apostolica" in the *British Magazine*? It would do good to the *Rambler*, without possibly incurring the jealousy of the *Dublin*. Entitle it "Songs of the Oratory." I would have them of

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every sort, songs, hymns, ballads, epigrams, *latin* poetry. . . . There would be you, Caswall, I, Father Bernard (under obedience), Father Nicolas for Latin, and did St. Philip understand Greek, they might be from Mr. Simpson. *You* would be the staple—*I* should just do enough to connect my name with it, and should use my old signature—supposing only 2 were put into each number, it would literally take *no* time.'

'Form and send me some idea,' he writes in February, 'of the object of the book. In the "Lyra," my object was *not* poetry *but* to bring out *ideas*. Thus my harshness, as you justly call it, was part (if *nothing* else) of a theory. I felt it absurd to set up for a poet—so, I wrote from Rome (where I was) to Keble, to tell him, we (Froude and I) wished merely to inflict and fix sentiments into men's minds. All mine are written with this view, and I think this only—and I affected a contempt of everything else.

'Now, however, we are, I suppose, poets, with characters to lose, grounded on Lilies and Launcelots. Still you must have a *drift*—what is it? e.g. have you any old secular poems, such as it would be waste of time to write *now*? they would come in well, and salt over the St. Wilfrid's portion of the scope. But how to combine this with any ecclesiastical purpose?—it seems to resolve the volume into a simple collection of *poems*—well *is this* or is this not enough?—I am inquiring. The difficulty would be the juxta-position of secular and ecclesiastical, like pictures in a gallery. Would it be possible, e.g., to have your death of St. Philip (which I have not seen) *vis à vis* or arm in arm with the sort of trash I send you a specimen of—though, for myself, I have hardly *any* thing to rummage out of past years.'

The 'Songs of the Oratory' never appeared, and the only result of this letter was the publication in the *Rambler* (March to August 1850) of eight pieces—four by Faber, three by Newman, and one by Caswall—bearing the title of 'Poetry' and 'Oratorium Parvum.' Each Oratory subsequently went its own way. From Birmingham we have had Newman's own verses, including the 'Dream of Gerontius' and the charming poems and translations of Father Caswall and Father Ignatius Ryder, while the London Oratory hymns are sung in nearly every Catholic Church in England.

It would be tedious to follow the daily fortunes of the Oratories in further detail. Long and minute letters

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passed between the two houses some three or four times a week. They are for the most part of no public interest. The characters of the different novices or fathers, the ritual ordinances, the practical work, the pecuniary arrangements all come under review. Newman continued to complain that he had no longer the energy of old days, and yet he could not but be conscious that the great powers which still remained to his deep and well-stored mind were being almost exhausted by attention to matters which an inferior man of strong practical sense, and less sensitive, would have done a good deal better.

When Mr. Capes had asked him in April 1849 to send a contribution to the *Rambler* he had had to decline simply from want of leisure:

'At present,' he writes, 'Dalgairns' going increases my work. It is an anxious time of the year—Lent past—summer coming, and Dalgairns gone, we are obliged to be very much on the alert. Then our members forming, some coming, some come, everyone taking his place, as one would in a stage coach, accommodating legs and stowing parcels. You know what a scare there is on deck when a vessel is just under weigh—packages, boxes, mackintoshes, live fowls, sheep and qualmish women strewed about in all directions. The school department, the instruction department, the mission department and the confession department, all have to be organised. Then the House is full of masons, carpenters and painters, not to say upholsterers—lath and plaster partitions, doors, windows, passages, bridges, skylights, and book-cases being all in course of formation. *Fervet opus.* Then, an eye must be kept upon the London House . . . and St. Wilfrid's must not be forgotten. You will understand then that visions of reading and writing, except sermons, do not appear even in the offing. If in any way I could associate my name with your undertaking I should be glad—but I can promise nothing *definite* at present.'

All this work came to him as the call of duty—'lead Thou me on'—and he seems to have thought of little else than this. One of the early trials of the Congregation consisted in the number of persons who, attracted by Newman's great name and character, presented themselves as applicants to join it. Many of these were excellent and able men, but unsuited to the Oratorian life. Some, however, were simply

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eccentrics whom it took a little time to find out. The consequence was that some seven novices had to leave within a few months. This delayed getting things into such regular order as helped towards peace of mind or effective work. On July 19, with some weariness, but also with a saving sense of humour, Newman relates to Faber the last disappointment—the case of a real oddity who had abruptly to be dismissed:

'I could laugh at our misfortunes were they not worries. Have you heard the "last"? E. is gone! He drank too much beer, laid himself out on the kitchen dresser, packed up and went! Omnia tendunt visibiliter ad non esse, as King Edward says in our Oriel statutes. Formby, Whitty, A., B., C., D., and now E.! et tu Brute. Fr. Minister was so anxious for him. I think of Lycidas too and Eurydice, and the "prensantem umbras" and the "Ter frustra," and have all sorts of confused indescribable images in my mind. For where *are* we? Every morning we rise, and there is a fresh announcement;—but lament is in vain, for we must now "trick our beams," and "repair our drooping head," so to business.'

We must not omit to chronicle an act of Newman's which went far to making the hereditary Catholics realise the true character of one whom they did not all rightly understand at first. When the cholera broke out at Bilston in September 1849, Newman repaired thither in company with Father Ambrose St. John and Brother Aloysius, to help the resident priest, who was overcome with the work. The priest had shown great heroism, carrying on his back to the hospital those suddenly stricken down. The epidemic ceased almost immediately after the Oratorians arrived, but their prompt readiness to brave the pestilence and to help a priest who had no special claim on them was long remembered.

Newman was still a little anxious lest the London house should create irritation in the British public by a certain want of prudence in its zeal.

'As to yourselves,' he wrote to Faber, 'if a squall comes you must make yourselves comfortable in the cabin—after taking in your sail. Be very much on your guard against

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extravagances. They say you are going to *paint* the souls in Purgatory—but we settled together you were to have only an inscription—else, Mr. Binney will say that it represents Protestants at Smithfield.'

By the end of 1849, however, the note struck in the correspondence is hopeful and confident. The London Fathers had made many conversions among the poor—and some in the higher classes, including Lady Arundel and Surrey, the future Duchess of Norfolk. The services were well attended in both houses. Newman preached to crowded congregations in Birmingham, of Protestants as well as Catholics, the discourses afterwards published under the name of 'Sermons for Mixed Congregations.' Their effect in Birmingham itself was very marked at the time; and when they were published they came upon a large circle of readers as wonderful efforts in a species of oratory far more ornate, more akin to the great French preachers—Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon—than the chastened simplicity of the Oxford Parochial Sermons. Money was coming in abundance. In the *personnel* of the Oratories the tares had been sifted from the wheat, and those who remained were useful and zealous members. Some anxiety is still betrayed by Newman in his letters on the score of prudence—some fear of arousing jealousy through unguarded words or deeds—but his advice is given tenderly, and seems to amount to little more than that drag on the wheel which zealous and impetuous natures must ever require.

The following letters to Faber belong to February 1850:

'Before reading your sermons (which I will do and remark on them presently) I will say a word about those in prospect. We are prospering so much I am anxious lest we should have too much sail out. . . .

'Then there is an incipient jealousy in Dr. Wiseman (*of which you must not make too much in him*) which is an index of something in the air. Dr. Newsham writes to me about our great doings—things magnify at a distance. Then there is Lady Arundel, and I expect more converts here. In short, we are felt to be a *power*—exaggeratedly so—it is our *momentum* does it—for four years we have been quiescent—

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the greatest of weights does nothing at rest—but let it move ever so little, it does a deal.

'Now at Rome they are especially jealous of any great power unless they can be quite sure of it. If they had perfect faith in us, they would do anything for us—but we are converts, partially untried—and one least fault will tell against us the more, as heavy bodies have the more dangerous falls. And we have no friend at Rome. . . . Therefore I say, before looking at your notes, we must be careful what we are doing. Recollect this too, that you preach without book. Now what you said about Gothic architecture, or what you did not say, in a sermon some months ago, went about and was criticized far and wide. You ought to be able to know just what you have said, and say just what you mean. . . .'

On his birthday—February 21—he writes:

'Thanks for your congratulations, masses, and *dolce*. . . . I congratulate you in turn on your Sermons being ready, and marvel how you do things. Every year I get more languid and cumbersome. To move my mind is like putting a machine in motion, not an act of volition; yet Aristotle puts down 49 as the acmé of mental vigour. But the body affects it. This time ten years was my severest fast—now the most trifling deprivation makes me unable to hold up my limbs. Grace only supplies the diminution of vital energy whether to body or mind. I wish every one who prays for me would ask for me *efficacia desideria*. The poor fellow whose criticism I enclose [1] talks of iron wills; I would I had some portion of such galvanic power in me.'

To another correspondent who reported the opinion of a friend that Newman was himself already one of the Saints of the Church he wrote in the same month:

'You must undeceive Miss A. B. about me, though I suppose she uses words in a general sense. I have nothing of a saint about me as every one knows, and it is a severe (and salutary) mortification to be thought next door to one. I may have a high view of many things, but it is the consequence of education and a peculiar cast of intellect—but this is very different from *being* what I admire. I have no tendency to be a saint—it is a sad thing to say so. Saints are not literary men, they do not love the classics, they do

[1] A review in the *Inquirer* of the *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*.

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not write Tales. I may be well enough in my way, but it is not the "high line." People ought to feel this, most people do. But those who are at a distance have exalted notions about one. It is enough for me to black the saints' shoes —if St. Philip uses blacking in heaven.'

On March 8, 1850, came the celebrated decision of the Privy Council in what was known as the 'Gorham case'— overruling the refusal of the Bishop of Exeter (confirmed by the Court of Arches) to institute Mr. G. C. Gorham to the vicarage of Brampford Speke on the ground that he denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Here was a glaring case of the civil power asserting its supremacy over the spiritual as to what was the orthodox doctrine in an English clergyman, and making its decision on behalf of latitudinarian doctrine. Many Tractarians who had hitherto held back from Rome, including such influential men as Hope-Scott, Manning, and T. W. Allies, felt keenly this challenge to their position. Their following in Newman's footsteps appeared to be imminent. A strongly signed protest was at once drawn up at the house of Mr. Hope-Scott in Curzon Street against the action of the Privy Council. The matter caused great excitement in the Press and among Anglicans generally, and seemed to call for some public comment from Newman.

Yet he shrank from interfering. It could not be 'a little war,' he told Faber, and might lead to exhausting controversy. For to touch it was to raise the whole Anglican question. Still he now had some leisure. The 'Sermons to Mixed Congregations' had been passed for press in October, and Father Faber and other friends had been urging him to lecture on the situation in the King William Street Oratory in London. In the end he complied with their request, and wrote the brilliantly witty lectures on Anglicanism of which some account must be given, and which now form the first volume of 'The Difficulties of Anglicans' in his published works.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE KING WILLIAM STREET LECTURES (1850)

THE Anglican controversy, as such, was always somewhat distasteful to Newman. While preparing his Lectures of 1850 on 'The Difficulties of Anglicans' he remarked in a letter to Father Faber, 'I am writing them intellectually against the grain more than I ever recollect doing anything.' The controversy with the Church of England did not go to the root of the deepest difficulties of the day. 'He is quite annoyed,' writes Mr. de Vere in this very year, 'at having to spend any time on Anglicanism.'[1] He felt, too, that different minds needed different treatment. At the outset he had been inclined (as I have already said) to leave the matter alone and let the facts that were occurring in connection with the Gorham case speak for themselves—the anomalies in the Church of England being their own witness. 'As the English Church has brewed, so must it drink, the cup of indignation and wrath,' he wrote to Faber in March. 'And we have nothing to do with it.'

But by the end of April the lectures were decided on.

'Tell me what length my lectures should be?' he writes to Father Faber on April 28; 'if they last an hour, they must be as much as 30 pages octavo letter press, or something like 40 duodecimo, which seems enormous. Let me know; I will conform, whatever it is.

'Also I am perplexed—either some of them will be most impressively dull—or they will be too much on the other tack; and I am frightened at the chance of being satirical, &c., before the Blessed Sacrament. Would a curtain be possible?'

The lectures were delivered once a week in the Oratory Church in King William Street, Strand, beginning on May 9.

[1] *Life of Aubrey de Vere*, p. 182.

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It was Newman's first appearance as a lecturer since 1845, and many non-Catholics attended the lectures. They are landmarks in Newman's history for two reasons. Along with the 'Sermons to Mixed Congregations' they represent among his published works the 'honeymoon' period of Newman's Catholic life. They have a tone of exultant optimism which we find at no other moment of his life either as an Anglican or as a Catholic. Moreover, the first seven lectures are, I think, the only instances among his writings of what might be called aggressive controversy. Here perhaps we trace the influence of his younger disciples. All Newman's later controversial efforts were defensive. In the 'Present Position of Catholics' he is refuting the monstrous and absurd calumnies against Catholics which the Papal Aggression brought to the front. The Dublin lectures defended the time-honoured place of theology in education, which modern freethinkers were questioning. The 'Apologia' defended its writer and his Church from Kingsley's unmannerly charges. The 'Letter to Dr. Pusey' was an answer to the 'Eirenicon.' The 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' was an answer to Gladstone's attack on the Vatican decrees. The lectures on Anglican difficulties, on the contrary, are themselves an attack. Their practical object was to bring to the Catholic and Roman Church those who, after following him to the very brink, hesitated to take the final step. They were addressed to the Tractarians who remained in the Anglican Church—the friends he had left behind him.

The lectures are well known, for they were carefully revised and published as a volume. In point of mere literary power they rank high among his works. The first seven aim at showing that the true outcome of the movement of '33 is the Church of Rome—that the movement is essentially alien to the Anglican Church. The last five aim at removing objections to the Catholic and Roman Church. In the 'Apologia' he insists on the value of the Anglican Church as a breakwater against infidelity; in these lectures one of the most brilliant passages goes to show that what is really religious in the life of Anglicanism—and he recognises this to the full—is alien to the Church Established.

'Is the Establishment's life merely national life,' he asks,

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'or is it something more? Is it Catholic life as well? Is it a supernatural life? Is it congenial with, does it proceed from, does it belong to, the principles of Apostles, Martyrs, Evangelists, and Doctors, the principles which the movement of 1833 thought to impose or to graft upon it, or does it revolt from them?'

His wish, as he expressly said, was not to weaken the hold of the Anglican Church on the many, but only on those who he believed ought to join the Church of Rome. In addressing them he was, as in the letters to Henry Wilberforce, earnest, insistent, onesided.

The lectures made a great impression on their hearers. Their effect on one singularly competent critic who heard them and largely disagreed with their argument and conclusions has been left on record. The late Mr. R. H. Hutton in his study of Newman[1] writes of them as follows:

'I think the "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties" was the first book of Newman's generally read among Protestants, in which the measure of his literary power could be adequately taken. . . . It is a book, however, which adds but little to our insight into his mind, though it adds much to our estimate of his powers. I shall never forget the impression which his voice and manner, which opened upon me for the first time in these lectures, made on me. Never did a voice seem better adapted to persuade without irritating. Singularly sweet, perfectly free from any dictatorial note, and yet rich in all the cadences proper to the expression of pathos, of wonder, and of ridicule, there was still nothing in it that any one could properly describe as insinuating, for its simplicity, and frankness, and freedom from the half-smothered notes which express indirect purpose, was as remarkable as its sweetness, its freshness, and its gentle distinctness. As he described the growth of his disillusionment with the Church of England, and compared it to the transformation which takes place in fairy tales when the magic castle vanishes, the spell is broken, "and nothing is seen but the wild heath, the barren rock, and the forlorn sheep-walk," no one could have doubted that he was describing with perfect truth the change that had taken place in his own mind. "So it is with us," he said, "as regards the Church of England, when we look in amazement on that we thought so unearthly, and find so common-place or worthless. Then we perceive that aforetime we have not

[1] *Cardinal Newman.* By R. H. Hutton. Methuen: 1890.

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been guided by reason, but biased by education, and swayed by affection. We see in the English Church, I will not merely say, no descent from the first ages, and no relationship to the Church in other lands, but we see no body politic of any kind; we see nothing more or less than an establishment, a department of government, or a function or operation of the State—without a substance,—a mere collection of officials, depending on and living on the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings of any kind. It is easier to love or hate an abstraction than so tangible a frame-work or machinery."

'This is of course an exaggerated view. It is not true that the State can do what it pleases with the English Church, can modify its theology or change its liturgy at will; but it is still less true that the Church can do as she will without the consent of the State. The English Church is an amalgam of two alien organizations, not the organized form of a religious society.

'This whole lecture delivers one of the most powerful attacks ever opened on the Anglican theory of the Church as independent of the State. Not less powerful was Newman's delineation, in the fifth lecture, of the collapse of the Anglican theory of the Church when applied to practice. The Anglicans, he said, "had reared a goodly house, but their foundations were falling in. The soil and masonry both were bad. The Fathers would protect 'Romanists' as well as extinguish Dissenters. The Anglican divines would misquote the Fathers and shrink from the very doctors to whom they appealed. The Bishops of the seventeenth century were shy of the Bishops of the fourth, and the Bishops of the nineteenth were shy of the Bishops of the seventeenth. The Ecclesiastical Courts upheld the sixteenth century against the seventeenth, and, unconscious of the flagrant irregularities of Protestant clergymen, chastised the mild misdemeanours of Anglo-Catholic. Soon the living rulers of the Establishment began to move. There are those who, reversing the Roman maxim, are wont to shrink from the contumacious, and to be valiant towards the submissive; and the authorities in question gladly availed themselves of the power conferred on them by the movement itself. They fearlessly hanselled their Apostolical weapons against the Apostolical party. One after another, in long succession, they took up their song and their parable against it.[1] It was a solemn war-dance which they executed round victims,

[1] This refers to the charges of the Bishops against Tract 90.

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who, by their very principles, were bound hand and foot, and could only eye, with disgust and perplexity, this most unaccountable movement on the part of these 'holy Fathers, the representatives of the Apostles and the Angels of the Churches.' It was the beginning of the end."'

One reason which made the composition of his lectures on the Anglican controversy, with all their brilliancy, distasteful to him, gave specially congenial interest to his private correspondence on the same subject in those years. He felt that words used publicly and afterwards printed would be read by persons representing the most various standpoints. What was most cogent to those who were already far advanced towards Rome would seem trivial and inconclusive to others. Even among those who had been influenced by the Oxford Movement, there were many shades of opinion. All this made the lectures unsatisfactory to him. In his correspondence, on the other hand, he could take account of such differences, and play on each mind as the special instrument demanded. Much of his time from 1848 to 1850 was devoted to writing to intimate friends who had stopped short of taking the final step. By far the largest number of letters of this nature were written to Henry Wilberforce and Mrs. William Froude. And in his letters to Mrs. Froude he has tender and anxious thoughts for her husband, who, like his brother, James Anthony Froude, was drifting away from all definite religious belief. Henry Wilberforce he urged onwards incessantly. But with Mrs. Froude he was less pressing, and to her he spoke more of the difficulties she was likely to find in Roman Catholicism if she made the great change. Each group of letters has a unity of its own. I here select only a few typical specimens:

'St. Wilfrid's, Cheadle: December 9, 1848.

'My dear Henry,—I do not know what I have to say in answer to your letter except to assure you that I remember you.

'*Christmas Day.* I leave the above to show my good intentions. You are ever in my thoughts, and yours. This blessed day, my first Mass at twelve (midnight), I gave to the Pope—my second at half past two to our Congregation—my third at seven to all my friends and acquaintances, who

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still are Protestants. You, dearest Henry, were not forgotten, but I will not believe, you shall not make me, that you are for ever so to be classed, so to be remembered. The midnight Mass was a high one—and I communicated 120 persons at it. We have had Masses going on literally *through* the night, 36 in all—as if in emulation of the angels who sang through the night 1800 years ago "Glory to God, peace on earth." Some of us have not been to bed at all. Dear Father Ambrose especially, as Sacristan, has been hard worked. He got to bed between five and six, and we were amused to find on his door, "Please don't call me, and don't knock"—but he is up again now (10) and has just left me in order to sing his third Mass, which is also High Mass—but we don't expect many people this morning. (P.S.—On the contrary, there is a very fairly full Church, and Benediction will be crowded.) The midnight Mass was not over till three. A large portion of the congregation live two miles away.

'If this were in the centre of the town I declare I think it would convert a good half of it by its very look. We have had a number of most splendid functions—but we shall soon (many of us) leave it for Birmingham—for a gloomy gin distillery, of which we have taken a lease, fitting up a large room for a Chapel. When we shall get to London we don't know—prospered as we have been, still we want hands for such an undertaking. Lately several of our Fathers held a mission in this neighbourhood. They heard between 700 and 800 confessions and received 22 persons into the Church. Never surely were the words more strikingly exemplified, "The Harvest is great, the labourers are few," than in England. We could convert England, humanly speaking, at least the lower classes, had we priests enough.

'With all best wishes of this happy season, my dear Henry,

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

In January he writes to the same correspondent:

'I have heard something about you which makes me sad—that you countenanced on November 1st the changes in Margaret Street which (if what I hear they are) I will not designate. What have you to do with *Subdeacons* and the like? I should have thought you far too sensible a fellow to go into such ways. While you stick to the old Church of England ways you are respectable—it is going by a sort of tradition—when you profess to *return* to lost Church

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of England ways, you are rational—but when you invent a *new* ceremonial, which never was, when you copy the Roman or other foreign rituals, you are neither respectable nor rational. It is sectarian. That is what I say of Pusey now—he does not *affect* to appeal to any authority but his own interpretation of the Fathers, and [to] the sanction of old Anglicans for *this* or *that*—but as a *whole*, he is not *reviving* anything that *ever* was anywhere for 1800 years. There is a tradition of High Church, and of Low Church—but none of what *now* is justly called *Puseyism*.

'Thank you for dear Robert's[1] letter. I am glad he speaks better of me than he did two years since—when he dissuaded a man from following me on the ground of his *personal knowledge*, that 20 years since I was on the verge of madness. This was a rhetorical argument—when he came to Oxford, rhetoric went to flight and the heart spoke. Ought not conscience to be the child of such a pair as heart and rhetoric.

'Now you are saying, Carissime, "What's the matter with him? He is in a terribly bad humour, he does nothing but bite." I wish I could bite you with my madness, though I know you dread large dogs and little.'

On March 7 Newman urges on his friend the central argument from the 'Essay on Development':

'As to my Essay [on Development] you mistake in one minor matter,—it is not the argument from unity or Catholicity which immediately weighs with me, but from Apostolicity. In that book is asked why does its author join the Catholic Church? The answer is, because it is the Church of St. Athanasius and St. Ambrose. Vid. the passage about St. Athanasius and St. Ambrose coming from Treves to Oxford. And it is an argument *natural* to weigh with me who have so many years been engaged in the meditation of early Church History—and it is as natural that the difficulties I had felt, and the difficulties I there answer, should be difficulties of doctrine, since I have studied in Church History the history of doctrine more than anything else. You may recollect too that the one idea which for years was before me, was, "the Anglican Church corresponds to the Semi-arians, corresponds to the Monophysites"—It is contained in the letter I wrote to Robert in Autumn of 1841; it had been in my mind as early as summer 1839. I never shook it off—how could I? when to every reader of Church History it is so plain. Nothing is

[1] Robert Wilberforce.

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more day-clear than this, that unless there never was a Church and heretics round it, the Anglican Church is *a loco*, in the position of one of those early sects. This again I kept saying—I think I wrote to Keble, "I am far more certain that the Anglican Church is *in loco haereseos*, than that the Roman corruptions are not developments." No one can maintain the Anglican Church from history, (whatever they may try to do on the ground of doctrine)—and those who speak against my Essay as inconclusive, most of them, do not see its drift.'

Rumour at this moment spoke of Henry Wilberforce as on the verge of taking the great step. Two letters of Newman's—one a mere note—earnestly pressed him onwards:

'St. Wilfrid's: Sept. 19th, 1849.

'My dearest Henry,—I heard of you this morning here,—where I had just come for a day or two, having been overworked. I had gone to Bilston to attend the poor cholera patients, but found the scourge nearly over, and I was not wanted,—so I came here. Father Ambrose and Father Minister are there still. They say that two thirds of the population would become Catholics if they had priests to take care of them.

'But now I write about you, Carissime—I have heard something about you this morning, which makes me say "Send for me, and I will come to you at once—by return of post." Do not let anything stand between conviction and its legitimate consequence. Carissime, you must die some day or other. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. NEWMAN.'

'September 21, 1849.

'Carissime,—This may cross one of yours, but I can't help writing.

'How can you delay? O my dearest H. W., may not this be a crisis in your eternal destiny?

'Ever yours most affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

But the change did not come for some months. Newman's letters continued to be insistent. "There is no alternative between Catholicism and Infidelity to the clear thinker—flee Babylon while you can," he writes in one, with reference to William Froude's movement towards religious negation.

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And in another—when the change appears to be simply a matter of time—"O, the joy it will be to me to see you and embrace you as the Patriarch turned himself with yearning heart to his lost Son!"

Early in 1850 Henry Wilberforce and his wife were both received.

Henry Wilberforce had been so closely acquainted with Newman's own state of feeling throughout, that his hesitation had appeared to Newman to call for constant pressure to take the final step. With Mrs. Froude, on the contrary, he felt that if she did join the Catholic Church she would find trials and difficulties arising from the change. He therefore wished her first to count the cost. He does not in his letters seem eager to urge her onwards so long as she feels satisfied with her present position. Yet he evidently fears, on the other hand, lest his own great step in 1845 may have unsettled her, and she may find no peace until she realises that Catholicism is normally the only stable form of Christian faith. For an actual change of Communion nevertheless he apparently did not feel sure that she was prepared. The wife of William Froude and the sister-in-law of J. A. Froude was naturally familiar with the idea of mental doubt, and Newman's letters to her touch this aspect of possible views on religion, which is quite absent from the letters to Henry Wilberforce.

The following letters must suffice to illustrate the difference of tone of which I speak and the careful touch with which Newman handled the minds of his friends:

'Mary Vale, Perry Bar: June 16, 1848.

'My dear Mrs. Froude,—I answer your kind and touching letter just received immediately. How could you suppose I do not feel the warmest attachment and the most affectionate thoughts towards you and yours?

'And now first about myself, since you are kindly anxious about me. It is my handwriting that distresses you; but it has been so for years. I seem to have sprained some muscles. I can't put my finger on the place—but I never write without some pain. And it does not seem that there is any help.

'As to health, I never was better or so well. The only indisposition is that I am always tired, but that I think

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is merely owing to the growth of years. As time goes on too, one's features grow more heavy. At least I feel it an effort to brighten up. Or rather, I believe those long years of anxiety have stamped themselves on my face—and now that they are at an end, yet I cannot change what has become a physical effect.

'And now you know all about me, as far as I am able, or can get myself, to talk of myself. I will but add that the Hand of God is most wonderfully on me, that I am full of blessing and privilege, that I never have had even the temptation for an instant to feel a misgiving about the great step I took in 1845, that the hollowness of High Churchism (or whatever it is called) is to me so very clear that it surprises me, (not that persons should not see it at once) but that any should not see it at last, and, also, I must add that I do not think it safe for any one who does see it, not to act on his conviction of it *at once.*

'Oh—that I were near you, and could have a talk with you—but then I should need great grace to know what to say to you. This is one thing that keeps me silent, it is, dear friend, because I don't know what to say to you. If I had more faith, I should doubtless know well enough; I should then say, "Come to the Church, and *you will find all you seek.*" I *have myself* found all I seek. "I have all and abound"—my every want has been supplied, and as it has in all persons, whom I know at all well, who have become Catholics,—but still the fidget comes on me, "What if they fail? What if they go back? What if they find their faith tried? What if they relax into a lukewarm state? What if they do not fall into prudent and good hands?" It is strange I should say so, when I have instances of the comfort and peace of those very persons for whom I feared on their conversions.

'But I will tell you what I think on the whole, though you do not ask me, in two sentences; 1. that it is the duty of those who feel themselves called towards the Church to obey it; 2. that they must *expect* trial, when in it, and think it only so much gain when they have it not. This last indeed is nothing more than the spirit moving, "when thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation."

'I would not bring anyone into the Church on the ground which you put as against the Church of England, viz: that all hopes are failing. Not that I do not value, not that I do not now feel, the *stimulus* which comes from bright prospects, but that one ought not to come, if it can be helped, on such inferior grounds. Now this world is a world of trouble.

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You must come to the Church, not to avoid it, but to save your soul. If this is the motive, all is right. You cannot be disappointed, but the other motive is dangerous.

'I was thinking of you this morning, when I said Mass. Oh that you were safe in the True Fold. I think you will be one day. You will then have the blessedness of seeing God face to face. You will have the blessedness of finding, when you enter a Church, a Treasure Unutterable, the Presence of the Eternal Word Incarnate, the Wisdom of the Father who, even when He had done His work, would not leave us, but rejoices still to humble Himself by abiding in places on earth, for our sakes, while He reigns not the less on the right hand of God. To know too that you are in the Communion of Saints, to know that you have cast your lot among all those Blessed Servants of God who are the choice fruit of His Passion, that you have their intercessions on high, that you may address them, and above all the Glorious Mother of God, what thoughts can be greater than these? And to feel yourself surrounded by all holy arms and defences, with the Sacraments week by week, with the Priests' Benedictions, with crucifixes and rosaries which have been blessed, with holy water, with places or with acts to which Indulgences have been attached, and the "whole Armour of God"—and to know that, when you die, you will not be forgotten, that you will be sent out of the world with the holy unctions upon you, and will be followed with Masses and prayers; to know in short that the Atonement of Christ is not a thing at a distance, or like the sun standing ever against us and separated off from us, but that we are surrounded by an atmosphere and are in a medium, through which His warmth and light flow in upon us on every side, what can one ask, what can one desire, more than this?

'Yet I do not disguise that Catholicism is a *different religion* from Anglicanism. You must come to learn that religion which the Apostles introduced and which was in the world long before the Reformation was dreamed of, but a religion not so easy and natural to you, or congenial, because you have been bred up in another from your youth.

'Excuse all this, as you will, my dear Mrs. Froude, and excuse the rambling character of this whole letter, and believe me,

'Ever yours most affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—I should rejoice to see William at any time; but I am going to London soon.'

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'Mary Vale, Perry Bar: June 27, 1848.

'My dear Mrs. Froude,—One of the thoughts which most painfully weighed on my mind, when I began to see that I must be a Catholic, if not the most painful of all, was that I was unsettling many, who, having been without definite faith till I and others made them what is called Anglo-Catholics, were likely, on my confessing that to be a delusion which I had taught them was a reality, instead of passing on with me to a second creed, to relapse into scepticism. . . .

'But oh, my dear Mrs. Froude, what an awful state is that of doubt, if permitted, if acquiesced in, if habitual; considering that faith, implicit faith, is the fundamental grace of the Gospel, and condition of its benefits? The very notion of doubt is then only endurable, when a person is firmly resolved to embrace the Truth, whatever it be, at whatever cost, when once it is brought home to him, and immediately;—praying the while that he may, as soon as possible, be brought to the knowledge of it. If you, my most dear Sister or Daughter, as you chose to let me call you, really can say in your heart, that you will submit to the Truth, though you cannot prove it, directly your reason tells you where it lies, I am comforted about you; but do search your conscience on this point. Are you quite sure you respond, as you should, to God's grace leading you on? Are you sure that you do not take "obedience," (to allude to the Sermon you speak of) instead of faith, when you should only take it as the way to faith? resting in it, instead of using it. . . .

'I wish you would consider whether you have a right notion how to gain faith. It is, we know, the Gift of God, but I am speaking of it as a human process and attained by human means. Faith then is not a conclusion from premisses, but the result of an act of the *will*, following upon a *conviction* that to believe is a *duty*. The simple question you have to ask yourself is, "Have I a *conviction* that I *ought* to accept the (Roman) Catholic Faith as God's word?" if not, at least, "do I *tend* to such a conviction?" or "am I *near* upon it"? For directly you have a conviction that you ought to believe, reason has done its part, and what is wanted for faith is, not proof, but *will*. . . . We are answerable for what we choose to believe; if we believe lightly, or if we are hard of belief, in either case we do wrong.

'With love to William,

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. NEWMAN.'[1]

[1] Two letters illustrative of Newman's relations with William Froude will be found in the Appendix, p. 622.

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Another group of letters belonging to this time has considerable importance—those to Newman's Oxford friend Mr. Frederick Capes. And these, too, I think represent a mental effort far more congenial than the King William Street lectures. Not long after he had joined the Catholic Church Mr. Capes had founded the Catholic Review called the *Rambler*, of which incidental mention has been already made. The letters were occasioned by subjects discussed in the Review, on which Mr. Capes constantly consulted Newman. They include Newman's first suggestions on the subject which he regarded as so important in his later life, the necessity of accurate thought and expression among Catholics themselves in dealing with the great religious questions of the day. Although his work for the Oratory led him, as we have seen, to decline writing for the *Rambler*, he took a lively interest in the work it carried on. The *Rambler* was started in January 1848. W. G. Ward, Oakeley, and Richard Simpson were among the earliest contributors to its pages, and from the first it set to work on that very task of the development of Catholic thought in which Newman had such special sympathy.

It likewise showed from the first a tendency towards inconsiderateness and even offensiveness in its criticisms which Newman deprecated as injurious to success in its object. The existing Catholic Colleges were strongly criticised. The *amour propre* of English Catholics educated under the existing system was offended by strictures which might have been accepted had they been accompanied by a due recognition of all that was best in that system; and there was, moreover, already an inclination in some of the *Rambler* writers to rash and startling speculation in matters in which scientific conjectures of the day touched the opinions of theologians. This again tended to prejudice the views they advocated rather than to recommend them. It confirmed the feeling of the old Catholics that the Oxford converts were a party and were indisposed to amalgamate in thought and feeling with themselves.

Newman's letters show at once his value for the activity of mind and reality of treatment evinced by the articles, some anxiety at their tone, and some suspiciousness of

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Mr. Capes' speculations. Though declining Mr. Capes' request that he should be formal theological censor of the Review, he was informally consulted on much of its contents, and the correspondence drew from him some characteristic expressions of opinion. In one of the letters we find the first suggestion of what he afterwards carried out in 'Callista'—of a tale presenting an outline of history as to the action of Christianity on the educated world in the early centuries. The true nature of the evidence for Christianity—a subject which occupied his mind through life—is also touched in the correspondence. The feeling he had at Rome in 1846 reappears, that Italian theologians insufficiently appreciated the necessity for a searching inquiry into the adequacy of methodical proofs of religion natural and revealed, in the precise form found in the ordinary text-books. The equipment of an army may become very inadequate if it is not frequently subjected to the actual tests it will have to undergo in time of war; and theologians unfamiliar with the minds of unbelievers might be ineffective in polemic. While the ability of the theologians he had known in Rome was beyond doubt, and the general outlines of their treatment were inherited from deep thinkers, they did in his opinion set forth arguments as conclusive which in reality were not so. The typical Italian professor of theology often failed to realise the actual state of mind of the man who was to be convinced—the infidel in the case of the proofs of Christianity, the heretic in the case of distinctively Catholic polemic. These matters are referred to in the letters to Mr. Capes of 1847 and 1850, which show also the movement of his thought on other subjects. The following are some extracts:

'Your remarks on image-worship are very good and correct. The contrast of doctrine and practice there is but part of one great rule. The Church gives the rhythm and meaning to every feeling and thought of her children, though *they* do not recognise it *as their* own, e.g. the certainty of faith is indefinitely greater than mathematical—but who realises this in his experience?

'Your new number is a very good one, and the sale ought to increase, as it does. The defence of the scandalous paper on Catholic Education is very much to the purpose,

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and I should trust would soothe people—but I don't think you can quite get over it. You will be sure to have done good by mooting the subject; and all Catholics ought, as many will, to be obliged to you—but still you cannot get over the whole difficulty, because your original article had the tone of a hostile attack, instead of having a double dose of butter to introduce an unpleasant subject. . . . However never mind all this; the *Rambler* is doing a great deal of good, and we cannot do good without giving offence and incurring criticism.'

'The Oratory, 40 Alcester St.: Feb. 14, 1849.

'As for putting anything about us into the *Rambler*, "story, heav'n bless you, I have none to tell, sir." In time we shall, please heaven, do something—but at present it is all leaves and flowers, not fruit. Last Sunday the Policeman said he thought there were between 600 and 700 people at the evening sermon—and boys and girls flow in for instructions as herrings in the season. But it is not enough to catch your fish; you must throw the bad away. I mean until we sift them, and get one set of people at confession, and another regular candidates for instruction and reception, we have done nothing. We have every promise of this, but even on *our* part nothing is in order. The Confessionals hardly in position, and our catechists not at their posts.'

'February 28th, 1849.

'I heartily wish I could promise you a series like the Church of the Fathers. But *when* is it to be? If you can use my name honestly and without pledging me, I should be glad. As to the middle ages, I could not go on to *them*—What I should like would be to bring out the ἦθος of the Heathen from St. Paul's day down to St. Gregory, when under the process, or in sight of the phenomenon, of conversion; what conversion *was* in those times, and what the position of a Christian in that world of sin, what the sophistries of philosophy viewed as realities influencing men. But besides the great difficulty of finding time, I don't think I could do it from History. I despair of finding facts enough—as if an imaginary tale could alone embody the conclusions to which existing facts *lead*. If you can suggest anything, let me know. Dalgairns is so busy, he declares he will only write for *tin*. I have spoken to the other two men, and shall see Hutchison to-morrow, and will have a talk with him.'

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'December 2nd, '49.

'As to what you say about eternal punishment, it is to me, as to most men, the great crux in the Christian system as contemplated by the human mind. It is to me what the doctrine of predestination is to Ward. But then *is there to be no trial of faith*? The doctrine of the Holy Trinity, transubstantiation, grace, nay the Incarnation (for it is against no attribute) are to me no trial. Am I to have none? Reason is able to approve of much—is it to approve of all? Another consideration is our utter ignorance of what is meant by eternity—it is not infinite time. Time implies a process—it involves the connection and action of one portion upon another—if eternity be an eternal *now*, eternal punishment is the fact that a person *is* in suffering; he suffers to-day and to-morrow and so on for ever—but not in a continuation—all is complete in every time—there is no memory, no anticipation, no growth of intensity from succession. I will not say I am right in so considering it, for I have not consulted divines (and certainly popular views, sermons, etc., are against me, for in them the growth of pain from succession is expressly insisted on), but if I *be* right, then the question is merely, should a soul suffer, should sin be punished, which few will deny.

'As to yourself, you are very painfully situated—you have to read a vast number of infidel books, and to throw yourself into the state of mind of infidels, and this necessarily exposes you to the temptation.

'I would add, it is the turning point between Christianity and pantheism, it is the critical doctrine—you can't get rid of it—it is the very characteristic of Christianity. We must therefore look matters in the face. Is it more improbable that eternal punishment should be true, or that there should be no God; *for if there be a God, there is eternal punishment*, (a posteriori).

'As to the subject on which you would have me write, it is a noble one—but one can no more *command* a set of lectures on it than raise spirits from the vasty deep. I feel more and more, and have for years, how little one's mind is in one's own power. Difficulties of years are sometimes overcome in a moment—yet one cannot foresee the time. It is very mysterious, and brings before one the great Christian truth that man *in puris naturalibus* is a most imperfect being, and depends on principles and powers external to him for the power of thinking and acting.

'What I *want* to do, and can't, and it falls into your subject, is to construct a *positive* argument for Catholicism.

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The negative is the most powerful—"Since there must be one true religion, it can be *none other* than this"—but the fault of this is that it involves what many people call scepticism—a cutting away everything else but Catholicism—showing the difficulties of such portions of truth as Protestantism contains, etc. Hence what I have written (e.g. difficulties of the Canon) has been much objected to. Now as to *positive* proof, I can only rest the argument on antecedent probabilities or verisimilia —which are to my mind most powerful, (and practically sufficient, for they are in fact the Notes of the Church,) but they seem argumentatively imperfect; and I would give much to be able to strike out something—but I feel myself quite helpless.'

'December 2nd, '49.

'I have not quite got hold of your proposed subject. The great argument of the Atheist is this—"The Creator of the World is either wanting in love or power—therefore He is not God, or there is no God." Now Christianity does not touch this argument. It leaves it where it was, or adds weight to it. You do not mean me then to show how Christianity *explains* the riddle. The question simply is how it *meets* it. *But* when it is a question of *meeting*, it is a question of *degrees*. The point then is what *degree* of skilful meeting, in a religion, is sufficient to prove it divine.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 8th, 1849.

'Thank you for your valuable letter. The subject, which you have named, jumps with much I have been thinking of, especially the introductory lectures on the Nature of the Proof—but I fear these would swell into a whole (uninteresting) set. Again, such a subject requires very delicate treatment. Your Italian divines, whom I sincerely wish to follow in dogmatics, are not in my mind the best of polemics—now "The proof of Christianity" is just the point on which polemics and dogmatics meet as on common ground. It is in the province of both, and I cannot altogether stand the Italian treatment of it, unless I mistake their words and they mine. They know nothing at all of heretics as realities—they live, at least in Rome, in a place whose boast is that it has never given birth to heresy, and they think proofs ought to be convincing which in fact are not. Hence they are accustomed to speak of the argument for Catholicism as a demonstration, and to see no force in objections to it and to admit no perplexity of intellect which is not directly and immediately wilful. This at

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least is their tendency in *fact*, even if I overstate their theory. They have not a dream what England is, and what is the power of fascination which the Anglican Church (e.g.) exerts in the case of many minds. F. Passaglia understood it a little better when he got to Westminster Abbey, and declared the chanting to be a great "scandalo"; and I suspect he was cowed by the vision of Oxford. At present they will not abide in Italy the use of terms which, if not the ideas also contained in them, are received with us. E.g. when you in your Papers on "Four Years' Experience" speak of the argument for Catholicism being "the greater probability," (do you not?) you say what would scandalise an Italian, and would be put down to my school. At least one Jesuit attacked me as a probabilist in doctrine, though I am not conscious of dreaming of being one; and certainly I should be afraid that I might say things which, though distinctly contained in de Lugo, are contrary to the tone of this day. I really do not think I differ in *idea*, and I have altered my *language* in consequence, but I don't feel clear that I should not offend those whom I wish to be on good terms with. As to you, I distinctly think you have expressed yourself incautiously, unless I have misunderstood you—but what *I* think of *you*, others may think of me. At all events, it would take time, and thought, to write carefully on such a subject, and I don't think I could do it by Lent.

'I should like to know some time *argumentatively* why my suggestion about eternity having no succession produces no alleviation of your difficulty—I wish to know it as a fact, to guide me in the use of it. It tends to destroy the difficulty in my own case.

'I could not make out whether you said my Sermons were "selling" or "telling"—I wish them to "tell," but I am very much more interested, I must own, in the sale.'

'Oratory, Birmingham: Jan. 27th, 1850.

'As to what you said some time back about eternal punishment I said nothing in answer, because I simply wished to hear *what* your view was of my argument. I did not agree with your answer (if you wish to know, as you seem to do). In denying that "eternity was without duration," you seem to me denying, not an assumption of mine, as you view it, but the common voice of all nations. Even the poet speaks of an "eternal *now*." And by saying that what *did* relieve you was the mystery of God's ante-eternity, you seem taking up yourself my very argument

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—for the mysteriousness of it shows that we don't know *what* eternity *is*—and if our notion is so defective as to make us think the divine *a parte ante* beyond Divine Omnipotence, that same defect may be the cause of eternal pain seeming to contradict the Divine All-mercifulness. A common person's notion of flannel is that it is something that "keeps us warm." With this notion it is a sheer absurdity or mystery to suppose that it is wrapt round ice to keep it from melting. Again I could not convince my clerk at St. Mary's that the thick moisture on the pavement on a thaw was not a proof that the Church was really damp. We have far less correct ideas of eternity than of such material matters.

'The passage in "Four Years' Experience" is "To tell me I was enslaving my reason, etc., by embracing the more probable of two momentous alternatives," etc., p. 10. Now, since the proof on which we believe must be a *certain* proof, the above is sound to me only on the hypothesis that in the *case supposed* it be true that "It is *certain* that the *more probable* alternative is the *true* one"; which has to be proved, for it is not a *general* truth or an axiom. But the words on the surface mean no more than this, that "it is *not certain* that Catholicism is true, only *more probable* than that it is not"—and this I conceive is an unsound position.'

'St. Wilfrid's: September 16th, 1850.

'Thank you for F. Perrone, which I will return. It relieves me to find that to deny the universality of the deluge is not even temerarious. At the same time, the time is not come for confidence about any theory. The "Spiritus Dei" may mean electro-magnetism ten years hence, then the vital principle, and at the end of 50 years "The Spirit of God" as of old.'

'Oratory, Birmingham: November 14th, 1850.

'My criticism on these scientific articles was *not* on the allowableness of their statements, but the advisableness. We ought not to theorise the teaching of Moses till philosophers have demonstrated their theories of physics. If "the Spirit of God" is gas in 1850, it may be electro-magnetism in 1860.'

One other letter may be added belonging to the following year, although it somewhat forestalls the order of our narrative. It contains the first incidental reference to a matter on which Newman wrote much later on—namely, the importance of the schools of theological thought in the past, of their flourishing existence, of their freedom and variety, and

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the correlative importance of the writings of the 'doctors of the Church,' for the intellectual health of the Christian community in the ages in which they lived and wrote. The doctors of the Church and not the Popes had in the past given the lead to the Catholic theological intellect in its inquiries. 'It is individuals and not the Holy See that have taken the initiative and given the lead to the Catholic mind in theological inquiry,' he wrote in a famous passage in the 'Apologia.' And it was the greatest of those individuals who were afterwards known as Doctors of the Church. The process of active discussion and thought in the Catholic schools reached its height in the middle ages—the days of the schoolmen of the thirteenth century. The events accompanying the Reformation somewhat diminished the freedom of scholastic debate, and concentrated attention on the polemic against Protestantism. Yet such names as Petavius, Suarez, and de Lugo remind us that theological schools still long remained a great power to reckon with. The French Revolution had inflicted a crushing blow on the theological schools. And with their comparative disappearance the *rôle* of 'Doctor of the Church' seemed almost to be in abeyance. 'Religion is never in greater danger,' Newman wrote, 'than when in consequence of national or international troubles the schools of theology have broken up or ceased to be.' The sense of the loss sustained by the Church in the destruction of the theological schools grew on Newman, as we shall see, in the course of time. It is first referred to, though only briefly, in the following letter written to Mr. Capes on the advantages and disadvantages for the Church of a state of persecution:

'April 20th, 1851.

'What does the Church gain by a state of persecution? an elevation in the tone of those who remain firm? I doubt it as a *whole*. Recollect the scandals among the Confessors in St. Cyprian's time and the low tone among us now. And great as the sanctity of the Martyrs is, I suppose the sanctity of St. Ignatius and St. Theresa, subjects of the most Catholic King of Spain, may be compared to it. Then again, in times when religion is established, you have schools of all sorts, of doctrine, of ritual, of antiquities, and histories—it is the age of *doctors*—who are formed by the very heresies which then germinate. Think on the contrary of

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the miserable state of the Church 1780 to 1830, during the temporal misfortunes of the Holy See, through which we have not yet emerged at this moment. Where are our schools of theology? a scattered and persecuted Jesuit school —one at Louvain—some ghosts of a short-lived birth at Munich—hardly a theologian at Rome. And recollect independence and persecution go together—the State must either be our friend or our enemy. Now, consider the confusion everything is thrown into, by the Pope's absence from Rome—the destruction of records—the dispersion of libraries —the suspension of the Sacred Congregations—think of Pope Pius VII. shut up from the Church for five years. *What is to put against all this?* You cannot pick and choose—you cannot have all the advantages of freedom and none of the disadvantages of being outlawed. You may say that we are in the worst state possible now, being neither one thing nor the other—the Pope bound to the world without corresponding benefits—but I am not defending any *view*, I am only anxious that things should be calmly looked at.'

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CHAPTER IX

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION (1850–1851)

THE brilliant irony of the King William Street lectures delighted such intellectual critics as Mr. Hutton. The lectures also attracted the Broad Church members of the Establishment, who attended in considerable numbers. They rejoiced the heart of that born controversialist, Dr. Wiseman, who sat listening to them, vested in a cope, swaying to and fro, his ruddy face beaming with delight as the war-dance of the Anglican episcopate was described by the lecturer. Conversions to the Church immediately followed —notable among them being those of Sir George Bowyer and Mr. T. W. Allies. Rome conferred on Father Newman an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The London Oratorians were rapidly becoming subjects of general remark, as they daily paced the streets in their habits.[1] The English 'Papists' seemed to their countrymen to be holding their heads high. Dr. Wiseman and the sanguine converts talked freely about the 'conversion of England.' *Punch* advertised their happy unclouded confidence to the public week after week, by caricatures of the 'Romanists' and burlesques of their real and imaginary doings. The Oratorians were depicted in the cartoons arrayed in cassocks and albs and chasubles and copes, and so were the 'Puseyites,' who were regarded as their secret friends and as recruits for the Roman army. The attitude of the Catholics was not pleasing to the Anglican hierarchy. And displeasure was gradually penetrating into the slow mind of John Bull himself, who had at first viewed

[1] In the first enthusiasm attending the foundation of the Oratory, all the fathers at Birmingham as well as in London walked abroad in their cassocks, and on one occasion a no-popery zealot upset a sack of flour on Newman himself.

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the show from the stalls as a rather apathetic spectator, but who had, deep down in him, a hatred of Popery which was kept inactive mainly through its accompanying contempt. Those who could read the signs of the times began to grow conscious of a sullen anger rising and deepening among their countrymen—something akin to caste feeling or race feeling, which could be very dangerous and indiscriminate in its display if it were thoroughly awakened. Wiseman himself, full of schemes for the future, living now almost entirely among Catholics, and not, as of old, mixing much with general society, saw nothing of this. His Celtic imagination pictured the new Catholic hierarchy which was promised for this very year as adding immense *éclat* to the victories of Rome. The ancient Church was to assert triumphantly the now undeniable failure of the Established Church to represent the Catholic religion in England. The High Church movement was utterly defeated. The new hierarchy was to claim a Roman victory.

There was a momentary pause in his plans—a threat of bitter disappointment. For a moment the old priests—such men as Mr. Wilds and Dr. Maguire—succeeded in alarming Rome. They had the traditions of the days of persecution, and dreaded the consequences of Wiseman's 'go ahead' policy and of his public advertisement of Catholic claims. Wiseman was unpopular with them, and they asked for his removal from London, which must mean from England. He was actually summoned to Rome in July 1850 and informed that he was to remain there for good, with the Cardinal's hat as a reward for past services—'in golden fetters,' as he expressed it. Less enterprising and more prudent spirits were to take charge of the new hierarchy, men who remembered the proverb, *Chi va piano va sano.* But other influences prevailed in Rome at the very last moment after Wiseman had actually started on his journey. Those Englishmen who were sanguine that Rome was on the eve of great victories in their own country represented urgently to the Vatican that the withdrawal of Wiseman meant the complete arrest of the campaign—for there was no one else to take the lead.

The English public in general was not otherwise than

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pleased at the elevation of Wiseman to the Cardinalate, news of which had been given out before he left England for Italy in August. They viewed it as a purely Roman honour, to be accompanied by residence in Rome. It was honour done to a distinguished English scholar by a foreign Court. The papers treated it sympathetically. Wiseman was all the more off his guard. His imagination was already fired by the events of 1845. The Oxford leaders had surrendered to him and had enlisted under his banner among the long-despised English 'Papists.' What victories might not this portend for the future? To his impressionable nature the position of Cardinal, coupled with the leadership at such a moment of the English Catholics, was almost a dizzy eminence. Perhaps with his training and his temperament and antecedents no greater position could be imagined. The tone of triumph was undisguised when he wrote the famous Pastoral letter, 'from out the Flaminian gate' of Rome, on October 7, announcing the new hierarchy and the details of its constitution. This was for the world at large the climax of the policy of constant boasting, constant assertion of victory actual and prospective for the Catholics of England. The language of the Pastoral letter appeared to be the exultant announcement of a Roman triumph—even a Roman conquest. A casual glance at the document brought before the British householder such passages as these: 'till such time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise to provide, we govern and shall continue to govern the counties of Middlesex, Hertford and Essex as ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Hants, Berkshire and Hampshire with the islands annexed as administrators with ordinary powers'; and again: 'The great work is complete. Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament . . . truly this is a day of joy and exultation of spirit.' Such a sentence as this was Cardinal Wiseman's expression of his own simple undisguised satisfaction. It was intended for the ears of the Catholic congregations to which it was to be read aloud in church. But the Press got hold of the Pastoral, and it was also read in the drawing-rooms and clubs, the vicarages and Bishops' palaces, which John Bull in his various capacities frequented. It employed, as I have said, language suggesting

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a great triumph! 'And over whom?' men asked. Over the people of England. Over the Established Church. Over the whole Protestant land which Rome once more claimed to 'govern.' True these were but words, not deeds, but they seemed insulting words when read by Englishmen, already since 1845 on the verge of exasperation. A storm broke—of which the details have often been told. Lord John Russell's famous letter to the Bishop of Durham was written on November 4—the eve of Guy Fawkes. Indignation meetings followed all over the country. Cardinal Wiseman and the Pope were burned everywhere in effigy. 'Down with Popery,' 'Down with tyranny,' was placarded in the streets of the country towns.[1]

Priests and their congregations were hooted. The Lord Chancellor, at the Mansion House dinner of November 9, quoted amid thunders of applause Shakespeare's lines:

> 'Under our feet we'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat
> In spite of Pope or dignities of Church.'

If Wiseman had shown want of judgment in the Flaminian-gate letter, he made amends by a remarkable display of courage, tact, and energy on his return on November 11. He was incessant in representations to the Government and on the platform—all marked by firmness, moderation, and argumentative and rhetorical ability. He made the very most of a logical position which was quite unanswerable—for no act of aggression had been committed. The rights of

[1] The Press was full of pasquinades and indignant protests. The following expression of passionate Protestant zeal may be given as a type of many more:

> 'Harlot of Rome! and dost thou come
> With bland demeanour now;
> The bridal smile upon thy lips,
> The flush upon thy brow?
>
> 'The cup of sorcery in thy hand,
> Still in the same array
> As when our fathers in their wrath,
> Dashed it and thee away?
>
> 'No! by the memory of the saints,
> Who died beneath thy hand,
> Thou shalt not dare to claim as thine
> One foot of English land.'

The author of these lines, published in the *Christian Times*, January 7, 1851, was Rev. Mr. Aytoun.

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the Established Church and Crown had been carefully respected and the title of no Church of England See was claimed for the Catholics. The sole cause of offence was that language suitable to the feelings and views of Catholics used in a Pastoral letter—a document ordinarily read inside the churches to an audience exclusively Catholic—had been published in the papers and read as though it had been meant for the eyes and ears of the average Protestant Englishman. It was as though a man overheard words used of himself, absolutely legitimate in themselves, yet very offensive if uttered in his presence. Wiseman's 'Appeal to the English People' appeared *in extenso* in five daily papers on November 20. It occupied six and a half columns of the *Times* in small type—and the *Times* then sold 40,000 copies a day. No copy of any paper in which it appeared was to be bought by four o'clock in the afternoon. The 'appeal' had an immediate effect in staying the storm, and the Press in many instances changed its tone forthwith. Newman was enthusiastic in his appreciation of Wiseman's power and resource. 'He is made for the world,' Newman wrote to Sir George Bowyer in January 1851, 'and he rises with the occasion. Highly as I put his gifts, I was not prepared for such a display of vigour, power, judgment, sustained energy as the last two months have brought. I heard a dear friend of his say before he got to England that the news of the opposition would kill him. How he has been out. It is the event of the time. In my own remembrance there has been nothing like it.'

The bitter feelings aroused by the agitation proved trying for recent converts, at whom old friends looked askance. Newman's own feelings at the outset of the disturbance were shown in a letter of sympathy written in November to the late Lord Denbigh—then Lord Feilding—who had had his share of trial in his new Communion:

'Be of good cheer, my dear Lord; the first months of a convert's life, though filled with joy of their own, have a pain and dreariness of their own too. We feel the latter when nature overcomes grace—the former when grace triumphs over nature. But no one made a sacrifice without effect. God does not forget what we do for Him—and what-

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ever trouble you may have now, it will be repaid to you a hundred fold. As to this hubbub, I was anxious just at first, when indeed you were here—but I do not see what can come of it, except indeed inconvenience to individuals, and black looks from friends and strangers. We must take it coolly, and leave the British Lion to find he cannot touch us. If he put some of us in prison, we should but gain by it, and I suspect his keepers are too sharp-sighted for that, whatever *he* is.'

In December he writes to another friend, Mrs. Wood:

'I don't agree with you at being troubled at the present row. It is always well to know things as they *are*. The row has not unsettled a single Catholic or Catholicizing Anglican—rather it has converted, and is converting, many. It has but brought out what all sober people knew,—though one is apt to forget it,—that the English people is not Catholicly-minded. Many foreigners, many old Catholics, have thought they were. I dislike our smoothing over the nation's aversion to our doctrines, just as I dislike smoothing over those doctrines themselves. The real misery is the trouble it has introduced into families, the private persecutions, the alienation of friends, and the bitterness of feeling which the commotion has caused, but all this will turn to good. In like manner, they may insult us in Parliament, but I don't see how any Act they pass can hurt us.'

Wiseman's immediate work in stemming the tide of aggressive bigotry was done in the first three months succeeding his return from Rome. It was then Newman's turn to begin. But while, in denouncing the unfairness of the popular attack on his co-religionists, he was entirely with Wiseman, he had already seen enough of the Catholic organisation in England to form somewhat different opinions on other questions involved. And he was not in complete sympathy with the Cardinal's constructive programme. He had already deprecated in his letters to Faber the policy of unnecessary advertisement akin to boasting, and the proclaiming of supposed triumphs out of all proportion to facts and realities. This feeling henceforth steadily deepened in his mind. He seems from his letters to have regarded the institution of the new hierarchy as part of the movement associated with the name of Augustus Welby Pugin. He viewed it as a matter

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rather of external dignity than of practical utility. He desired more work and less show. He had already, in deference to Wiseman's wishes, pointed out in his lectures at King William Street how vulnerable was the position of the Anglican Church regarded as the permanent home of those Tractarians who believed in her as part of the Church Catholic: and he did not think it wise to go further in criticising her. Indeed, it is possible that he had, in some of the King William Street lectures, under the influence of the younger Oratorians, adopted a somewhat more aggressive tone than his maturer judgment approved.

He did not wish to weaken the hold of the Church of England on the masses. The Established Church was in his eyes a great power in English society for good—for religion and against the growth of infidelity. The 'conversion of England' was, moreover, not a practical prospect. To weaken the Establishment was to damage a bulwark of religion, while Catholics had as yet no adequate force to supply in its place. It was true enough that the Bishops and clergymen up and down the country had used most violent and unjustifiable language against Catholicism. But Newman's more normal policy was to be above cheap retort, to consider solely the practical interests of religion. From his letters at this time we may gather that he would have been glad rather than sorry if the new hierarchy had been abandoned, and improved practical organisation among English Catholics had taken its place. He had some sympathy with the old priests—such men as his friend Mr. Wilds—who disliked the hierarchy and felt that it was being, as it were, run up hastily, without careful planning, cheaply, without adequate resources, and was likely to displace much that was well tried and successful in the existing organisation. It was too personal, Dr. Wiseman being the sole inspirer and executant of the scheme. The policy Newman favoured was, to let English Catholics grow stronger in reality—in organisation, education, and influence—lying low so far as public display was concerned. Let Catholics refrain from weakening the Church of England, he urged, while English society remained what it was at that time. He rather welcomed the possibility of active

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persecution, which would bring the Catholics face to face with stern facts. 'The Bishop,' he wrote to Henry Wilberforce, 'seems desirous to be put in prison. I should not be sorry for it. It would be sure to do us good.'

This general view is outlined plainly in his correspondence with Mr. Capes, who consulted him at this time on some lectures he proposed to give in defence of Catholics against the onslaught of the 'aggression' agitation. Newman was the more interested in the lectures as he was anxious for laymen to come forward on such occasions. One prelate objected to Mr. Capes' scheme. 'He has a horror of laymen,' Newman wrote, 'and I am sure they may be made in this day the strength of the Church.' Cardinal Wiseman, however, took Mr. Capes' side, and the lectures were delivered. Mr. Capes spoke at first of attacking the Church of England, and Newman expressed his dissent from his programme:

'In Vigil. N. Dom. 1850.

'My dear Capes,—I don't look on the Church of England as important in contrast to *Dissent*, but as a bulwark against infidelity, which Dissent cannot be. Were the Church of England to fall *Methodism might remain* awhile. I can't tell, for I don't know it—but surely, on the whole, the various denominations exist under the shadow of the Establishment, out of which they spring, and, did it go, would go too: i.e. they would lose their organisation, and whatever faint intellectual basis they have at present. Infidelity would take possession of the bulk of the men, and the women, so they had something to worship, would not care whether it was an unknown tongue, or a book of Mormon, or a pudding sleeve gown. Infidel literature would be the fashion, and there would be a sort of fanatical contempt and hatred of all profession of belief in a definite revelation.

'Perhaps it is absurd so talking, for the Established Church could not fall without a revolution—and, while it exists in any shape, it so far forth witnesses to a dogmatic and ritual religion, i.e. a revelation—but, in proportion as it is liberalized, it lets in infidelity upon the country, for there is nothing else to stand against infidelity. I can as little triumph then in the decline and fall of the Establishment as take part in the emancipation of the Jews—I cannot, *till* the Catholic Church is strong enough to take its place I don't see that this is inconsistent with my laughing at it as

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in my Lectures or Loss and Gain, for such ridicule only disparages it in the eyes of Puseyites who *ought* to leave it, not in those of Erastians and Establishmentarians, who constitute its strength. Is this a refinement? I mean, I don't think anything I have written would tend even to make men such as Lord John or Sir R. Peel give up the Church of England. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.

'P.S.—Thanks for your news—Manning is with Hope at Abbotsford—What does this mean?'

On February 9 he again deprecates attacking the Establishment in any lectures on the subject of the hour:

'I still shrink from taking up your line of attacking the Church of England. I ask "could we supply the place of it and all sects?" See, we have not Priests enough for our own body—how much less for England! Besides, I think our game is *not* to return evil for evil, now that the parsons have attacked us so furiously.'

Mr. Capes gave full consideration to Newman's views. His lectures began and proved a success. They called forth another letter in which Newman developed his own appreciation of the situation:

The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 18, 1851.

'My dear Capes,—I am glad to hear so good a beginning of your lectures. Depend on it *you* are in the right train, though not a member of the Hierarchy. Preaching, confession, publishing, no bill can touch, and these are our proper weapons. The Bill only touches Puginism and its offshoots. We are not ripe ourselves for a Hierarchy. Now they have one they can't fill up the Sees, positively can't. Don't repeat all this—but it really is a question whether one should not look on it as a means of getting us out of a scrape that this Bill is passed. We want Seminaries far more than Sees. We want education, *view*, combination, organisation. I don't see the lie of things down here, but I am really inclined to think our game is to turn black, silent, and sulky; to suspend the use of those titles which the Bishops cannot really lose—to appoint Vicars General, locumtenentes, to the sees not filled up—and to make the excuse of this persecution for getting up a great organization, going round to the towns giving lectures, or making speeches, none but Catholics being admitted to speak, starting a paper,

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a review, &c. The great difficulty of this plan would be the Cardinal's *status*, would it not?

'The other plan would be the bold one of all the Bishops of the three kingdoms meeting, and publicly declaring they would not obey the Law. Then they must be prepared to carry this out by submitting to fine, imprisonment, or even transportation, and must have a prospect of carrying the public opinion of Catholics with them. . . .

'Moreover, I think certain acts of retaliation should be practised, unless they looked mean—I mean, if we may not call our Bishops by their titles, our only mode of signifying and intimating our *secret* profession, is to speak of Dr. Sumner, Dr. Blomfield, never calling them Bishops (at the utmost, Dr. Sumner of the House of Lords), &c., &c.

'As to the Establishment, what I have written in my Lectures is addressed to the educated men. The more we can weaken its hold upon them, the better. But this does not directly weaken its authority on the masses—nor does it involve any practical measure of *assault* upon it. I thought you were proposing a crusade against the Establishment—now, I think, you must not do so, till you have something to give instead. As far as the *people* are concerned, our line is not to attack the Church of England, which is low game, but to remove prejudices against ourselves, as you are doing at present in your Lectures.

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—Are you constituted as a Committee to *advise* the Bishops? I wish you were. Do they ever ask advice? How many country gentlemen, on whose munificence the Sees were founded, have a claim! Do you think they were consulted on the subject of the Hierarchy?' . . .

Mr. Capes' Lectures were suspended for the moment owing to the lecturer's indisposition. Newman's mind was hard at work on the whole subject and caught fire. What was the best plan of action for Catholics through the country? Already he felt how unsatisfactory it was to leave all initiation in the hands of the hierarchy. Episcopal sanction indeed was essential: more than this was a fetter, and might take the life out of the movement. His mind went back to the 'Tracts for the Times' and the great work done by a handful of men, all young and keen, none in official position. In a letter of February 21 we see his thought aglow on the whole prospect:

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'The Oratory, Birmingham: Feby. 21, 1851.

'My dear Capes,—I am very sorry to hear of your indisposition—you must get well for the good of the Church. Those who have a *view*, have indefinite power over those who have none. You say too there are good materials among the younger men of all classes. I dare say it may be in the event advisable for our Bishops to do nothing—but for that reason, if for no other, the laity should stir. I like the article on "How shall we meet &c.?" though when I like a thing I always fear it is imprudent and violent.

'I do think you should get a set of fellows who will devote themselves to the cause of the Church. Let it be their recreation as geology or ecclesiology might be, while it is their *work*. Would the "committee for supplying members with information" furnish such? Men do with a special gusto what they do themselves—it is an outlet for private judgment. I do wish you could do it—it is a great object. Cannot you name some half dozen or more? It should be quite voluntary and informal at first—(only with the secret sanction of the Cardinal and Dr. Ullathorne). If I can do anything in getting them to approve of it command me.

'Ward, I suppose, would not work with other men or lead them? Is there no old Catholic of sufficient calibre to begin? I would throw over all but energetic men. This you could not do, if the Bishops' names were *openly* given to it, for they would offend respectable or noble nobodies if they did not include them, but if it was voluntary, the choice would be your own.

'Why should not half a dozen meet and consecrate their purpose by a religious act?—their object being to stir up their brethren on the duty of maintaining and impressing on the people of England the spiritual independence of the Church, as a kingdom not of this world? or take a larger object, not to the exclusion of this, viz. of bringing before the laity the position of the Church in England and the method of defending it (which last clause brings in your Lectures and all controversial matter whatever).

'If you could get two or three good speakers, you could have public meetings in the principal towns. I know this could not be done without a vast deal of spirit, but surely you might find some young men who would carry it out. We were about thirty in age, when we began the Tracts,—have you none of that age? only they must not speak treason. In particular localities, you might get great assistance for a

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meeting—e.g. I suppose I could get H. Wilberforce to speak here, if there was a meeting. The Oratory ought to have nothing to do with politics—and I would not take any very ecclesiastical subject—but Father Gordon and I would, I dare say, do something, if a sort of Club were formed here—though we could not, with our engagements, dream of managing it. But indeed, I should like (as you say) the immediate object of resistance to the Bill to drop, but the *occasion* to be seized for instructing the young Catholic mind in all Catholic matters. Gradually it would form into shape—each club or association would take a Patron Saint.

'I am throwing things out as they occur to me—so you must take them only as stimulants to your imagination and judgment to think of something more practical. I am utterly in the dark as to the materials in various localities, but am going on the supposition that they are to be found everywhere. . . .

'Supposing meetings were once a month, consisting of a paper read, &c. The Lecturer might be supplied from London or elsewhere, if he could not be found on the spot. The public might be admitted (Catholics gratis—Protestants by tickets—or Catholics by tickets, Protestants on payment), and the meeting advertised. The Lecture would be preceded by a few prayers. *Boys* preach in the Oratorium Parvum at Rome; so it would be quite free for laymen to lecture.

'How many good Lecturers and speakers could you collect up and down the country? Northcote, Thompson, yourself, Simpson, &c., &c. The thing would be to keep it from becoming ecclesiastical (in which case it would fall under the priests of the place, who, if dull, would ruin the whole), and yet under ecclesiastical authority. The Cardinal surely would take up the idea (if practical)—the first qualification for a member would be *energy*. If you got six men in London, six in Birmingham, six in Liverpool, &c., might you not do it? If you could not get six men of talent, they at least must be willing simply to put themselves under those who *had* talent, i.e. from London or elsewhere.' . . .

'If you want a thing done, you should do it yourself,' says the proverb—and shortly after writing this letter Newman determined to make his own contribution to the enterprise he had suggested, though he was a priest, not a layman. He did so in a series of lectures entitled in his published works

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'Lectures on Catholicism in England,' the best written, in his opinion, of all his works,[1] and of which the consequences were momentous.

The determination to lecture was not, however, taken at once. April and May were well occupied by the needs of the influx of converts which the singular unfairness of the agitation helped to bring. Newman went to Leeds on April 2 in company with Father Nicholas Darnell, and his diary records that on that evening he 'began receiving converts.' On the following day many were admitted publicly, including William Paine Neville, Newman's devoted friend and afterwards his literary executor, who followed him a few days later to the Oratory, to remain there for upwards of half a century until his death in 1905. The suspicions which Manning's presence at Abbotsford had aroused were verified. On April 6 both he and James Hope were 'received' in London. On April 23, in company with Henry Wilberforce, Manning came to the Oratory for a brief visit. The exciting events of the hour brought thither other visitors in the following month—Lord Dunraven, Sir John Acton, Döllinger —who was staying in England as Acton's friend and dined with Newman on May 26—and many more. The Oratorium Parvum was started in the same month, as an experiment in the organising of lay Catholics in the neighbourhood. It was ostensibly for its members that Newman's lectures were planned. They were delivered in the Corn Exchange at Birmingham once a week, the first being on Monday, June 30. Newman delivered the lectures sitting at a raised desk, and over his chair hung a picture of St. Philip Neri. It is interesting to record that Henry Edward Manning was present at the first of the series.

The peals of laughter audible from outside to which Miss Giberne refers in her diary, showed something in the lectures unlike Newman's ordinary manner. In truth, as those who have read them are aware, they abounded in pungent satire, the more effective because it came not from a controversialist who delighted in strong words and startling statements, but from one who was notoriously reserved

[1] So he says in a letter to Dean Church. These lectures in the current edition of Newman's works are called *The Present Position of Catholics*.

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in language and self-restrained. In constructive argument, more especially, Newman, alive as he was to all the anomalies and scandals visible in Church history, could very rarely bring himself to employ the positive and confident tone, the strong expressions, the one-sided statements, the would-be demonstrative proofs of many popular Catholic controversialists. His fastidiousness and his accurate sense of fact forbade it. The approach to a breach of this rule in the case of the King William Street lectures was probably one of the things which made their preparation distasteful to him. In the present case such objections to vehement language no longer held. He had satisfied himself that he was face to face not with serious convictions, but with a monstrous and preposterous phenomenon—the No-popery prejudice, which had for more than two centuries deformed and disgraced the national mind. He revelled in the strength of his case; and though never off his guard and never forgetting the reservations in his attack which truth required, he let himself go in occasional passages with complete unreserve and great effect.

The lectures are well known. But a few extracts must be given to remind the reader of their manner and their place in Newman's work. The less controversial part, but not the least able, is found in the earlier lectures which describe how the No-popery assumptions have come to be the very first principles in the mental equipment of the average Englishman.

The analysis is too long to be cited in these pages, but specimens of the resulting axioms which have become stamped ineffaceably on the popular mind are given in the following passage:

'Elizabeth's reign is "golden," Mary is "bloody," the Church of England is "pure and apostolical," the Reformers are "judicious," the Prayer Book is "incomparable," or "beautiful," the Thirty-nine Articles are "moderate," "Pope" and "pagan" go together, and "the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender." The anti-Catholic rancour is carried into your marts of commerce; London is burned down, and forthwith your greatest architect is instructed to set up a tall pillar to perpetuate the lie that the Papists were the incendiaries. Take your controversy with you when

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you sit down to cards, and let the taunting name of Pope Joan be the title of your game. Run a horse the coming year, and among your Sorcerers, Lamplighters, Malibrans, and Priams, you will find Crucifix a striking, perhaps a lucky name for your beast; it is but the emblem of an extinct superstition. Dress up for some fancy ball, or morris-dance, and let the Grand Turk jump about on one side of you, and the Pope with cross, and beads, and triple crown, upon the other. Go to the stage of the Mountebank, and teach him, when he displays his sleight-of-hand, to give effect to his tricks by the most sacred words of the Catholic ritual. Into your very vocabulary let Protestantism enter; let priest, and mass, and mass-priest, and mass-house have an offensive savour on your palate; let monk be a word of reproach; let Jesuitism and Jesuitical, in their first intention, stand for what is dishonourable and vile. What chance has a Catholic against so multitudinous, so elementary a Tradition? Here is the Tradition of the Court, and of the Law, and of Society, and of Literature, strong in themselves, and acting on each other, and acting on a willing people, and the willing people acting on them, till the whole edifice stands self-supported, reminding one of some vast arch (as at times may be seen), from which the supports have crumbled away by age, but which endures still, and supports the huge mass of brickwork which lies above it, by the simple cohesion of parts which the same age has effected.'

True to the view he had expressed to Mr. Capes, Newman hardly ever in the whole course of the lectures attacked the Established Church. But the parsons had had so large a share in starting and fanning the agitation that he could not entirely let them off: and he did refer to the Church of England in one passage—among the most unrestrained and amusing pieces of burlesque in the series; but he rapidly passed again from the Establishment to the people. Here is the passage in question:

'The Anglican Church agrees to differ with its own children on a thousand points,' he writes; 'one is sacred—that her Majesty the Queen is "the Mother and Mistress of all Churches"; on one dogma it is infallible, on one it may securely insist without fear of being unseasonable or excessive—that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm." Here is sunshine amid the darkness, sense amid confusion, an intelligible strain amid a Babel of sounds; whatever befalls, here is sure footing; it is, "No peace with

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Rome," "Down with the Pope," and "The Church in danger." Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watchwords; many are its shortcomings, but it is without reproach in the execution of this its special charge. Heresy, and scepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism, may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognises by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness, and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamouring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about the "Popish aggression," "insolent and insidious," "insidious and insolent," "insolent and atrocious," "atrocious and insolent," "atrocious, insolent, and ungrateful," "ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious," "foul and offensive," "pestilent and horrid," "subtle and unholy," "audacious and revolting," "contemptible and shameless," "malignant," "frightful," "mad," "meretricious," —bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-majors, and grandsires,—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honour of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church.

'So it is now; so it was twenty years ago; nay, so it has been in all years as they came, even the least controversial. If there was no call for a contest, at least there was the opportunity of a triumph. Who could want matter for a sermon, if ever his thoughts would not flow, whether for convenient digression, or effective peroration? Did a preacher wish for an illustration of heathen superstition or Jewish bigotry, or an instance of hypocrisy, ignorance, or spiritual pride? the Catholics were at hand. The deliverance from Egypt, the golden calf, the fall of Dagon, the sin of Solomon, the cruelties of Jezebel, the worship of Baal, the destruction of the brazen serpent, the finding of the law, the captivity in Babylon, Nebuchodonosor's image, Pharisees,

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Sadducees, Herodians, and Zealots, mint, anise, and cummin, brazen pots and vessels, all in their respective places and ways, would give opportunity to a few grave words of allusion to the "monstrous errors" or the "childish absurdities" of the "Romish faith." Does any one wish an example of pride? there stands Wolsey; of barbarity? there is the Duke of Alva; of rebellion? there is Becket; of ambition? there is Hildebrand; of profligacy? there is Caesar Borgia; of superstition? there is Louis the Eleventh; of fanaticism? there are the Crusaders. Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscriminate mass, to be drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need.

'The consequence is natural;—tell a person of ordinary intelligence, Churchman or Dissenter, that the vulgar allegations against us are but slanders,—simple lies, or exaggerations, or misrepresentations; or, as far as they are true, admitting of defence or justification, and not to the point; and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity, or lift up hands and eyes at your unparalleled effrontery. The utmost concession he will make is to allow the possibility of incidental and immaterial error in the accusations which are brought against us; but the substance of the traditional view he believes, as firmly as he does the Gospel, and if you reject it and protest against it, he will say it is just what is to be expected of a Catholic, to lie and to circumvent. To tell him, at his time of life, that Catholics do not rate sin at a fixed price, that they may not get absolution for a sin in prospect, that priests can live in purity, that nuns do not murder each other, that the laity do not make images their God, that Catholics would not burn Protestants if they could! Why, all this is as perfectly clear to him as the sun at noonday; he is ready to leave the matter to the first person he happens to meet; every one will tell us just the same; only let us try; he never knew there was any doubt at all about it; he *is* surprised, for he thought we granted it. When he was young, he has heard it said again and again; to his certain knowledge it had uniformly been said the last forty, fifty, sixty years, and no one ever denied it; it is so in all the books he ever looked into; what is the world coming to? What is true, if this is not? So, Catholics are to be whitewashed! What next?'

Faithful to his usual habit of refraining from all substantial exaggeration, the lecturer draws up after this sally. For there

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is a weighty Protestantism—as he goes on to recognise—that of the minority, of the thinking minds, which attacks Catholics with serious and genuinely philosophical arguments. To these minds such extravagances as the above would be as absurd as to himself. He sees the objection in the eyes and minds of his abler listeners or readers, and at once takes from them this particular weapon of defence by admitting its justice, but denying its appositeness. He thus drives home his attack, the scope and object better defined, the escape cut off.

'I allow all this,' he continues: 'but now I am considering, not the Protestantism of the few, but of the many: those great men, and those philosophical arguments, whatever be their weight, have no influence with the many. Crowds do not assemble in Exeter Hall, mobs do not burn the Pope, from reverence for Lord Bacon, Locke, or Butler, or for anything those gifted men have recorded. I am treating of the unpopularity of Catholicism now and here, as it exists in the year 1851, and in London, or in Edinburgh, or in Birmingham, or in Bristol, or in Manchester, or in Glasgow; among the gentlemen and yeomen of Yorkshire, Devonshire, and Kent; in the Inns of Court, and in the schools and colleges of the land; and I say this Tradition does not flow from the mouth of the half-dozen wise, or philosophic, or learned men who can be summoned to its support, but is a tradition of nursery stories, school stories, public-house stories, club-house stories, drawing-room stories, platform stories, pulpit stories;—a tradition of newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, romances, novels, poems, and light literature of all kind, literature of the day;—a tradition of selections from the English classics, bits of poetry, passages of history, sermons, chance essays, extracts from books of travel, anonymous anecdotes, lectures on prophecy, statements and arguments of polemical writers, made up into small octavos for class-books, and into pretty miniatures for presents;—a tradition floating in the air; which we found in being when we first came to years of reason; which has been borne in upon us by all we saw, heard, or read, in high life, in parliament, in law courts, in general society; which our fathers told us had ever been in their day; a tradition, therefore, truly universal and immemorial, and good as far as a tradition can be good, but, after all, not more than a tradition is worth: I mean, requiring some ultimate authority to make it trustworthy. Trace up, then, the tradition to its

This remark is a perfect example of that asinine sophistry that Newman is trying to describe! If Benson says so, what of it? Is there any reason why he should know?

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first startings, its roots and its sources, if you are to form a judgment whether it is more than a tradition. It may be a good tradition, and yet after all good for nothing. What profit, though ninety-nine links of a chain be sound, if the topmost is broken? Now I do not hesitate to assert, that this Protestant Tradition, on which English faith hangs, is wanting just in the first link.'

This baseless tradition is the real root of the English prejudice. Charges are made with all pretence of circumstantial evidence, and yet with a degree of unfairness which brings out the fact that they are based in reality simply on invincible calumny. On this he insists, and traces with great psychological subtlety the process of baseless insinuation:

'No evidence against us is too little; no infliction too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. A Protestant is at liberty to bring a charge against us, and challenge us to refute, not any proof he brings, for he brings none, but his simple assumption or assertion. And perhaps we accept his challenge, and then we find we have to deal with matters so vague or so minute, so general or so particular, that we are at our wits' end to know how to grapple with them. For instance, "Every twentieth man you meet is a Jesuit in disguise"; or, "Nunneries are, for the most part, prisons." How is it possible to meet such sweeping charges? The utmost we can do, in the nature of things, is to show that this particular man, or that, is not a Jesuit; or that this or that particular nunnery is not a prison; but who said he was? —who said it was? What our Protestant accuser asserted was, that every *twentieth* man was a Jesuit, and *most* nunneries were prisons. How is this refuted by clearing this or that person or nunnery of the charge? Thus, if the accuser is not to be called on to give proofs of what he says, we are simply helpless, and must sit down meekly under the imputation.

'At another time, however, a definite fact is stated, and we are referred to the authority on which it is put forward. What is the authority? Albertus Magnus, perhaps, or Gerson, or Baronius, with a silence about volume and page: their works consisting of five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty folios, printed in double columns. How are we possibly to find the needle in this stack of hay? Or by a refinement of unfairness, perhaps a wrong volume or page is carelessly given; and when we cannot find there the statement which

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our opponent has made, we are left in an unpleasant doubt whether our ill success is to be ascribed to our eyes or to his pen.

'Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with such startling vividness and circumstantial finish as to seem to carry its own evidence with it, and to dispense, in the eyes of the public, with the reference which in fairness should attend it. The scene is laid in some fortress of the savage Apennine, or in secluded Languedoc, or in remote Poland, or the high table-land of Mexico; or it is a legend about some priest of a small village of Calabria, called Buonavalle, in the fourteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of S. Spirito, in S. Filippo d'Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs, that Don Felix Malatesta de Guadalupe, a Benedictine monk of Andalusia, and father confessor to the Prince of the Asturias, who died in 1821, left behind him his confessions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French, with other valuable documents, from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the field of Salamanca; and that, in these confessions, he frankly avows that he had killed three of his monastic brothers of whom he was jealous, had poisoned half-a-dozen women, and sent off in boxes and hampers to Cadiz and Barcelona thirty-five infants; moreover, that he felt no misgivings about these abominable deeds, because, as he observes with great *naïveté*, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin; had cursed periodically all heretics, especially the royal family of England; had burnt a student of Coimbra for asserting the earth went round the sun; had worn about him, day and night, a relic of St. Diego; and had provided that five hundred masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eight days after his decease.

'Tales such as these, the like of which it is very easy to point out in print, are suitably contrived to answer the purpose which brings them into being. A Catholic who, in default of testimony offered in their behalf, volunteers to refute them on their internal evidence, and sets about (so to say) cross-examining them, finds himself at once in an untold labyrinth of embarrassments. First he inquires, *is* there a village in Calabria of the name of Buonavalle? is there a convent of S. Spirito in the Sicilian town specified? did it *exist* in the time of Charlemagne? who were the successive confessors of the Prince of the Asturias during the first twenty years of this century? what has Andalusia to do with Salamanca? when was the last *Auto da fe* in Spain? did the

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French pillage any convent whatever in the neighbourhood of Salamanca about the year 1812?—questions sufficient for a school examination. He goes to his maps, gazetteers, guide-books, travels, histories;—soon a perplexity arises about the dates: are his editions *recent* enough for his purpose? do their historical notices go *far enough back*? Well, after a great deal of trouble, after writing about to friends, consulting libraries, and comparing statements, let us suppose him to prove most conclusively the utter absurdity of the slanderous story, and to bring out a lucid, powerful, and unanswerable reply; who cares for it by that time? who cares for the story itself? it has done its work; time stops for no man; it has created or deepened the impression in the minds of its hearers that a monk commits murder or adultery as readily as he eats his dinner. Men forget the process by which they received it, but there it is, clear and indelible. Or supposing they recollect the particular slander ever so well, still they have no taste or stomach for entering into a long controversy about it; their mind is already made up; they have formed their views; the author they have trusted may, indeed, have been inaccurate in some of his details; it can be nothing more. Who can fairly impose on them the perplexity and whirl of going through a bout of controversy, where "one says," and "the other says," and "*he* says that *he* says that *he* does not say or ought not to say what he does say or ought to say"? It demands an effort and strain of attention which they have no sort of purpose of bestowing. The Catholic cannot get a fair hearing; his book remains awhile in the shop windows, and then is taken down again.'

Enough has been cited to show the general manner of the indictment, which, however, is more minute than brief extracts can represent. He sums up the whole as follows:

'Such, then, is Popular Protestantism, considered in its opposition to Catholics. Its truth is Establishment by law; its philosophy is Theory; its faith is Prejudice; its facts are Fictions; its reasonings Fallacies; and its security is Ignorance about those whom it is opposing. The Law says that white is black; Ignorance says, why not? Theory says it ought to be, Fallacy says it must be; Fiction says it is, and Prejudice says it shall be.'

What, then, can Catholics do in fighting with this Hydra of many-headed prejudice? The reply is that, as what is

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preposterous in the current views of Catholicism is simply false, and kept alive by ignorance, English Catholics must force their countrymen to know them personally and thus to see its falsehood. This may not bring them nearer to the Church, but it will kill or wound mortally the preposterous monster with which the lectures are concerned.

'Oblige men to know you; persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you. Make it so clear what you are, that they cannot affect not to see you, nor refuse to justify you. Do not even let them off with silence, but give them no escape from confessing that you are not what they thought you were. They will look down, they will look aside, they will look in the air, they will shut their eyes, they will keep them shut. They will do all in their power not to see you; the nearer you come, they will close their eyelids all the tighter; they will be very angry and frightened, and give the alarm as if you were going to murder them. They will do anything but look at you. . . .

'Let each stand on his own ground; let each approve himself in his own neighbourhood; if each portion is defended, the whole is secured. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Let the London Press alone; do not appeal to it; do not expostulate with it, do not flatter it; care not for popular opinion, cultivate local And then if troubled times come on, and the enemy rages, and his many voices go forth from one centre all through England, threatening and reviling us, and muttering, in his cowardly way, about brickbats, bludgeons, and lighted brands, why in that case the Birmingham people will say, "Catholics are, doubtless, an infamous set, and not to be trusted, for the *Times* says so, and Exeter Hall, and the Prime Minister, and the Bishops of the Establishment; and such good authorities cannot be wrong; but somehow an exception must certainly be made for the Catholics of Birmingham. They are not like the rest; they are indeed a shocking set at Manchester, Preston, Blackburn, and Liverpool; but, however you account for it, they are respectable men here. Priests in general are perfect monsters; but here they are certainly unblemished in their lives, and take great pains with their people. Bishops are tyrants, and, as Maria Monk says, cut-throats, always excepting the Bishop of Birmingham, who affects no state or pomp, is simple and unassuming, and always in his work." And in like manner, the Manchester people will say, "Oh, certainly, Popery is horrible, and must be kept down. Still,

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let us give the devil his due, they are a remarkably excellent body of men here, and we will take care no one does them any harm. It is very different at Birmingham; there they have a Bishop, and that makes all the difference; he is a Wolsey all over; and the priests, too, in Birmingham are at least one in twelve infidels. We do not recollect who ascertained this, but it was some most respectable man, who was far too conscientious and too charitable to slander any one." And thus, my Brothers, the charges against Catholics will become a sort of Hunt-the-slipper, everywhere and nowhere, and will end in "sound and fury, signifying nothing."'

Let it be again noted — as this work is largely a psychological study—that once again in this last lecture Newman declines to sustain a note which might savour of exaggeration if it were prolonged. He looks hopefully to the future, and refuses to believe that any lasting and serious persecution is impending, and with a genuine touch of human nature disclaims for himself the heroic mould out of which martyrs are fashioned. Speaking of the talk of a possible repetition of the treatment Catholics experienced under William of Orange, he writes:

'It will not be so: yet late events have shown, that though I never have underrated the intense prejudice which prevails against us, I did overrate that Anglo-Saxon love of justice and fair dealing which I thought would be its match. Alas! that I should have to say so, but it is no matter to the Catholic, though much matter to the Englishman. It is no matter to us, because, as I have said, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." I do not, cannot think a time of serious trial is at hand: I would not willingly use big words, or provoke what is so dreadful, or seem to accomplish it by suggesting it. And for myself, I confess I have no love of suffering at all; nor am I at a time of life when a man commonly loves to risk it. To be quiet and to be undisturbed, to be at peace with all, to live in the sight of my brethren, to meditate on the future, and to die—such is the prospect, which is rather suitable to such as me.'

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CHAPTER X

THE ACHILLI TRIAL (1851–1853)

TWO incidents during the course of the Corn Exchange lectures were fraught with momentous consequences. On July 8, Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, paid a visit to the Oratory, and asked Newman to undertake as Rector the foundation of a Catholic University in Ireland. Sir Robert Peel's Queen's Colleges of Galway and Cork had been banned by the Irish episcopate. They were founded by Peel in 1846 with a genuine desire of giving Irish Catholics facilities for University education on the same terms as their fellow-countrymen. Trinity College was still Protestant in its constitution; the new colleges were undenominational. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, had favoured their acceptance by Catholics, in the belief that just as the undenominational primary education had in Catholic districts fallen into Catholic hands and fulfilled all the practical purposes of Catholic schools, so the Queen's Colleges at Cork and Galway, from their situation amid an overwhelming majority of Catholics in the population, would become practically Catholic. It was a moment, however, when the opposition to 'mixed' education was very pronounced in Rome. In addition, Dr. Cullen objected to the colleges, and his influence in Rome was great. Gregory XVI. opposed the colleges, and when his successor Pius IX. returned to the Vatican after the troubles of 1848 and 1849, his policy was in this respect similar to that of his predecessor. Moreover, Peel went out of office in 1846, and the prospect of the Queen's Colleges really giving Catholics fair play became far less hopeful. The synod of Thurles in 1850, by the narrow majority of one, finally endorsed the policy of Dr. Cullen and decreed the foundation of a Catholic University

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for Ireland. The great work done by the Catholic University of Louvain in Belgium—at the outset not a State foundation, but a private enterprise—was an encouraging precedent. And the distinguished name of Newman appeared to Dr. Cullen to promise great things for the success of the scheme if he could be persuaded to take part in it. Newman accepted the proposal in circumstances which shall be detailed in a future chapter.

The second event to which I refer was Newman's famous indictment of Dr. Achilli in the Corn Exchange lectures, and the resulting action for libel. It struck Newman most painfully that the great mass of his fellow-countrymen were not at all satisfied with the charges against Catholicism preferred by respectable enemies, but deliberately welcomed the lies of notorious blackguards. Newman's old Oxford friend, Blanco White, had brought a very severe indictment against the Catholic Church, of which he had been a member in his boyhood. To any fair-minded man his accusations bore at least the stamp of honesty. But they left Rome human and not monstrous. The English palate was accustomed to much stronger meat in the current No-popery literature. Blanco White's testimony was therefore ignored by the English public. And to whom did they listen? The very public which assumed the most elevated moral tone in its horror of papist corruption, which championed scrupulous veracity against papist equivocation, fair play and toleration against the ways of the Inquisition, flocked in crowds to learn the case against Rome from the lectures of an unfrocked priest, not only without a character of any kind, but one who might without exaggeration be described as a portent of immorality. This was Dr. Giacinto Achilli, formerly a Dominican friar, now a public lecturer in London, his subjects being the scandals of the Roman Inquisition.

Achilli had been arrested by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome under the Pontifical Government and imprisoned by the Inquisition for preaching against the Catholic religion and taking part in revolutionary agitation. He had gained his freedom through the influence of Englishmen; and he came to England in 1850, and thenceforth posed as a released prisoner of the Inquisition whose sole crime had been disbelief in the mummeries of Rome. The moment was an

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opportune one. The No-popery fever created by the Papal Aggression clamoured for scandals in the Church of Rome to feed the public mind. And these Dr. Achilli liberally supplied. Hardly any manifestation of opinion in modern times illustrated the bigoted credulity of the No-popery party in England more forcibly than the acclaim accorded to Achilli. This disreputable priest (as he is now universally admitted to have been) wrote gravely to the *Christian Times* on February 22, 1851, advocating the establishment of a college in England for evangelising Italy, and the suggestion was hailed with applause by the British public. He had received special attentions on his first arrival from Lord Palmerston as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and a deputation from the Council of the Evangelical Alliance tendered to the Foreign Minister their formal thanks in an interminable sentence, 'for the important and valuable services which in the exercise of a generous philanthropy, and a sacred regard to the claims of truth and of conscience, combined with a discriminating wisdom, worthy of his exalted and responsible position, his lordship had been able to render,' &c. &c. 'Dr. Achilli accompanied the deputation,' so we read in the report, 'to express formally his obligations to Lord Palmerston, and was most kindly received, his lordship conversing with him at some length in Italian.' [1]

[1] The following extracts from a hymn and chorus with which Achilli had been received on his appearance in Exeter Hall on March 7, 1850, written and composed by the Rev. J. R. Leichfield, give an idea of the acclaim accorded to Achilli by Protestant enthusiasts:

'Hail! Stranger—Friend from Rome!
From the Roman dungeon, dark and deep;
Hail! to the freeman's land and home,
Where the free will thy freedom keep!
Hail! Roman prisoner, hail!
No more a prisoner now!
Truth, Justice, Freedom, *shall* prevail,
And priests before them bow!

. . . . . .

'Englishmen boldly planted their feet
On Error's chosen land:
Where priests had rule, and the Pope his seat
They urged their just demand.
Hail! Roman prisoner, hail! &c.

He comes, he comes, escaped from his chains!
He blesses the kind and brave;
On English ground he stands, and disdains
His foes across the wave!
Hail! Roman prisoner, hail! &c.'

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Cardinal Wiseman wrote an article in the *Dublin Review* of July 1850, giving a detailed account, with dates and places, of Dr. Achilli's offences against morality. The article, though republished as a pamphlet, was never either replied to or protested against by Achilli. It supplied very effective material for Newman's lecture; yet with his usual caution he inquired of James Hope-Scott, before making use of it, whether to repeat the charges in a lecture was to incur any risk of a libel action.

'Could you off hand answer me a question?' he writes on July 16; 'could I be had up for a libel, in criminal court or civil, for saying against Dr. Achilli the contents of the Article in the Dublin, since published as a pamphlet? I can't make out he has answered it. It contains the gravest charges, . . . with many of the legal documents proving them.'

Hope-Scott replied that a libel prosecution was possible, but not probable. He thought that the risk might be taken in the circumstances, and Newman delivered his lecture on July 28.

The fourth lecture had dealt with Blanco White, the respectable hater of Catholicism, whose testimony wholly failed to satisfy the British appetite for No-popery scandals. In this—the fifth lecture—he depicted the greed with which this same public, which would not listen to even the half-defence of Catholicism which the words of an honest man could not avoid supplying, sucked in the lying charges of a profligate ex-friar, the burden of whose accusation was the intolerance and persecuting injustice of the Inquisition. Newman accumulated instances of flagrant and violent exhibitions of bigotry against Catholics called forth by the so-called 'Papal aggression.' 'Such,' he continued, 'are some of the phenomena of a Religion which makes it its special boast to be the Prophet of Toleration. And in the midst of outrages such as these, my brothers of the Oratory, wiping its mouth, and clasping its hands, and turning up its eyes, it trudges to the Town Hall to hear Dr. Achilli expose the Inquisition.'

Then followed an account of the career of the man whose testimony Englishmen flocked to hear, and treated as gospel,

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—an account reproduced precisely from Dr. Wiseman's article and giving instances of immorality astonishing in frequency and unblushing publicity.[1] If so public a treatment of the theme now startles us to read, it must be remembered that it was a moment of immense tension. Flagrant calumnies against Catholics were in daily circulation. Newman realised that his blow must be unflinching and must be struck with all his might.

Hope-Scott proved wrong in his confidence. Achilli took note of the exasperation of public feeling. The crowd was longing to hit back at the brilliant Oratorian. A jury of

[1] The following is the passage in which Achilli's offences were detailed:

'Ah! Dr. Achilli, I might have spoken of him last week, had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him, because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he *has* a scandal to reveal, he *has* an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, and a powerful one, as far as it goes—and it is *one*. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is indeed our great confusion, that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing on him. "Mothers of families," he seems to say, "gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any church live over the imputation of such a production as I am? I have been a Catholic and an infidel; I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl. I am that Father Achilli, who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my faculty to lecture, for an offence which my superiors did their best to conceal; and who in 1827 had already earned the reputation of a scandalous friar. I am that Achilli, who in the diocese of Viterbo in February, 1831, robbed of her honour a young woman of eighteen; who in September, 1833, was found guilty of a second such crime, in the case of a person of twenty-eight; and who perpetrated a third in July, 1834, in the case of another aged twenty-four. I am he, who afterwards was found guilty of sins, similar or worse, in other towns of the neighbourhood. I am that son of St. Dominic who is known to have repeated the offence at Capua, in 1834 and 1835; and at Naples again, in 1840, in the case of a child of fifteen. I am he who chose the sacristy of the church for one of these crimes and Good Friday for another. Look on me, ye mothers of England, a confessor against Popery, for ye 'ne'er may look upon my like again.' I am that veritable priest, who, after all this, began to speak against, not only the Catholic faith, but the moral law, and perverted others by my teaching. I am the Cavaliere Achilli, who then went to Corfu, made the wife of a tailor faithless to her husband, and lived publicly and travelled about with the wife of a chorus-singer. I am that Professor in the Protestant College at Malta, who with two others was dismissed from my post for offences which the authorities cannot get themselves to describe. And now attend to me, such as I am, and you shall see what you shall see about the barbarity and profligacy of the Inquisitors of Rome."'

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twelve tradesmen was likely to be on Achilli's side. Newman was bigger game than Wiseman and the *Dublin Review*. Within a month of the lecture Achilli did bring an action for libel. Newman had relied entirely on the *Dublin* article, and had no evidence whatever to produce, apart from such papers as Dr. Wiseman could give him. He was a poor man, and though he did not anticipate what proved to be the actual amount of the expenses incurred, he knew that they must be heavy, and he had no means of defraying them. On the other hand, to withdraw the charges would be in effect to plead guilty at the least to rash defamation of character on the part of Dr. Wiseman as well as himself, and to admit little less of the bulk of Catholics who had applauded him. He had his hands already more than full, first with the remaining Corn Exchange lectures and then with the preparation of the inaugural discourses for his Irish Rectorship. Everything seemed to go against Newman from the first. A compromise was suggested; but the bigotry of the time proved too strong. A mere withdrawal of the charges so worded as not to imply a denial of their truth was declined by the prosecution. And to declare them false Newman would not consent.

Cardinal Wiseman was applied to, as the authority for the charges; but in the stress of that troublous time he seemed to Newman only to give half his mind to the affair. He could not at once find the documents on which he had relied in his article, and Newman believed that he had not even looked for them.[1] The Oratorian fathers went to Naples to collect evidence, but the Cardinal's introductions proved insufficient to gain them access to the police books. Then again the plea of 'Not guilty' put in in Newman's behalf in place of the sole plea of justification proved to be unfortunate. Mr. Henry Matthews (afterwards Lord Llandaff) urged the importance of confining the plea to that of 'justification' not only as the more dignified course, but also as securing the right of opening the case—no small matter when a prejudiced jury has to be influenced. Mr. Matthews' view was rejected as shutting the door to all possibility of escaping technically from responsibility for accusations for which Cardinal Wiseman in

[1] That he did look for them is certain. See *Life of Wiseman*, ii. p. 37.

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the *Dublin Review* had been primarily responsible. This hope proved illusory, and an advantage was thus lost with no corresponding gain. Newman hoped for fair treatment at all events from his judge; but Lord Campbell, who was to try the case, was one of the prominent spokesmen of the anti-Catholic agitation, and showed marked hostility to the Oratorian from the beginning. Indeed, Newman learnt from his lawyer, Mr. Lewin, that there was a Protestant feeling among all the judges. He felt that he was in the hands of enemies. He had hoped in the case of so flagrant a wrong-doer to obtain written affidavits from Achilli's victims, which would save the expense of importing foreign witnesses; but the trial was fixed for an early date, and mere affidavits from witnesses abroad were (his counsel told him) legally insufficient after the date was determined. Witnesses had not only to be found, but to be brought to England, in order to give evidence personally. Then again, at one moment, there was every symptom that insufficient time would be given to procure the evidence at all. We see in his letters the intense strain of anxiety which this state of things caused. However, he had good friends, and by dint of great exertions enough witnesses to establish many of the charges were ready and at hand by the beginning of February 1852. It was at this time of hard work and anxiety that the Oratorians were preparing to enter their present home in Hagley Road, Edgbaston. The actual move was effected on April 15.

One of those who was most successful in finding witnesses and bringing them to England has left a record showing the difficulty of the task—Miss Maria Rosina Giberne, the old friend of Newman's family. We see in her account the absolute trust and loving promptness on which he could count from his loyal disciples. For this hard task was undertaken by Miss Giberne without a word—no questions asked, no difficulties raised. 'One evening,' writes Miss Giberne, 'after I had been to confession (the confessional was then in a guest-room) the Father leaning against a mantelpiece said to me "I think you can be very useful to us in this affair." Without thinking how or when, or in what capacity, I could be useful to him I arose and said, "I am ready at your service," and my heart beat with joy

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at the thought of suffering with him to whom I was devoted. He continued, "We are obliged to get witnesses from Italy who are women. They are more likely to be willing to come with a lady than with one of us, so we think of sending you to find them." "And when, Father?" "At once, I think: but I will tell you to-morrow the decision of the Committee" .... Next day it was decided that I should start on the following morning (December 6) at six. I asked him timidly how I was to set about the finding of the women. He took a weight off my mind by saying that Father Joseph [Gordon] was already in Rome with a lawyer looking for them, and that all I should have to do was to keep them and amuse them in England, until the trial.'

After many adventures, including a fire on board ship in which lives were lost, this devoted emissary reached Rome. The lawyer and Father Joseph Gordon had already found one of the victims of Achilli. She was confided to the care of Miss Giberne—whom she at first supposed to be another of those whom the apostate had injured. Eleanor Valenta, as this woman was named, consented to come with her husband Vincenzo and bear witness at the trial. At Paris other witnesses from Naples joined them. The task of keeping the Italians in good humour while the weary months dragged on, and the delays of English law, administered in this case with intention to throw difficulties in the way of justice, involved a strain on the nerves from which Newman's devoted disciple suffered long afterwards. The women quarrelled. The men who accompanied them drank too much. Four months were spent in Paris—the great help and consolation being the encouragement of the great Jesuit, Père de Ravignan, to whom Miss Giberne went to confession, and who made her rejoice in her suffering for the cause of God and the Church. Vincenzo towards the end was thoroughly bored by his surroundings, and said he should leave the rooms assigned to him by Miss Giberne and go to an hotel. His keeper was firm, and declared that if he did so she should not allow him a penny to pay his hotel bill. His wrath was gradually mollified and he consented to remain. Miss Giberne proposed to his wife as a peace-offering to increase Vincenzo's allowance of cigars from two to three

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a day. 'Her reply,' she adds, 'was too characteristic of an Italian for me to omit—"Signora! there are three Persons in the Trinity, but two cigars are enough for Vincenzo."' After five months in Paris they crossed to Dover in April for the trial; but it was again put off. Miss Giberne's devotion was in the end rewarded, for these witnesses proved the best at the trial.

Newman's own letters illustrate vividly the sequence of events. He seems in them at times to be almost overwhelmed by anxiety and depression, and anticipates a premature old age to be brought on by worry. Yet the feeling that the Catholic, like the early Christian, must suffer for the truth, and should welcome suffering, appears again and again, in one whose fortitude could not substitute a thick skin for the abnormally thin one which nature had given him.

I select the following to Hope-Scott, to W. G. Ward, to Mr. Capes, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Froude, and to Sister Imelda Poole and Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, of the Dominican Community at Stone, whose sympathy and prayers were very much to him.

To W. G. Ward he writes in November of the general state of the case:

'Oratory, Birmingham.

'My dear Ward,—The marvellous mistakes which have been made show most strikingly that God's hand is in the whole matter. As to its hurting my influence, it is absurd, but it will be a most severe cross.

'I have anticipated it since August last. . . . Nothing has been wanting on my part in vigilance and promptitude. I will tell you *in confidence* the *origines mali*.

'1. The Cardinal, *who did not look* for his documents till the hour when the Rule was made absolute, and it was too late. In that hour he looked and found. Father Hutchison brought them to me. I took up my hat and went to Lewin. He had just returned from Westminster. It was all over.

'2. The Cardinal ditto, who sent our dear Fathers to Naples with introductions not *strong enough* to open the Police books. They were told there that everything could have been done had the Cardinal been more alive.

'3. The Attorney General, who said confidently that we should gain till Easter—who took it for granted, and threw

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us off our guard completely. Consequently the affidavit was drawn up as a form, and the Attorney General had it with him several days before he brought it into Court. When it was unsuccessful, Badeley drew up other and stronger affidavits, but the Attorney General would have nothing to do with them.

'4. Lord Campbell, who from the first has been against me. I brought the point of the *Dublin Review* before my lawyers, but they said it would only tell in mitigation of the punishment—as, indeed, Hope had told me before I published the passage.

'I cannot help thinking matters will go on to conviction and imprisonment; but for three months I have been saying "Nothing but prayer will save me," and I have been a Cassandra—my words have fallen idle, men have but laughed.

'Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.'

The proposal of a compromise—which was favoured by the Bishops whom Newman consulted—is fully considered in the following memorandum, sent on November 25, to James Hope-Scott:

'*Reasons for a Compromise.*

'1. Since the charge if not true is a most scandalous libel, directly there is a verdict of guilty a most heavy punishment follows.

'2. For instance, imprisonment for a year.

'3. The charge cannot be proved, except by evidence as good as if I were actually prosecuting Achilli for seduction, adultery, &c.

'4. Thus it is undertaking a series of separate indictments.

'5. It will not be enough, *merely* to prove *every one*; some at least must be fully brought home to him.

'6. They are of a nature proverbially difficult to prove.

'7. They will require a number of witnesses, at a great expense.

'8. The most trustworthy witnesses break down in the witness box.

'9. We are in a state of extreme uncertainty what our evidence amounts to. We have at present no evidence at all, and do not know whether we shall get even what might be got.

'10. The judge will certainly find me guilty if he can.

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'11. And the jury is certain of giving it against me.

'12. And my own lawyers, as being lawyers, are obliged to go by legal forms and traditions, not aiming at moral effect.

'13. The person put on his trial is one who has a great deal to lose.

'14. E.g. my Irish engagement would be completely disarranged by a year's imprisonment.

'15. We must then look *defeat* in the face.

'16. In cases like this, the Catholic Church has commonly given way, if she could not make a point. It is a question of expedience.

'17. Her Bishops flee in persecution.

'18. St. Ambrose would not have resisted Justina, unless he knew he should be backed up by the Catholic people.

'19. Mr. Weale was sent to prison, and excited no popular (Catholic) feeling.

'20. Dr. McNeil and Mr. Stowell said priests deserved death, and roused no popular (Catholic) feeling.

'21. The judges, to guard against the chance, might merely insult me with a lecture, and cripple me with a fine.

'22. It is not right to suffer for the mere sake of suffering, when Catholic interests are involved.

'23. Suffering only tells, when it is also a *fact*, as intimately influencing and shared by the whole Catholic body.

'24. I will gladly take the whole risk, if the Catholic body will make my cause theirs. Is this likely?

'25. If then it can be done honourably, a compromise is expedient.

'26. There is nothing dishonourable in yielding to necessity, e.g. running away from a wild beast.

'27. It is not fair to bring a great Catholic question before a Protestant judge and jury.

'28. To submit at this moment is explained to the world by the fact of the judges having refused me time.

'29. Achilli will be detected on the long run without our trouble.

'30. A withdrawal of the passage is not a recantation.

'31. It must anyhow be withdrawn shortly, for conviction involves it.

'32. It is withdrawn already, for the Lecture is put out of circulation.

'33. A compromise does but anticipate what will soon be done with worse concomitants.'

The Dominican sisters at Stone had proposed a Triduo, or three days' prayer, for Father Newman in his trouble and

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anxiety. In reference to this suggestion he wrote to his friend Sister Imelda Poole:

'Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 25, 1851.

'*Just now* is a most critical time, since you ask, but for what I know the crisis was over yesterday, and before this letter goes we may know about it. We have an exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the matter this evening.

'What is going on is an attempt at a Compromise. . . . Thus I have not known whether to write to you at once or wait. Perhaps it is refused, and then there is urgent need of a Triduo. . . .

'The need, if it is refused, for a Triduo, is that we all may have strength to bear God's blessed will. To-morrow we begin a Novena to the Holy Ghost for that object. Your good Mother may if she will, and I will thank her, *add* the intention of my deliverance from the snare of the hunter, but let the main intention be, that we—that I, may have fortitude, patience, peace, to bear His sweet will withal.

'Since the middle of August I have been saying with St. Andrew "O bona crux, diu desiderata." I was going to bring mention of it into my concluding lecture, but found it would not be in keeping—and now it is coming as we approach St. Andrew's Day.

'You will see I expect the matter will go on. I hope, I pray it will *not*. I may be fanciful, but I cannot divest myself of the notion that it *will*. I have anticipated evil from the first:—i.e. if it can be called evil. Anyhow it is no harm to offer myself in expectation and in will, a sacrifice to Him who bore the judgment seat and the prison of the unbeliever. Lawyers tell me that the chance is, I shall have a year's imprisonment.

'Everything has gone so wonderfully hitherto—as if our dear Lord were taking the matter into His own hands, and utterly destroying all human means. He has let me be bound as in a net, and, as I said to Sister M. Agnes Philomena near three months ago, with intense conviction, nothing but prayer can break the bond. It will be prayer has unlocked the fetter if we can say "Laqueus contritus est; et nos liberati sumus."

'When it flashed on my mind at the beginning of September that I might go to prison, I said, "May I come out a Saint!" I don't say that now when things are more real, but, "May it be accepted for my sins." I have all my life been speaking about suffering for the Truth,—now it has come upon me.'

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To Mr. Capes he wrote thus:

'Nov. 27/51.

'The series of strange occurrences connected with this matter it is impossible to convey to any one who is not with me. If the devil raised a physical whirlwind, rolled me up in sand, whirled me round, and then transported me some thousands of miles, it would not be more strange, though it would be more imposing a visitation. I have been kept in ignorance and suspense; incomprehensibly, every now and then a burst of malignant light showing some new and unexpected prospect.

'This morning, when I thought a negotiation for a compromise coming on, suddenly I have a letter not even *alluding* to this, but saying the trial is to come on in February, and that Mr. Harting, the Cardinal's Lawyer, is to go abroad in two days to get evidence.

'Last week I was whirled up to Town by telegraphic despatch to be told that the Attorney General had quite taken us in, and that we were to have *no* time granted us, whereas he assured us of a period till Easter Term to answer Achilli's affidavit.

'For three months I have been soliciting information from abroad—but I can't get people even to *write* to me. . . .

'All this shows it is God's hand—I have abundance of prayers—I shall have more. If people would but have believed me three months ago, it had been well—but they laughed at my fears—but all is well, victory or defeat. The Church is never more dangerous than when she seems helpless.'

The compromise was refused by the other side, and Newman announces the fact in a letter to Hope-Scott:

'Nov. 30, 1851.

'There is no settlement, but a fight, as Badeley and I, not to say you, expected. It is a great comfort to be out of suspense, and out of responsibility on the point. Another comfort in the last three days is, that money seems to be amply forthcoming. A number of persons have undertaken to guarantee the expenses and have opened an account. And a third cause of satisfaction and thankfulness is, that documents have come from Rome. They promise well, if they are *received in Court*. The lawyer employed, Mr. Harting, goes off to-morrow—there is abundance of evidence, but the difficulty is bringing it across the Continent.'

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Further good news is told to Sister Imelda in January :

'January 9, 1852.

'Your prayers and those of other good friends are telling. It is but a beginning, still it gives hope. We have prevailed on one woman to come—*unless* she changes her mind. How necessary then is prayer! Prayer alone can do anything—it is like the uplifting of Moses' hands in battle. I write this in gratitude to you—but withal, if I may say it, in encouragement.

'The news came to us on the last day of a Novena which we were holding here to St. Anthony for the discovery of sufficient witnesses. I do trust he and other Saints will continue to hear us—else, we are done for. The more we advance, the more, by one false step or omission, we may lose. As I told Sister Mary Agnes months ago, that if I failed, I should say, "It's all those idle nuns," so, if I succeed, through God's mercy, I shall say, "It's all those good, zealous, persevering nuns."'

The suggestion of the Dominicans at Stone that they should pray before the Image of Our Lady for his success in the law Courts received a very characteristic reply—alike in its simple faith and in its caution against over-confident hope for a visible interposition of Providence. The nuns did not wholly appreciate the caution, and criticised the son of St. Philip Neri for his scepticism, to which Newman had to plead guilty. He urged however the plea of justification :

'I smiled,' he writes to Sister Imelda on January 12, 'at the cleverness with which you are attempting to get up a miraculous Image in England. Now as to your proposal, I have this difficulty, that it is taxing our Blessed Lady unfairly—not her power, but her willingness. For observe, you are asking no *public* benefit of her. The *Church* will be quite enough vindicated if I gain a moral victory, not a legal—and this I have ever thought most probable. I have ever thought it probable that I should demolish the poor man, and yet be found "guilty" myself. I have thought so, first because it is fitting I should not demolish him without my own suffering; and moreover (remarkable it is and I could say more about it) just a year ago, in a sermon I preached at the Cathedral and afterwards published, I said by anticipation that I should be content with the bargain of getting off badly myself, if my cause prospered. Moreover, humanly speaking, this *must* be, for if I fail in proving against him *any one* of the

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many things I have said, I am found guilty. On the other hand, since Achilli only did harm by *being believed*, if I succeed in showing his utter worthlessness, I have done what I aimed at—i.e. it is enough for all public objects, as distinct from my own, if I gain a moral victory by proving several things distinctly against him.

'Now what right have I, for the sake of my private ends, to put your Image on trial? It has done everything for you,—because you have asked what you ought to ask. Now you wish me to ask a *very hard* thing, and that (in a way) *selfishly*, and you make me say to our Lady, "Do it, under pain of your Image losing its repute."

'Now I do want light thrown upon this. I assuredly have a simple faith in the omnipotence of her intercession—and I know well (not to say my Lord expressly tells me) that we can not ask too much, so that we are but importunate and unwearied in asking. Still it is just possible, and rather more than possible, that it is His blessed will that I should suffer—and though I don't think so quite so much as I did, yet somehow at first sight I do not like to be *unkind*, if I may use such a word to your Image.

'I wish Reverend Mother to think over this difficulty—and I shall expect her answer to be a serious and honest one without thought of me.'

To the same correspondent he writes two days later:

'I will not get you into any more scrapes with Reverend Mother. I gladly avail myself of her offer,—and promise that if her Madonna gains my acquittal I will gladly come to Clifton, preach a sermon in her honour, and, if it is consistent with your rules, carry her in procession.'

To the Reverend Mother herself he writes:

'Thank you with all my heart for what you are so kindly intending to gain for me.

'Thank you also for the reproof you have administered to me. I know well I am an unbelieving old beast; and so perhaps in this instance. Recollect, however, dear Reverend Mother, that our House in Birmingham is erected under the Invocation of the Immaculate Mother of God, as beseems an Oratory of St. Philip—and is dedicated to her for ever, and that you will not please *her* by abusing *him*.'

The success of Miss Giberne in bringing witnesses was an immense relief to Newman. But it was immediately followed

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by fresh anxiety. The enemy got wind of the arrival of the witnesses, and postponed the trial. The witnesses had to be kept indefinitely at Newman's expense, and money was not abundant. He writes to Sister Imelda:

'March 7/52.

'I wish I could give you good news. It is sad to think how many prayers, how much money, I am exacting—but the prayers do good in some way or other, while the money apparently makes to itself wings, and vanishes.

'When our opponents found that we had good witnesses, they, who had been in such breathless haste up to that moment, and had refused me a moment, so precious was Achilli's character, took just the opposite course. They put off the trial—we find they can do so for eight months—meanwhile our witnesses are costing 40*l.* a week and *wish to go*. . . . Hitherto my opponents have had the face to say that *I* am delaying it—with the fact of the expense of my witnesses before them. Yet Achilli's solicitors *who do all this* are highly respectable men. Is it not wonderful?'

Five weeks later he hoped that the delay was at an end, and wrote on April 16 to Sister Imelda:

'The trial will come on the beginning of May; that is one comfort—for which we should be thankful. Now your Madonna must do her part—for still I am haunted with the idea that the Church will gain and I suffer. Still I have prayed for absolute success and triumph.'

Yet another delay came, and the trial was not until June. Meanwhile the Irish campaign—to be described later—had begun. The lectures on the 'Scope and Nature of University Education' were written, and the first was delivered in the Rotunda at Dublin on May 10, the second following a week later. Hard work, many trials and anxieties, and considerable incidental success accompanied this enterprise, which will be more fully described later on. I only refer to it here in order to recall the strain on Newman's mind at a time when he most needed rest, and leisure to concentrate his attention on one subject.

The Dublin discourses were concluded on June 7.

On June 21 the trial began. The court was crowded, and the trial lasted five days, until June 25. Lord Campbell

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was the judge; Sir Alexander Cockburn was Newman's principal counsel, assisted by Mr. Serjeant Wilkins and Mr. Badeley; while for the plaintiff appeared the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General.

Called into the box, Achilli denied all the charges against him. He adhered to his statement that he was condemned by the Inquisition on grounds of doctrine. The following account of the ex-friar as he appeared in the witness-box is taken from a contemporary writer:

'He is a plain-featured, middle-sized man, about fifty years of age, and his face is strongly Italian. His forehead is low and receding, his nose prominent, the mouth and the muscles around it full of resolution and courage. He wears a black wig, the hair of which is perfectly straight, and being close shaved, this wig gives to his appearance a certain air of the conventicle. Yet he retains many traces of the Roman Catholic priest, especially in his bearing, enunciation, and features, which have a sort of stealthy grace about them. His eyes are deep-set and lustrous, and with his black hair, dark complexion, and sombre, demure aspect, leaves an impression on the mind of the observer by no means agreeable, and not readily to be forgotten. The questions put to him by his own counsel he answered with great clearness, and in a calm, unwavering, quiet manner, without any trace of strong excitement, or feelings deeply roused. Sometimes a slight, contemptuous smile accompanied his denials of opposing evidence, and once or twice he even seemed to treat points merrily. Yet at certain portions of his examination, without losing his self-possession, he became more animated. His dark, sunken eyes flashed fire as he listened and replied to the questions put. This was particularly the case when he was cross-examined by Sir Alexander Cockburn on the more material points of the libel, and especially when he was confronted by the Italian women who had sworn that he had debauched them. The effect produced by the meetings was quite dramatic, the poor women eyeing their alleged seducer with half-timid, yet steady glances, while he, his face overcome for the moment with a slight pallor, turned upon them looks that seemed to pierce through them.'

The case as it proceeded was resolved into a question of perjury. On the one hand was Dr. Achilli, who said that

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his record was a clean one; on the other was a crowd of people who testified to his acts of gross immorality. Achilli had all to gain; the opposing witnesses had all to lose. Many of them were now respectably married; it was only reasonable, as Sir Alexander Cockburn pointed out, to believe their evidence, because the fact of their being married was enough to have prevented their coming forward had not their stories been true. Again, they were many, and their evidence was not shaken. Against their mass of testimony, against facts admittedly proved which established the plea that Achilli was not worthy credence, there was nothing but his bare word. It speaks ill for the jury system of this country to say that the verdict—on June 25—was for the plaintiff. The judge summed up with an obvious and flagrant bias, and thanked God that there was no Inquisition in this country—his remark being received with roars of applause. The jury found that of the twenty-three justificatory charges put forward by the defence, only one had been proved—viz. that Achilli had been deprived of his professorship and forbidden to preach. The remaining twenty-two 'were not proved to their satisfaction,' and Dr. Newman was accordingly found guilty of libel.

In a leading article the *Times* spoke of the three days' proceedings as 'indecorous in their nature, unsatisfactory in their result, and little calculated to increase the respect of the people for the administration of justice or the estimation by foreign nations of the English name and character.'

'We consider,' the article added, 'that a great blow has been given to the administration of justice in this country, and that Roman Catholics will henceforth have only too good reason for asserting that there is no justice for them in cases tending to arouse the Protestant feelings of judges and juries.' These remarks represent the opinion of the educated public.

Dr. Achilli was no longer in the public eye an innocent martyr whose testimony against Romanism was unimpeachable. Evidence which could not in a moment prevail with the jury against the wonderful anti-Catholic bigotry of the time gradually sank into the public mind and had its effect. Even

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apart from his past life in Italy, there were the strongest proofs that Achilli had continued since his arrival in England to disgrace himself. One after another the servant girls at the houses in which he had lodged quite recently, gave evidence against him.[1] The jury would not believe them. But the public did. Achilli's teeth were drawn; he ceased to be an effective champion of the Protestant religion; and he shortly disappeared from the public view.

Newman wrote to Sister Imelda on the day on which the verdict was given:

'June 25, 1852.

'You see how Almighty Wisdom has determined things. I trust however we have got a good deal by the trial, i.e. have proved our case to the satisfaction of the world—though I suppose when November comes and I am brought up for judgment I shall suffer, but this is in God's hands. Do not think I am cast down about it; your prayers and penances cannot be lost.'

To the Reverend Mother he wrote two days later:

'In gaining so many prayers, I gain an inestimable benefit. Whoever loses, I gain. I went on saying to the last moment, "I will not believe, till I see it, that our Lady and St. Philip will suffer it"—and now I am quite sure it is only for some greater good. It is quite impossible it should be otherwise. Already there is but one opinion, that Catholics have been unfairly dealt with. When I came down here, I feared there might be a mob about the chapel. Nothing of the kind—the ultra Protestant publisher, Ragg, has not even put up in his windows any notice about Achilli and me.

'Mary is taking the best way, depend upon it, for our victory. My only flaw is, lest desperation should carry on our enemies to still more flagrant acts. They talked of prosecuting our witnesses for perjury when I was in London! and I was advised to go off to France! I did send the poor Italians off to France directly. They can only account for my many witnesses, by calling it a conspiracy of priests, and that I have bribed them all; but every one sees through it.'

[1] The text of the evidence of these girls is given in Mr. Finlayson's volume, *The Achilli Trial.*

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'My only pain,' he writes on the same day to Sister Mary Agnes Philip Moore, 'is that of reading the too kind letters of my friends—and that I assure you is real pain.

'Last November when I had before me a boundless ocean of expense, responsibility, and trouble, and in February again, when the horizon was indefinitely removed from me, then I felt pain—but I have no pain at all now. When November comes, for what I know, I may have pain for a day or two, but I cannot tell. I am sure so many prayers ought to make me better, and I am sensible they do not—and this is pain—but it is not the trial and its consequences that pain me. For twenty years I have been writing in verse and prose about suffering for the Truth's sake, and I have no right to complain, if, after having almost courted the world's injustice, I suffer it.'

He keeps the kind sisters constantly in mind, and writes again giving reasons why they should not be disappointed at his conviction.

'July 4, 1852.

'My dear Sister Imelda,—I hope none of you are moping. Every day makes me more clear that the issue of my matter is what it should be. E.g. our great and awful difficulty is the expense, say 6,000*l.*? Sympathy is doing for me here, what success would not have done. Perhaps we shall have a penny subscription among Catholics on the Continent.

'I am not certain that I shall not be obliged even yet to confess that your Madonna has got me off. If I am not called up to judgment I shall consider that she has, and shall feel myself bound to present myself at Clifton.

'Ever yours,
J. H. NEWMAN.'

His letters to other friends show unmistakably that his feeling was one of relief and in some degree of a victory achieved.

'I was prospered,' he writes to Mr. W. Froude, '(1) in getting witnesses, (2) in keeping them, (3) in their lucid exposition of my case on the trial, which, as the lawyers said, was without a flaw, (4) in the consequent conviction of the public mind. What want I more but a grateful heart?

Again to the same correspondent:

'I am inheriting the lot of Catholics—to suffer and to triumph. Did I not refer you to my words said fifteen years

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ago, repeated a year (to the day) before the beginning of this affair, that I had parted with the world—that I was prepared for its worst and should triumph through it.'

And to W. G. Ward he writes:

'Thank you for your kind letter. It confirmed what I hear from every quarter.

'Suspense is painful—and for the two last days of the trial I was in suspense. Since then, I have not had a shadow of uneasiness, as every one who has seen me will tell you.

'I doubt not we shall see that what has happened is under the circumstances the *completest triumph*.'

It was at this moment that the first Synod of Oscott was held, and Newman preached on July 13 his famous sermon, 'The Second Spring,' in which he celebrated the establishment of the new hierarchy. There can be little doubt that his own recent suffering gave edge to his words and feelings. A church newly organised amid trial and persecution had favourable omens. He may have doubted the worldly wisdom of making the hierarchy, but he saw in the troubles of the time the signs of God's blessing for it. He writes to Henry Wilberforce on July 18: 'We ended the Synod yesterday in great triumph, joy, and charity.'

The belief that he had triumphed did not prevent a great deal of anxiety as to meeting the enormous costs of his protracted litigation. 'And the worst of all is,' he adds in a letter on the subject to Mother Margaret Hallahan, 'I am not a bit the better for all this trouble—and seem to have no strength given me to bear it. So you see I really do need your prayers very much—and thank you for them.'

To Sister Mary Imelda Poole he writes on October 3:

'It is impossible to say how my matter will turn out. Every day brings a different view, and it is this suspense and change of prospect which is the trial. It is like having the pupil of the eye exposed to a shifting light, now strong, now dim, now darkness,—and then blaze again. So far however is clear that, *as far as the affair has gone*, we really have had

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our prayers answered. I told you in March I was to borrow 3,000*l.*—and I recollect saying "Well, I trust by Christmas I shall raise it." Well, I have raised *double* by Michaelmas—and there is a moral certainty that, *if* I am not called up to judgment I shall soon have raised the whole. *As far as things have gone* all the money is raised. What is *not* raised is the 200*l.* consequent upon being called up to judgment. But this is *future*, and not realised. *If* it be God's will I should *not* be called up, I really have triumphed. I have no debt, no inconvenience, and as to the verdict, why, every one believes me right, and the judge and jury wrong—and we did not give Masses and prayers that judge and jury should not make fools of themselves. I say then, *as yet*, no harm has been realized—it is all in future. So your prayers have not failed *hitherto*. Continue them as you do.'

Again, to the same correspondent he writes on the 22nd:

'Since I wrote, I have had occasion after a year's interval to consult the medical adviser who for twenty five years has served me. He has often been a prophet, and has cured me in illnesses when others have quite failed.

'He now tells me distinctly I shall have a premature old age, and an early death—because the only thing which can save me is a simple *lying by*. He says my brain and nerves cannot bear it. This makes me say that I can promise nothing—it is the preparation and expectation that tease me. He says I have nothing the matter with me at present, but that my vital powers are so low that mischief might take place at any time—and that nothing can keep me up but tonics. I feel the truth of what he says. The first book I wrote, my "Arians," I was almost fainting daily, when I was finishing it—and (except my Parochial Sermons) every book I have written, before and since I was a Catholic, has been a sort of operation, the distress has been so great. The Irish Discourses, now (thank God) all but finished, have been the most painful of all.'

On November 18 he went up to London for judgment, which was to be on the 22nd. He writes to Mr. Ornsby on the day that he has medical affidavits that imprisonment has 'a fair chance of killing' him. 'Perhaps,' he adds, 'Johnny Campbell may wish to be Jack the Giant-killer.' He stayed

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in London with Lord Arundel and Surrey—the future Duke of Norfolk—at Carlton House Terrace. Then Sir Alexander Cockburn unexpectedly suggested that he should apply for a new trial; and the proceedings in Court on the occasion are graphically narrated in a letter to Sister Imelda:

'Edgbaston: November 28/52.

'When I got up to London on Friday (the 19th) I found to my great disgust that the lawyers had had a consultation the evening before, and were for attempting a new trial; a second was to be held the next day (the 20th) at which I was to be present. They put the matter into my hands, and I suspect fancied I should be eager for it; but were thrown on their backs by finding I was simply against it. I did not observe this at the time, but, since they deferred to me, I thought I had it all my own way, and congratulated myself when the consultation was over, that the idea of a new trial was at an end. I got ready my speech, and packed up my portmanteau ready for prison, if so be—knowing I should be carried thither from court. Also my friends in King William Street packed up an altar and vestments and Father St. John, who was with me, got leave from the Cardinal for my saying Mass in prison.

'All Sunday I had friends calling on me—everything was arranged. Meanwhile all Sunday Badeley was importuning me for a new trial; but I made no account of this, as I thought the matter simply in my hands, (as it was technically, but I mean, morally).

'When we got into Court on Monday the 22nd, Sir A. Cockburn (my leading counsel) leant over the back of my bench, for I sat under him, and said, "Well, new trial or not?" I thought he asked for form's sake, and that he knew quite well there was to be none; so I answered briefly "Not." Then I heard him grumbling behind me, and began to suspect that he and the rest had *got up* their speeches and their tactics with a view to moving for a new trial. He then spoke to me a second time to the effect that he had looked at the evidence, and could make something of it. I repeated "No." Then Serjeant Wilkins, another of my counsel, attacked me. Money was no object, he said, he would pledge himself to go about begging from Protestants—he would take no fees himself. I said, "No." I found he had been up half the night getting up the evidence.

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'Presently the judges came in, and Cockburn leant over again. "You have now," he said, "a last chance, Yes or No?" I answered "No," and he went out of Court. I had sitting near me Serjeant Bellasis, who was the only lawyer (he was not one of my counsel) who had agreed with me in opposing a new trial. I said to him, "Well, it's all over, is it not?" He said, "Yes."

'Cockburn when he went out of Court spoke to Mr. Badeley, who, as you know, has been my most zealous and active counsel from the first. "We can make nothing of Dr. Newman," he said, "you must persuade him." He came accordingly to Serjeant Bellasis. Now Serjeant Bellasis had all along said, "I agree with you quite, in opposing the idea of a new trial—but, when it comes to the point, if they persist, you must yield." The Cardinal too, who, with the Bishop of Southwark, had confirmed my own view of the matter, had ended by saying, "Well, if your lawyers persist you must obey them as you would physicians." At this moment then, Badeley came to Serjeant Bellasis and said, "Dr. Newman must give way, all his five counsel are for a new trial." On this Serjeant Bellasis, who was sitting next me, turned round to me, and said, "You cannot resist longer—you must give in." I said, "Is there no one else to ask? What a terrible thing to decide upon by myself." We looked round—there was no one. "Well, but," I said, "'tis too late. You told me so just now." He answered "It is not too late." Then I said "I give in—let them move for a new trial."

'Accordingly when the notes of the trial had all been read, a tiresome matter of three hours and a half, Cockburn got up. Lord Campbell thought he was going to speak, in *mitigation of damages*, and affecting (if I may use the word) consideration for me, he said, "Sir Alexander, Dr. Newman's affidavit—don't omit his affidavit." "My lord," he answered, "I am giving reasons for granting us a Rule for a new trial." I did not look at the poor old man, but had I any resentment against him, alas at that moment, and in the rest of the proceedings, it would have been gratified to the very full. He changed colour, shook, and his voice trembled. A military friend who was at my elbow said his head quivered as though he had been shot in the ear. Serjeant Bellasis said to me, "Do you see how Campbell is agitated?" And, I repeat, for the rest of the time (two or three hours) he had to endure a lengthened attack upon him face to face, from Sir

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Alexander Cockburn, who thrust at his conduct in the most determined pitiless way in the survey of the whole trial. Nor is it the only attack he will have to stand. The opposite counsel reply in January, and then we rejoin—and my other lawyers have one after another to rise, and to inflict the same castigation upon him.

'It is generally considered that the whole affair is at an end. *I* should say so, except from my knowledge of the special hatred my opponents bear me, which has been present to my mind from the first. Next the course of Providence all through has been so dark, that we never have been able to guess at what was coming. When I went up to town last week, no one even then could guess anything. The future was as dark up to the 22nd, as it had been throughout. No one could conjecture what the punishment would be. The lawyers all in the dark, asked Sir A. Cockburn at the consultation—he would not hazard any guess. I have affidavits from Sir B. Brodie, Mr. Babington, and Dr. Evans that a prison would have most serious effects upon my health. I swore in my own affidavit, that I believed from what I was told, that it would shorten my life—yet they could not bring themselves to say absolutely that I should *not* be sent to prison. This being the case, there may still be quite a new turn of things in January.

'However, if the Rule for a new trial is granted me, the great probability is, that the whole matter will *end*. Because in that case the four judges will have decided that the verdict was *against the evidence*, in other words that I ought not to have been so condemned. People say that Achilli *cannot* recommence proceedings with such a recorded judgment against him.

'Again, I believe he will be incidentally found guilty of perjury.

'Again, he owes his lawyers 1,100*l*., which he had meant *me* to pay, and they may be unwilling to go on without security for the money—and his friends may not like to recommence, when they shall have already committed themselves to so large a sum.

'*If* I were simply to beat him, he would have all *my* expenses.

'But, if he *does* begin a new trial, then I have two courses.

'If I cannot get money, or cannot get the witnesses, I should make affidavit that this is the case—and submit—when lawyers say no *punishment* could ensue after such an exposure as will have taken place.

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'But if I *can* get the witnesses, the expense will be comparatively small. For I can bring them to a day, and I shall know just *whose* evidence is worth bringing.

'If on the other hand the judges in January do *not* allow me a fresh trial (every one thinks they *will*) then I shall be brought up for judgment as I was last Monday—but with this advantage that we shall have done what we *could*, and that my counsel will have been able to attack Campbell and expose the verdict;—which they say, must lessen the sentence.

'Pray for me and believe me,

'Yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

On December 16 Newman consented, at James Hope-Scott's invitation, to pass some weeks at Abbotsford while waiting for the final issue. He had a great feeling for Sir Walter Scott. 'When he was dying,' he writes to Hope-Scott, 'I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him continually, thinking of Keble's words: "Think on the minstrel as ye kneel."'

On January 22, 1853, the application for a new trial, which had been argued for a fortnight, was concluded, the decision being reserved. Newman was still at Abbotsford, and in his diary he chronicles a visit that day, in company with his host and Lord Arundel (afterwards Duke of Norfolk) to Melrose Abbey. He returned to the Oratory on the 25th, and on the 26th Lord Campbell announced the refusal of a new trial. On the 28th Newman went to town, to join Ambrose St. John, who had preceded him, for a final consultation with the Attorney-General, driving with Bellasis to meet Monsell, Allies, and Badeley.

On January 31 came the closing scene. W. G. Ward, who was at this time still intimate with Newman, drove him down to the Court. With them came Serjeant Bellasis and William Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly. Sir George Bowyer, Mr. Browne (afterwards Earl of Kenmare), Mr. (afterwards Lord) Fitzgerald, and Mr. H. Bowden followed with Ambrose St. John. The result proved what had been expected. The complete humiliation of Lord Campbell by a new trial had it is true been refused on technical grounds. But the

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Court did not venture on imprisonment. The most that was attempted was a lecture from Mr. Justice Coleridge—to which the etiquette of the Court did not allow Newman to reply—to the effect that he (Newman) was much changed for the worse since he had become a papist and that the charges against Achilli were very probably exaggerated. Newman wrote to Sister Imelda the same evening and chronicled the issue:

'London: Jan. 31, 1853.

'I have been fined 100*l.*, and imprisoned *till* the fine was paid—which of course meant no imprisonment at all. I have not heard opinions, but my friends present think it a triumph. I had a most horrible jobation from Coleridge, of which the theme was "deterioration of converts." I had been everything good when I was a Protestant—but I had fallen since I was a Catholic. They would not let me speak.

'Thank you for all I have gained by your prayers. Every kind thought of Reverend Mother and your whole community.'

'As to the judgment,' he writes to Mrs. Froude, 'it is quite true that Coleridge said about me all that was reported. He spoke very low, really (I think) from agitation—but I must ever think that he committed a great mistake and impertinence in what he said. He made me subserve his Puseyite theory, and held me up as a "spectacle" how men deteriorate when they become Catholics. His speech was *full* of mistakes and inconsistencies, if I chose to expose it. He simply misstated facts, as everyone would grant, directly it was pointed out. But I really think he thought he was performing a duty; so, what can one say? I have reason to know that his brother judges were surprised, if not annoyed, by what he said. In one respect the *Times*' Report was not correct. He *gave* up the Jury, and said the Judges would have granted a new trial, if by the Law they could have done so. *Every one* considers it a triumph.'[1]

[1] To Mr. Capes he wrote on February 5:

'I could not help being amused at poor Coleridge's prose. I have no doubt it gave him pain, and I think he wished to impress me. I trust I behaved respectfully, but he must have seen that I was as perfectly unconcerned as if I had been in my own room. But so it was. Putting aside supernatural views and motives, (of which, alas! I have not overmuch), mere habit, as in the case of the skinned eels, would keep me from being annoyed. I have not been the butt of slander and scorn for 20 years for nothing.'

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But a fresh heavy sorrow came to mar the relief he felt at the termination of his long drawn-out anxiety. Father Joseph Gordon, as we have seen, had been especially active in endeavouring to procure evidence on the trial, and had gone to Italy for this object. On the very day of the application for a new trial, he was taken ill, never to recover—the first death in the Oratorian community.

On February 6 Newman visited Father Joseph at Bath and took leave of him. There was no hope of recovery, and a fortnight later came the sad news that he had passed away. The blow was a heavy one, and Newman seems to have felt it as filling the cup of his trials and troubles. All that remained of the elasticity of youth seemed now to have left him.

'I am just going to sing a solemn Mass for the soul of our dearest Father Joseph Gordon,' he writes to Spencer Northcote on February 14, 'the news of whose death came by telegraph at ten last night. You may think in what grief we all are. . . . God's will be done. It is quite taking away the Spring of our year, but St. Philip knows what he is about. When I was engaged in building this house, I kept saying "Now mind me, we shall have crosses to take up for so fine a place"—and we have had a succession so great, that we alone can understand them. We talked of the chance of bereavement—I think with dear Father Joseph—little thinking it would be he.'

To Henry Wilberforce he writes a few days later:

'Father Gordon's death is the greatest blow that the Congregation has ever had—the greatest I have had a long time. It comes *in cumulum* upon so many other trials. What a year and a half I have had! When will the strokes end? I recollect in 1826 when I was serving Rickards's Church at Ulcombe during the long vacation, after a most glorious Summer, there was a week of pouring rain, and then it was fine again and the sky as radiant for weeks as before. But the season was changed—the ground had been thoroughly chilled, and never recovered itself. Autumn had unequivocally set in, and the week of wet divided the two seasons as by a river. And so I think I have now passed into my autumn, though I trust Grace will more than make up for me what Nature takes away.'

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And now there came from the whole Catholic world a wonderfully universal expression of sympathy for the champion who had suffered in the good cause. The general feeling was that the Achilli trial had completed what the Corn Exchange lectures began in shaking to its foundations the anti-Catholic bigotry of the time. Educated Englishmen were more and more ashamed of being identified with Lord Campbell and his jury. A Mass of thanksgiving for the issue of the trial was sung at the Oratory on February 21, at which Newman himself preached. On April 3 he stayed with W. G. Ward at Old Hall, to receive an address from St. Edmund's College—the first of many similar congratulations. The whole 12,000*l.*, the costs and expenses of the trial, which was a millstone round Newman's neck, was promptly paid by his co-religionists; and the letters which accompanied their gifts brought home to him how universal had been the support he had had throughout in the warm interest and constant prayers of thousands. That delicate nature which shrank under pain and was worn out with anxiety and suspense, opened out in affectionate response to a practical sympathy so far beyond his expectations.

The following letter to an American Archbishop—Dr. Kenrick of Baltimore—is a type of many written in grateful acknowledgment:

'December 3, 1852.

'I think I recollect the saying of a heathen sage, to the effect that the most perfect polity was that in which an injury done to the humblest citizen, was felt as a blow dealt to the whole community; but how much nobler a conception do I see fulfilled to-day when an individual, whose claim on Catholics is not that of a citizen, but of a stranger, who has but come (as it were) to their hearth, and embraced their altars, and appealed to their hospitality, is raised by the hand, and lifted out of his distress, as if he had been all his life long of the number of the *cives sanctorum et domestici Dei.*

'But I have touched upon a higher theme, *Hospes eram et collegistis me.* It is not I who am the real object of the bounty of Catholics; nor is gratitude, such as mine, its true reward. Let me venture to say it; they have been serving Him Who accepts as done to Himself mercies bestowed upon even the weakest of His disciples; and they have been

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securing a recompense from the just Judge who never suffers Himself to be outdone in the interchange of offices of love.'

He was preparing for press the lectures which he had delivered in Dublin just before the trial, and now, as a memorial for all time of Catholic generosity, he wrote in the first page the following dedication:

Hospes eram et collegistis me.

In grateful never-dying remembrance
Of his many friends and benefactors,
Living and dead,
At home and abroad,
In Great Britain, Ireland, France,
In Belgium, Germany, Poland, Italy, and Malta,
In North America, and other countries,
Who, by their resolute prayers and penances,
And by their generous stubborn efforts
And by their munificent alms,
Have broken for him the stress
Of a great anxiety,

THESE DISCOURSES

Offered to Our Lady and St. Philip on its rise,
Composed under its pressure,
Finished on the eve of its termination,
Are respectfully and affectionately inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.

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CHAPTER XI

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND (1851-1854)

WE have now to narrate in detail the inauguration of the scheme for founding a Catholic University in Ireland, to which reference was made in the last chapter. For Irish Catholics, who had had hitherto no University education, to found an efficient University was on the face of it an unpromising task. And the ablest and most cultivated members of the Irish clergy, men like Dr. Murray and Dr. Russell, as I have already said, regarded some *modus vivendi* with the Queen's Colleges as the only practicable course. But the Episcopate had declared against mixed education. And the strongest advocate of an uncompromising policy was the Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Cullen, who was all-powerful in Rome. That policy had been formally adopted at the Synod of Thurles—though only by the narrow majority of one. It was approved by Rome, and must at all costs be carried out. James Robert Hope-Scott (the James Hope of Oxford days) had property in Ireland and was a friend of Dr. Cullen. He advised the Archbishop to take counsel with Newman.

What, we may ask, was the danger which so greatly alarmed the Irish Bishops and led the majority to adopt so uncompromising a policy? What was the meaning of their sudden and strenuous opposition to the 'mixed education' offered, largely from benevolence to Irish Catholics, by Peel in the Queen's Colleges? This question must be answered before we proceed with our narrative. I am not for the moment asking whether the Bishops were right or wrong in not accepting Peel's proposals; but what was the meaning of their acute alarm? There can be no doubt that it was something far deeper than the intrinsic nature of the

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proposals. It was the extreme uneasiness which the signs of the times created as to the future prospects of the Christian Church. Secularist education was suspected as part of an anti-Christian campaign. The movement speciously called 'liberal' had been showing on the Continent ugly symptoms. Pius IX., as well as Lacordaire, had on some points tried to meet it half way and to give it an interpretation compatible with Christianity. They had been rudely awakened to its dangerous character.

Many Englishmen now think of the change from the old denominational education by the clergy to the new undenominational education by the specialists mainly as an advance in justice to all forms of religion and in the emancipation of educational methods from methods which were antiquated. They do not regard it as hostile to religion. But in point of fact (as we all know) the movement which effected this transformation was largely anti-theological, and even, in some of its manifestations, anti-religious. If it included a sense of the justice of equal treatment for all creeds, and a sense of the liberty necessary for science, it also included some of the anti-Christian spirit of Continental liberalism. The Churches then, in turn, had to be on the defensive. Two ideals of education were competing—the denominational or ecclesiastical, which threatened to be obscurantist; and the undenominational or scientific, which threatened to be irreligious. The proposed Queen's Colleges were inevitably associated in the minds of most persons with the latter.

And what was the concrete exhibition of the new movement which the Irish Bishops had before their eyes in the very years (1845–1850) during which the proposals as to the Queen's College were threshed out? They saw it in Oxford itself, as the rapid transition of its intellectual character from a religious and theological to a free-thinking tone. The Oxford of 1845 was conservative and ecclesiastical. The Heads of Houses were all clergymen. There were few laymen even among the Fellows. The tests were in force. The theological party which condemned the mild liberalism of Dr. Hampden was still in the ascendant. The Oxford of 1850, on the other hand, was liberal and secularist. In

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1845, after Newman's secession, with dramatic suddenness theology went out and science came in as the ruling principle of the academic mind. 'We were startled,' says Mark Pattison, 'when we came to reflect that the vast domain of physical science had been hitherto wholly excluded from our programme. The great discoveries of the last half-century in chemistry, physiology, &c., were not even known by report to any of us. Science was placed under a ban by the theologians *who instinctively felt that it was fatal to their speculations*.' This conception of science as fatal to Christian theology was the keynote of the sudden transformation which ensued. 'Whereas other reactions accomplished themselves by imperceptible degrees, in 1845 the darkness was dissipated and the light was let in in an instant.' A 'flood of reform' followed, 'which did not spend itself until it had produced two Government commissions, until we had . . . remodelled all our institutions. In those years every Oxford man was a liberal.'[1]

The suddenness and completeness of the triumph of the liberal movement in Oxford brought into relief the various elements of which it was composed. The secularising and anti-theological tendency, the agitation for the withdrawal of tests, the growth of specialism, were parts of a whole. The undenominational movement has been the *practical* expression of the liberal and scientific movement. And in the eyes of some leading men of science, and of many others, the transformation which has been effected in the nineteenth century from the old education by the parsons to the new education by the specialists has implied the recognition, to a greater or less extent, of the fact that the theological explanation of the world and of life has been defeated, and the scientific view has taken its place. 'I conceive,' wrote Huxley, 'that the leading characteristic of the nineteenth century has been the rapid growth of the scientific spirit, and consequent application of scientific methods of investigation to all problems with which the human mind is occupied, and the correlative rejection of traditional beliefs which have proved their incompetence to bear such investigation.' Denominationalism is, in this view, narrow and

[1] See Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*, p. 238.

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retrograde, because it implies a check on the free development of the scientific method in the interests of traditions which are superstitions.

A part of the change in intellectual tone at Oxford, as elsewhere, was in that indefinable quantity, the 'atmosphere' —from the atmosphere of the Oxford of Newman to that of the Oxford of Jowett. But there were also some definite particulars in which the aggressions of science on the then existing theology affected the subjects with which professors and tutors had to deal in the educational programme. The following are a few well-known instances:

(1) Biologists and ethnologists, even before the early evolutionists attacked the dogma of creation, had assailed the Scriptural account in Genesis of the descent of all men from a common ancestor.

(2) So, too, geologists attacked what was generally received as the Bible's teaching concerning the antiquity of the world.

(3) The empirical philosophy in the hands of Mill and Bain was in tendency anti-theistic. It attacked, both in ethics and metaphysics, the intuitionist basis of a theistic philosophy. Dr. McIntosh of Queen's College, Belfast, one of J. S. Mill's chief opponents on this particular point, avowedly regarded his own lectures on philosophy as a religious work. This represented the opinion prevalent at all events up to 1870—that the 'experience' philosophy was in direct and necessary opposition to the philosophical basis of theism.

(4) The philosophy of history was, in those days, a prominent subject and offered an obvious opportunity for insinuating an agnostic or naturalistic view of the world. Mr. Wyse contemplated its being taught at the Queen's Colleges. Mr. T. W. Allies actually did (later on) lecture on it at the 'Catholic University of Ireland.' The events of the French Revolution and the dramatic career of Napoleon had given a great stimulus to this study. Frederick Schlegel and Hegel, De Tocqueville and Guizot, Chateaubriand and the German Romanticists, were all in different ways witnesses to this tendency. The subject was dealt with, too, in different forms and degrees from a Catholic point of view in the writings of Lamennais, Bonald, Möhler, and Newman

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himself. It is clear that, while the critical study of history, in which the writer or professor is intent on the evidence for isolated facts, and is very sparing of generalisation, need not be contentious, the philosophy of history is almost inevitably so. One professor bases his whole account of the development of the Christian Church and of secular history on the naturalistic view which underlies the works of Gibbon and Hume; another treats the same subjects on such principles as those of Allies' Dublin lectures on the 'Formation of Christendom.' Either treatment is likely to have a deep effect on the religious faith of a thoughtful young man.

And so in fact it had. Such names as those of Matthew Arnold, Mark Pattison, Arthur Clough, and J. A. Froude remind us of a mental history which was typical of that of many others less known to fame. Aubrey de Vere writes to Sarah Coleridge in the forties that 'everyone is talking theology.' Everyone was defining his *Weltanschauung*. Such speculative conversations in the Oxford which was ruled by Newman's genius brought many to Tractarianism, many to Roman Catholicism, many to the views of Arnold and Whately. At a later time they landed very many in the various stages of freethought. The gradual spread of a secularist intellectual atmosphere did, as a matter of fact, help to destroy effectual belief in Christianity.

The new secularist education was then suspect in the eyes of the Irish Bishops by reason of its results in England, and their suspicions were increased by the fact that in such countries as France and Belgium the undenominational Universities were avowedly free-thinking. Their fears were shared by some of the ablest and most religious men in the Church of England, and long survived in such representatives of the old conservative Oxford as Dean Goulburn and Dean Burgon.

The outcry raised that the Queen's University was 'godless' was due to the fact that it was the first University established in the kingdom on a *de jure* non-religious basis. It was exaggerated, for, as Sir James Graham said, 'The Government contemplated the foundation of halls in which religious instruction would be imparted.' The Bishops, however, did not originate the cry. At first they

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only sought to make the religious safeguards adequate. They suggested four amendments—the first demanding a fair proportion of Catholic professors, and guarantees of due influence for the Catholic Bishops in the appointment of professors; the second asking for dual chairs in history, logic, metaphysic, moral philosophy, geology, and anatomy; the third demanding the dismissal of any professor or office-bearer convicted of trying to undermine a student's faith; the fourth asking for a salaried dean or chaplain for each college.

These amendments were in line with Peel's original plan as understood by such authorities as Dr. Delany and Dr. O'Dwyer—so these two authorities testified before the Robertson Commission of 1901. But in the event Peel's scheme was not carried out. Neither the Bishops' nor Mr. Wyse's proposed amendments were accepted. And no other satisfactory means of ensuring due religious safeguards was devised. At the very least the promise of Lord Clarendon that 'the Catholic religion will be fully and appropriately represented' in the appointment of professors in the Colleges of Cork and Galway seemed indispensable to the *de facto* predominance of Catholic influences which local circumstances demanded. In the event these assurances were not carried out—partly owing to a change of Ministry. In Catholic Cork only three out of twenty professors belonged to the religion of the country.

In this condition it may fairly be urged that the Bishops had a very real grievance. Still, in view of the vital necessity of University education for Irish Catholics, it is not surprising that a strong minority wished, nevertheless, under every disadvantage to try and work the colleges. The extreme measure which killed the colleges—of visiting with canonical censures any priest who became officially connected with them—was passed at the Synod of Thurles by a majority of one only, and much of the best intelligence of the episcopal bench was opposed to carrying the opposition to the Queen's Colleges to a point which caused them to fail.

Dr. Newman has stated, however, that in 1853 he found the majority of Irish Bishops not at all alive to the importance of University education for Catholics. The policy which prevailed at the Synod of Thurles was that of what Newman

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used to call 'the political and devotional party' as opposed to the champions of intellectual interests—the party of Dr. Cullen as opposed to that of Dr. Murray and Dr. Russell. Newman passed no judgment on their action ; it was an accomplished fact. But unquestionably his general sympathies were from the first with Dr. Russell and Dr. Moriarty (who was the living representative of Dr. Murray's views among the Bishops) rather than with Dr. Cullen. He did not share Dr. Cullen's dread of the whole modern scientific and liberal movement. The purely scientific aspect of the 'liberal' movement had, in his opinion, to be respectfully considered and Christianised. Even the directly secularist anti-clerical and irreligious aspect of the movement, which really drew its inspiration from anti-religious assumptions, was best counteracted not by mere repression, but by University training, at once religious and scientific. The Queen's Colleges excluded theology. Dr. Cullen seemed to dread freedom for science. Newman planned a University in which theology and science alike should be free and flourishing.

Thus, while he accepted Dr. Cullen's invitation, it gradually became clear that Newman materially differed from the Archbishop as to the direction of the work before him. His views will be more precisely indicated when we come to summarise his lectures and writings as Rector. For the moment let the external events be narrated in order.

On April 15, 1851, Dr. Cullen wrote to request Dr. Newman to deliver some lectures in Dublin against mixed education. On July 8 he visited the Oratory and discussed the subject further—going also to London to confer with Mr. Monsell, Dr. Manning, and Mr. Hope-Scott Dr. Cullen then asked Newman to be Rector of the proposed University. Newman hesitated and took counsel. He wished at first, as I have said, to limit himself to the office of Prefect of Studies. But in the end he accepted the office of Rector. And the Irish Bishops, who met on November 12, passed a formal resolution inviting Newman to be Rector. It was agreed, as Cullen informed Newman by letter, 'that the *summum imperium* should be in the Bishops, and that the [Rector] should have the entire

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acting discretion. . . . No other appointment,' he adds, 'was made, as the selection of other persons is to be made with the concurrence, or on the recommendation, of the [Rector].'

Newman accepted the post. With a keen sense that what came to him was sent by God, he threw himself into the work at once with energy. He consented to give a course of lectures in Dublin the following year, and at once set about securing an efficient staff for the new University.

His own feelings were evidently, even before the succession of discouragements which followed, somewhat mixed. He saw at once that a scheme which was strongly opposed by the ablest ecclesiastic in Ireland, Archbishop Murray, of Dublin, and which aimed nevertheless at founding a University in Dr. Murray's own diocese, was a bold one. He tried unsuccessfully to see Dr. Murray when he went to Ireland in September to visit Dr. Cullen. Still the work was entrusted to him by the hierarchy as a whole, and was undertaken in obedience to the Holy Father's wish. It came to him unsought. His antecedents fitted him for it. The thought could not but arise—was the hand of Providence leading him on to a repetition in new surroundings of the great battle of the Oxford Movement?

He writes as follows to Mrs. William Froude just a fortnight after his visit to Dr. Cullen :

'I suppose in a few days I shall know what is decided on in Ireland about the University. It is a most daring attempt, but first it is a religious one, next it has the Pope's blessing on it. Curious it will be if Oxford is imported into Ireland, not in its members only, but in its principles, methods, ways, and arguments. The battle there will be what it was in Oxford twenty years ago. Curious too that there I shall be opposed to the Whigs, having Lord Clarendon instead of Lord Melbourne,—that Whately[1] will be there *in propria persona*, and that while I found my tools breaking under me in Oxford, for Protestantism is not susceptible of so high a temper, I am renewing the struggle in Dublin with the Catholic Church to support me. It is very wonderful,—Keble, Pusey, Maurice, Sewell, &c., who have been able to do so little against Liberalism in Oxford will be renewing the fight, although not in their persons, in Ireland.'

[1] Whately was now Archbishop of Dublin.

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Newman, however, could not but see from the first that humanly speaking there seemed great doubts as to the practicability of the scheme. But he appears to have undertaken it as a religious act in which he dreaded to be 'of little faith.' Mistrustful of his own judgment, he threw himself on the guidance of the Ruler of Christendom, the successor of Peter; and he afterwards expressed in a lecture full of pathos—the first of the discourses of 1852—this reliance in such a matter on the *Cathedra Sempiterna*.[1]

[1] 'In the midst of our difficulties I have one ground of hope, just one stay, but, as I think, a sufficient one, which serves me in the stead of all other argument whatever, which hardens me against criticism, which supports me if I begin to despond, and to which I ever come round, when the question of the possible and the expedient is brought into discussion. It is the decision of the Holy See; St. Peter has spoken, it is he who has enjoined that which seems to us so unpromising. He has spoken and has a claim on us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ, and the Doctor of His Church.

'These are not words of rhetoric, gentlemen, but of history. All who take part with the Apostle are on the winning side. He has long since given warrant for the confidence which he claims. From the first he has looked through the wide world of which he has the burden; and, according to the need of the day and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to nothing in vain. He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own, and, in spite of the persecutor, fertile in the resources of his cruelty, he soon gathered out of all classes of society the slave, the soldier, the high-born lady, and the sophist, materials enough to form a people to his Master's honour. The savage hordes came down in torrents from the north, and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very eye he sobered them, and backed them in their full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilised by him, and to be made ten times more his children even than the older populations which they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the east and west, and men poured out to take possession; but he went with them by his missionaries, to China, to Mexico, carried along by zeal and charity, as far as these children of men were led by enterprise, covetousness, or ambition. Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he, in our fathers' day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates; with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings, that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the Everlasting Arms?'

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Let one further point be noted as to the prospect before Dr. Newman. At Rome in 1847, as we have seen, he had come to the conclusion that the time was not ripe for his urging those arguments which he felt to be so necessary in order to oppose effectively the rising tide of infidel thought. He had resigned himself to the thought that it was God's Will that certain special gifts of his should, therefore, remain unused. Now, however, the 'kindly light' pointed to a path in which they might be of great use. If the extremely delicate matter of touching technical theology was outside the sphere of the proposed University scheme, the great question how an educated Catholic should bear himself towards the advancing tide of scientific and critical research, which was raising questions both important and new, directly claimed his attention as Rector of a Catholic University. Here, then, did seem to be an unmistakable call of Providence to help in the work which for thirty years he had regarded as that to which he was especially called.

And in such a task he also had a recognised precedent in the work already done by Catholics on the Continent, including prominent laymen. If he succeeded in forming at the University a body of educated and thoughtful opinion among Catholic laity, some of them might take their share in this important movement.[1] What was called 'Ultramontane' thought on the Continent did not at that time incur the reproach urged later on against some of its phases, of being wanting in depth and breadth. Eminent and learned critics, representing such different standpoints as Lord Acton and Cardinal Wiseman, have testified, on the contrary, to the great influence on European speculation of the earlier Ultramontane writers of the century.[2] In France and Germany, notably, there had been for half a century a succession of great Catholic thinkers and scholars, many of them with a European reputation. The Romantic movement had great intellectual importance, and Catholics were among its ablest exponents. Newman himself had devoted his attention to the Church of France for quite fifteen years; he had been in close correspondence with a French Abbé,

[1] His own words on this subject are cited later on at p. 397.

[2] See *Home and Foreign Review*, i. 513.

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M. Jager, over the lectures of 1837, and had written about the career of Lamennais, which he had followed closely. With Montalembert and Lacordaire he had enthusiastic sympathy. Moehler's 'Symbolik' was on lines in some respects similar to his own Essay on 'The Development of Christian Doctrine.' But to this movement of the Catholic intellect, in which the laity took so large a share (for it was led at first by de Maistre and Chateaubriand, and represented later by Montalembert and Ozanam), England and Ireland offered no parallel. He felt that the Irish laity were regarded by some Irish ecclesiastics 'as little boys'—to use his own expression. He desired to equip them for more responsible work—to form a cultivated Catholic laity, 'gravely and solidly educated in Catholic knowledge' (he said) 'and alive to the arguments in its behalf, and aware both of its difficulties and of the way of treating them,' and he included in his purview Catholic England as well as Catholic Ireland. Thus we read in the first formal Report of the University that he had at the outset stated as one of the 'objects' of the University that it should provide 'philosophical defences of Catholicity and Revelation, and create a Catholic literature.' His hope was that the Catholic University of Ireland would become the intellectual centre for all the Catholics of the kingdom.

In spite of the anxieties and work entailed by the Achilli trial, he found time after November 1851 to think out the extremely difficult problems involved in his lectures on the 'Scope and Nature of University Education' and to write them in time for delivery in Dublin in May. In these months came, 'as a cloud not bigger than a man's hand,' the first symptom of the neglect and indifference from which he was to suffer so much at the hands of the authorities with whom he was working. I relate the incident in the words of his faithful friend and constant companion, Father William Neville:

'After his acceptance of the Rectorship in 1851,' writes Father Neville, 'he had found himself so strangely left alone with regard to his going to Ireland that in the following spring he fixed a date to himself when he would resign unless, meanwhile, a letter of some sort (this is the way he

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happened to put it to himself) came to him from Ireland. The day had come without his having received any such letter; his letter of resignation was written, but in the course of the day a letter *did* come from Dr. Cullen, which, though not *à propos* to anything calling him to Ireland, nevertheless broke the stipulation he had made with himself. He regarded this circumstance as an indication of the will of Providence that he should go on with the work, and thereon, with a most remarkable cheerfulness and contentment, though mixed with a no less striking sadness, he put aside thoughts for himself which, as things were, he could have wished to realise, to be harnessed to the work in Dublin, (these were his words) as a horse to a cart. This was at the close of April, or in the early days of May 1852.'

Meanwhile he had not in the earlier months of the year relaxed his work at the lectures. They gave him the utmost difficulty in their composition. 'I have written almost reams of paper,' he writes to a friend on March 14, 'finished, set aside, then taken them up again and plucked them. In truth I have the utmost difficulty in writing for people I don't know, and I have commonly failed when I have addressed strangers.' He anticipates that the lectures may be 'from beginning to end a failure from my not knowing my audience.'[1] However, in the event all passed off well and even brilliantly. He went to Dublin early in May. An event favourable to the University had occurred since his last visit, for Dr. Cullen had been translated to the See of Dublin.[2] The lectures were given on five successive Mondays from

[1] 'As to my Lectures,' he writes from Rednal to Dr. Newsham, of Ushaw, 'they have cost me no one knows how much thought and anxiety—and again and again I stopped, utterly unable to get on with my subject, and nothing but the intercession of the Blessed Virgin kept me up to my work. At length I have intermitted the course, merely because I could not proceed to my satisfaction. For three days I sat at my desk nearly from morning to night, and put aside as worthless at night what I had been doing all day. Then I gave it up, and came here—hoping that I should be strengthened to begin again. I am ashamed so to speak, as if I were achieving any great thing, but at my age I do not work out things as easily as I once did. I say all this, however, for a sufficient reason. I am sure you will remember me in this as in other matters; and gain for me the light of Divine Grace, that I may say what is profitable and true, and nothing else.'

[2] Dr. Murray had died in the autumn of 1851.

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May 10 to June 7 in a room in the Rotunda. They gave in outline the views of the work of a Catholic University of which I have already spoken. His own impression of the success of the first one is given in the following letter to Ambrose St. John:

'Carissime,—You are all expecting news and I have to be my own trumpeter.

'The Lecture, I suppose, has been a hit, and now I am beginning to be anxious lest the others should not follow up the blow. The word "hit" was Dr. Cooper's word.

'The room was very good for my purpose, being very small. It was just the room I like, barring want of light. I cannot make myself heard when I speak to many, nor do the many care to hear me, *paucorum hominum sum.* The room holds (say) 400, and was nearly full. Mr. Duffy, whom I met in the train to Kingstown after it, said he had never seen so literary an assemblage; all the intellect, almost, of Dublin was there. There were thirteen Trinity fellows, etc., eight Jesuits, a great many clergy, and most intense attention.

'When I say that Dean Moylan was much pleased, I mean to express that I did not offend Dr. Murray's friends. Surgeon O'Reilly, who is the representative perhaps of a class of laity, though too good a Catholic perhaps for my purpose, and who, on Saturday, had been half arguing with me against the University, said when the Lecture was ended that the days of Mixed Education were numbered.

'Don't suppose that I am fool enough to think I have done any great thing yet; it is only good as far as it goes. I trust it could not be better *so far as* it goes, but it goes a very little way. . . .

'Dr. Moriarty, whom I made a censor of the Lecture before delivery, was the first who gave me encouragement, for he seemed much pleased with it, and spoke of its prudence, and said it went with the Queen's College party just as far as was possible.

'I was heard most distinctly, or rather my voice so filled the room, and I had so perfect confidence that it did, that people would not believe I could not be heard in a great church,—but I know myself better. It was just the room I have ever coveted and never have had.'

The sense of success was equally strong when the course was finished, as we see from the following words in a letter to Manning of June 8:

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'I have been prospered here in my lectures beyond my most sanguine expectations, or rather, beyond my most anxious efforts and pains, for I have had anxiety and work beyond belief in writing them,—expectations none. At least, my good Lord has never left me, nor failed me in my whole life, nor has He now. So my imagination was free from hope or fear, about the event. But my mind has been on my *work*; no one can tell how it has worn me down but myself.'

The success of the lectures evidently quickened Newman's pulse, and made him wish to throw himself with keen zest into the task before him. Nothing could be done until after the Achilli trial, which was but a fortnight distant; but from that moment the University was to be *the* work of his life. 'My one object,' he wrote to a friend, 'is that of *hastening* on the University matters.'

Newman returned to England in the middle of June for the actual trial. On June 27 he crossed again to Ireland with Ambrose St. John, and assisted at Dr. Cullen's installation as Archbishop at Dublin on the 29th, and at the great dinner after it. English and Irish Catholics were at this moment united by a common persecution. Indeed, the Catholic University itself was incidentally the immediate outcome of the vehement No-popery movement against 'the Papal aggression.' The Roman authorities seem to have been so amazed at the degree of anti-Catholic feeling shown in the famous Durham letter of England's Prime Minister, that the last chance of a *modus vivendi* with the Queen's Colleges was, from that time, extinct. It was useless, they held, for Catholics to negotiate on such a subject with such a Government. They must do their best with their own educational forces, and forthwith found their own University. A rescript from Rome to the Bishops to this effect had been the signal for burning their ships. Thus a feeling of indignant protest against wrong was thrown into the University scheme, which stimulated its most active supporters.

And now, after the series of trials which were to the eyes of his faith in reality victories, in which he had represented the persecuted Church and championed it by word and by suffering in its struggle with its declared enemies,

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Newman had to endure something new in kind. He found himself embarked in a work which made no progress and wasted his time; which involved him in differences with his own co-religionists whom he respected and desired to serve; which for a long time seemed to be nothing but a succession of failures to effect what he had at the outset believed to be the task assigned to him by Providence. The English co-operators whom he tried to secure one after another failed him. Conscious of the absence of a University tradition among Irish Catholics, he was anxious from the first to surround himself with old Oxford friends, and to gain the support of Cardinal Wiseman as Chancellor of the University. He had early in the day—in October 1851—attempted to obtain Manning as his Vice-Rector. These wishes were not realised. Wiseman's Chancellorship was objected to by the Irish Bishops. Manning had but recently joined the Church and was about to leave England for Rome. He wrote at once the following letter, which presaged the more definite refusal which he ultimately gave to Newman's proposal:

'My dear Newman,—Your note has set me wishing to do anything you bid me; but I do not know what to say. Many doubts about myself and such a work occur at once.

'Above all, the desire and I may say resolution I have had not to incline to any one work more than another till I have been to Rome. This has made me avoid even speaking of the future. But your words are too weighty with me to be passed by; and I will both think of them, and ask others who can guide me better than I can myself. I need not say that old affections and many debts draw me strongly towards you. On 3rd November I trust to start for Rome. Do not forget me. I shall not fail to go and look down from the Pincian and think of you.

'Ever yours affectionately,
H. E. MANNING.'

Newman invited W. G. Ward, Henry Wilberforce, Dr. Northcote, and Mr. Healy Thompson to take some share in his enterprise, but all of them were from one cause or another prevented from joining him.

But a difficulty yet more fundamental was found in Ireland itself. It lay in the hostility or indifference to the

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scheme on the part of the bulk of Irishmen, including many members of the Episcopate. And the very man on whom he relied, and who had invoked his aid—Dr. Cullen—failed to give him the support he needed. The story of the next three or four years is a long drawn-out history of apparent failure. They were years in which Newman came to have a great interest in and appreciation of the gifts of many Irishmen. He formed intimate friendships with some—notably with Mr. Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. He conceived a great admiration for Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry. He used to speak of Dr. O'Reilly as the best theologian he had ever known. His friendship with Dr. Russell of Maynooth was further cemented. Some of the laymen associated with the Young Ireland movement aroused in him great interest, and he esteemed their talents and energy very highly. Dr. Sullivan of Cork notably he regarded as a man of real genius. He ever spoke with gratitude of the kindness to him of the Irish, including the large majority of the Episcopal Bench. It is idle to speculate as to what use he might have made of such gifts and talents in his colleagues had the circumstances of the country been different, had public opinion been ripe for the great enterprise, and had Dr. Moriarty or Dr. Russell, instead of Dr. Cullen, been Archbishop of Dublin. As it was, the two facts above referred to —the indifference in the country of those who were not positively hostile to the scheme, and the incompatibility between the views of its chief supporter, Dr. Cullen, and himself—made the enterprise one long, exhausting, and fruitless effort. For Dr. Cullen's character Newman had a sincere respect, and even admiration; but their educational ideals, as we shall see in the sequel, were poles apart, and their effective co-operation proved impossible.

Let the events be narrated in order. In telling the story, and in chronicling Newman's own feelings, I shall make liberal use of his Retrospective Notes on his Irish Campaign, written in 1872. In reading them it must be remembered that they are written after the failure of the scheme had invested the story with painful associations. His contemporary letters have not the same tone of constant

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discouragement. The Notes witness to the wearing effect of the whole Irish Campaign, but can hardly be considered a precise record of his feelings at the time, which, as his letters show, fluctuated considerably. They have great, though sad, psychological interest, and therefore I give them at some length. They tell of the trials of a sensitive temperament, habituated to speculative rather than to active work, but now engaged in a practical enterprise, from the first unpromising and gradually realised to be impossible. The sense of duty made him persevere, but the constant note of complaint in the retrospect tells of a spirit permanently bruised by failure. The contemporary *University Journal* to which Newman occasionally refers I have not found among his papers.

Newman went on a reconnoitring visit to Ireland in company with his friend and fellow-Oratorian, Father Henry Bittleston, on July 30, 1852, and remained there for about a fortnight. But the unwonted exertion following on the strain of the Achilli trial proved too much for his health. After a short time spent in preaching at Limerick and elsewhere, he felt 'quite exhausted and knocked up in mind and in body,' and retired for a week's rest to Tervoe, the house of Mr. Monsell, and when he was fit to travel returned to Birmingham.

Health and strength being restored, Newman was bent upon getting on with the University as quickly as possible. 'Feeling,' he writes in the Notes, 'how much there was to do and how little time to do it in (for I ever limited my Dublin career in my thoughts and in my conversation to seven years) I grudged every hour of delay after the Achilli matter had ceased to occupy me.' The rule for a new trial in the Achilli case was, as we have seen, dismissed in January 1853, and Newman was then free to throw himself into his work.

He had already been anxious to have at once the formal invitation of the Irish Bishops to Ireland. Moreover, he felt it all important that the really critical steps in the task he had undertaken, which was in any case so difficult, should be entirely within his own control. He had therefore written to Dr. Cullen in July 1852 on both these subjects. While he was quite ready to acquiesce in the appointment of any

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Professors the Archbishop might name, 'so that they were good ones, and creditable to the University,' it was otherwise (he wrote) as to those persons who were immediately about him, 'who were to help him and share his responsibilities.' 'I must have perfect confidence in them and power over them,' he wrote. This exception referred to the Vice-Rector, Deans, and Tutors. In regard to their appointment, he desired that no final step should be taken without his own co-operation. And he added a very emphatic request in reference to the Vice-Rector: 'If there is one office of which I ought to have the absolute appointment, it is this.' But he considered that no appointment ought to be made as yet. 'When I knew those out of whom I had to choose better, then I would appoint.' He wanted especially 'a man who would pull well' with him. He ended by insisting on the 'inexpedience of appointing a Vice-Rector at once which might be ruining everything.'

The attitude of Dr. Cullen in view of this very reasonable request must be allowed to show itself in a somewhat minute narration of the sequel. The wearying effect of the course of events on Newman cannot otherwise be appreciated. Week followed week after the dispatch of his letter, and no answer came from Dr. Cullen. Six weeks had elapsed, and no response as to the summons to Ireland came. Newman supposed the Archbishop to be absorbed in some other matter, when he heard from a friend that Dr. Cullen was making inquiries as to the University buildings. Newman therefore wrote a second long letter to Dr. Cullen, giving his views as to the wisest way of starting the University. But he adds in the Notes which he has left on the subject, 'when I had written it I had not the courage to send it.' He sent instead a shorter letter begging that nothing might be done which should commit the University until a sub-committee was formed to work with the Rector.

In the event Dr. Taylor was made secretary to the University, the post becoming vacant at that moment, and Dr. Leahy, also a stranger to Newman, was named Vice-Rector. Personally Newman liked both these two men when he knew them. But their appointment by the Archbishop, with the concurrence of Dr. McHale and the other Arch-

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bishops, was a direct refusal of his most urgent request. His unwelcome conclusion as to the object of their nomination is expressed by him thus in the Retrospective Notes: 'First Dr. Taylor, then Dr. Leahy were appointed, and both of them, in the intention of the appointment, rather as the four Archbishops' representative and their security and safeguard against me, than as my own helper and backer up. Yet Newman saw that Dr. Cullen had no idea that he had done anything which ought to cause reasonable offence. 'The truth is,' he wrote, 'that these Bishops are so accustomed to be absolute that they usurp the rights of others and rough-ride over their wishes and their plans quite innocently without meaning it, and are astonished, not at finding out the fact, but at its being impossible to these others.'

The issue, then, of these months from July 1852 onwards was a great disappointment to Newman, and boded ill for the future. And the immediate sequel only verified his fears. The committee for which he specially asked in order to set the University on its feet was never appointed; and repeated demands for his own installation as Rector by the Bishops were simply ignored. It would be tedious to relate these further *contretemps* in detail. But they deepened Newman's profound disappointment. To do a great work as a Catholic, as a knight-errant for Holy Church or the See of Peter, was his highest aspiration. He never promised himself a long life. He used, in these years, to speak of the possibility that he might be suddenly taken. 'The night cometh in which no man can work.' And he longed now to be doing something. To be thwarted and treated unjustly by the world—as in 1850 and 1852—was so much gain, however much of suffering it cost him. It was part of the victory of the Cross. But this idleness, this sense of being at the mercy of those who appeared to him to set no value on his work, this force of *inertia* brought to bear on him by those whom he was striving to help within the Church itself, was another matter.[1]

[1] 'I was idling my time,' he writes in the Notes, 'being unable to set myself to any other work from the expectation that I might be called off from it at any moment by an order sent to me to proceed at once to Dublin. Again, I intended to give no more than a limited term of years to the University, and, therefore, every year was precious. And again, I had a reason of a different kind. Unless

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The causes of delay were never fully known to Newman. One of them undoubtedly was the opposition to the University on the part of Irishmen, including some of those who favoured the Queen's Colleges, and the widespread indifference to the scheme in almost all other quarters. Dr. Cullen had trusted to Newman's prestige as affording him great help in overcoming these difficulties. He had hoped (so a friend of his tells me) that before formal steps were taken by the hierarchy Newman would of his own accord 'stump the country,' and preach and lecture on the importance of the scheme. And now he found that Newman would only take action with the Archbishops' explicit sanction.

Newman's excessive sensitiveness and reserve here played into the hands of Dr. Cullen. A man of rougher fibre would probably have insisted on receiving his commission from the Bishops to begin work without further delay, or perhaps a policy of greater activity and initiative on his own part would have been a more successful course. 'Newman,' said the late Cardinal Maccabe, 'expected the mountain to go to Mahomet. Therefore he failed.' But he could not help being conscious that he had done a great favour to the Irish Bishops, and he could not bring himself to urge claims of his own which ought, he felt, to have been realised on all hands without any word from him.

'I doubt not the question recurred to me,' he writes in the Notes, '"Are they doing me a favour in sending for me from

I was myself at work, others would do things instead of me. Thus Mr. Bianconi bought the University House without my knowing anything about it; and officials were appointed without my knowledge; not only Dr. Taylor, but Mr. Flannery, whom Dr. Cullen made "the Dean" of the University, an office which did not come into my list of places, and whom, when I found I could not dispense with him, I contrived to accommodate to my own plan of offices, by giving the word "Dean" a different meaning. Dr. Cullen meant these men to advise and to control me, and to be at once his own informants [about] what was doing, and his own secretaries to correspond with me. As Dr. Taylor was intended to give me counsel, so afterwards he was accustomed to say "Ask Mr. Flannery"; "Have a meeting with Mr. Flannery and Dr. Leahy two or three times a week," and I found Mr. Flannery and Dr. Ford knew of the appointments which were in contemplation by Dr. Cullen, such as the appointment of a new Vice-Rector, and were able to communicate the tidings to others, before I had had from the Archbishop or anyone else any hint or warning on the subject. It was plain then that the longer I was kept from Ireland, the more I should find my action anticipated, and my work obstructed by the proceedings of others.'

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England, or am I doing them a favour by coming?" Certainly it was very hard that I should be bound, for no end of my own, to leave my own dear *nidulo* in the Oratory, and plunge into strange quarters in order to wait at Episcopal doors, and to overcome prejudices against myself and the scheme of a University, which were nothing to me, whether they grew in strength or were dissipated. If the Bishops did not want me, they might lump me.'

Early in January 1853, however, Newman did write urgently to Dr. Cullen that he must have his formal commission from the Bishops without further delay—the Bishops were, he knew, to meet in the course of the month. Newman's general feeling may be gathered from his own Retrospective Notes at this point.

'The time of the meeting came and went, and no answer from Dr. Cullen. So I wrote again on February 3rd,—that is, after an interval of nearly three weeks. I said that I must urge the Committee of the University to do *something* for me. Had they made a step at the last meeting? I must know *at once* what I had to do, in order to think over it between this and Easter? Again, "I must have full power; I could not act at all if I were crippled."

'I was now in the sixteenth month of my appointment, and nothing was told me when I was to begin or what I was to do. I had written two letters to Dr. Cullen six months before, and two letters now, and could not get, I will not say information, but, a reply from him. I can understand he had great difficulties in moving; but I cannot understand his not plainly telling me so. He might have written frankly to me; "You won't be wanted for a year to come at least, for we must have a synodal meeting of the Bishops; I really don't know when you will be wanted, and I cannot tell quite what your powers will be; I don't think you should have the appointment of Vice-Rector, &c., &c." But I suppose it is what he had learned at Rome,—to act, not to speak,—to be peremptory in act, but to keep his counsel, not to commit himself on paper; to treat me, not as an equal, but as one of his subjects.

'Certainly he had great difficulties; I should have sympathised with them if he had told me of them; but, even now, I can only conjecture them. As time went on he seemed hurt that I was not of his party against Dr. McHale. I wished to be of no party; but I should, with the utmost difficulty, have kept myself from throwing myself into his,

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more than my sense of propriety and my judgment dictated, if he had opened himself to me. Dr. McHale was really a great trouble to him. He himself was a stranger to Ireland, and the Bishops looked at him on his coming from Rome with the same jealousy and apprehension as the English Bishops had looked on Dr. Wiseman. My personal friends wanted me, (because they thought I must sooner or later) to come into collision with "the great Archbishop of the West," as a necessary step to a certain success, and, had Dr. Cullen made himself kind and dear to me, I suppose I should have taken this task off his shoulders.'

In March Newman wrote again to Dr. Cullen: 'I am grateful for the rest you have given me, and now I shall be grateful if you put an end to it as soon as possible.' But he received no reply.

Newman's inactivity gave in some quarters the impression that the University scheme was abandoned, and it was proposed that he should be appointed to the English See of Liverpool or Nottingham. A letter written, but never sent, to Dr. Cullen on this subject throws yet further light on his feeling at the time:

'To place me in an English See is simply to take me from Ireland . . . I feel most deeply and habitually that the office of a Bishop is not suited for me. Some things one is fit for, others one is not fit for. To say I am not a thorough theologian, and that I know nothing of Canon Law, is obvious; I do not urge what is plain to anyone. But more than this, I have not the talent, the energy, the resource, the spirit, the *power* of *ruling* necessary for the high office of a Bishop. This is neither humility nor modesty, but plain common sense. If I am taken from the University I am taken from a position where I can do something to an office where I can do little or nothing. I am in a new element. I have never been in power in my life. My mode of influence is quite in another line. And I am sure I should get so oppressed with a sense of my responsibilities and my shortcomings that I should have my spirit broken. Every instrument is fitted for its own work;—a spade, a trowel, a sword, a razor, each has its own use. I trust it will not please them at Rome to throw me away when they might turn me to account.'

Not until October 1853 did the meeting of the University

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Committee take place. Newman at last received a summons to Ireland, and 2,000*l.* was placed in his hands.

But the action of the Committee, even when it did put an end to the delay, did not satisfy Newman.

'I was disappointed, desponding, and sore,' he writes. 'The Committee, *magno hiatu*, had done very little. They had called me over to Ireland, but they had done nothing to set me off. What would the public know about a Resolution passed in a private room in Ormond Quay?—a Resolution which was really the act of two men, Mr. O'Reilly and Dr. Taylor. It gave me an excuse for coming if I wished to come, but I did not wish to come if the direct act of coming was to proceed from me. I did not wish to obtrude myself on Dublin. I expected to do a favour to others by coming, not to benefit myself.

'My feeling was this,—I had now been appointed Rector for two years, and nothing had been done. If, for the first of the two, the Achilli trial kept me from Ireland, yet many things might have been done in Ireland to smooth such difficulties as were sure to beset me when I did come. For two years Dr. Cullen had met my earnest applications for information or a settlement of particular points, or the expression of my views and wishes, by silence or abrupt acts. He had written to me, I think, once. He did not even correspond with me through a secretary. He made a stranger to me my secretary, and obliged me to pick up the crumbs of his words or doings by means of him. The *éclat* of the (National) Synod of Thurles in 1850 and of the Pope's Brief had passed away. My Lectures in Dublin in May, 1852, which Dr. Cullen had sanctioned by his presence were a flash in the pan. His presence at them had been, I think, the only public recognition of me, since I had been appointed Rector.

'If in the coming January I went over to Ireland as I proposed, I should seem to be acting on my own hook. I should be an Englishman taking upon himself to teach the Paddies what education was, what a University, and how it was their duty to have one with me for a Rector; I should seem to be carrying out, not a great Council's resolve, but a hobby of my own,—to be a propagandist, not an authoritative superior, a convert, without means, looking out for a situation and finding and feathering a nest from the pockets of the Irish, with an outlay for me and my surroundings to the tune of 5,000*l.* per annum. That I intended to make

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a good thing of it was actually said; and Dr. Cullen himself in the autumn of 1854, when so many of the Birmingham Fathers were at Dalkey, remarked to me that such a place was a more desirable home than a back street in Birmingham.

'I felt then that I could not go over to Dublin at all, unless I was distinctly called there by the Irish Episcopate, or in some other formal and public way.

'Fancy my skulking about Ireland and acting upon its classes in various districts, I being a foreigner, unrecognised by the Bishops, with nothing to say for myself. It would be like an Anglican parson of Oxford going about taking confessions in the dioceses of Canterbury or Worcester.'

It was not until January 4, 1854, that Dr. Cullen at last wrote undertaking to arrange for such a public summons of Newman to Ireland as he desired. The month of January 1854, indeed, held out fair promise of putting an end to Newman's trying period of suspense. Newman had written to Cardinal Wiseman, who was in Rome, and told him of his difficulties. Wiseman had probably heard of them from other sources, and had already placed before Pius IX. the urgency of the Irish University question. The Holy Father took up the matter with vigour, and promised to strengthen the hands of the promoters of the University with a fresh Brief. Moreover, the difficulty which Newman had found in maintaining his independence had apparently brought home to Dr. Wiseman the necessity of giving the Rector ecclesiastical rank equal to that of the Irish Bishops, and at Wiseman's suggestion the Pope decided that the Oratorian was himself to be raised to the Episcopate. The following letters and documents collected by Newman, and his own comments appended, mark the further course of events.

The Cardinal's letter to Dr. Cullen, forwarded by him to Newman, was as follows:

'*Private & Confidential.* 'Rome: 27th Dec. 1853.

'My dear Lord,—His Holiness . . . has several times spoken to me with the greatest interest, and I may say anxiety, about the University. He desires much to see it commence, and is ready to come forward with the authority to overcome all obstacles. His Holiness thinks indeed that

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Apostolical Letters should give its foundation, and has several times repeated that, if the materials for them were supplied, he will issue them.

'It appears to me that, if your Grace thinks well, . . . a preliminary Brief might be issued, approving in general terms the foundation of such an institution in Dublin, confirming Dr. Newman as Rector, giving to such persons as you may name the power to elect Professors, authorizing the beginning with so many Faculties or classes to be increased, giving the power of conferring degrees, as is done in such and such Colleges and Universities, by way of a temporary rule, and reserving to a future constitution the final approval of rules, regulations, &c. "Vedo," the Pope said to me a few days ago, "che bisogna che il primo colpo venga del Papa." If your Grace thinks so too, the thing is done.'

'I sent an answer at once,' Newman writes in the Notes, 'proposing to Dr. Cullen that I should go at once to Rome myself. My Memorandum in the Journal of University matters, which I had shortly before this time begun to keep, runs thus:

'"*January* 15 (1854) answered, proposing I should go at once to Rome. My reasons are, (1) I fear the Cardinal will do too much, and that we shall have a University set up, before we know where we are; at all events, that something would be done *different* from what is wanted. (2) I shall be able to leave the matter in Manning's hands then," (who at that time was in Rome), "but I cannot put it into them without talks with him. (3) I cannot really do anything in Ireland till the Brief comes, and now Dr. Cullen presses me to go to Ireland at once, *while* it is coming." (which I did not relish). "If I don't go to Rome, it won't be done so quickly; meanwhile, I shall have a long kicking my heels and time-wasting in Ireland, when I am so wanted here," (i.e. in Birmingham). "(4) I shall come back from Rome with a prestige, as if I had a blunderbuss in my pocket."

'I continue:

'"*January* 19. Letter from Dr. Taylor saying that the Archbishop thought it better I should not go to Rome just now; that he expected a letter from Propaganda, and wished me to be with him when it came. He added: 'He thinks it most probable that the issuing of the Brief, whenever it do take place, will be accompanied by some mark of distinction to yourself as its Rector. To this you could not, for the sake of the University, offer any opposition. That being so,

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it would appear more appropriate that you should not be on the spot' (at Rome) 'at the time; but should defer your visit until after the first step is taken there, and then go to perfect whatever you might consider still calling for improvement.'

'"Cardinal Wiseman writes from Rome on January 20th, 1854. 'From the first audience I had of the Holy Father, I did not hesitate to say that the University would never,—could never,—be started except by a Pontifical Brief, and that so great a work deserved and required this flowing from the Fountain of Jurisdiction. His Holiness said that, if materials were furnished him, he would gladly issue such a document. He spoke to me again and agreed in the same conclusion.

'"'At a third audience I begged to make a suggestion, long on my mind, and about which I consulted Archbishop Cullen at Amiens, and obtained his hearty concurrence. Indeed, I had mentioned it in England,—I think to H. Wilberforce. It was that His Holiness would graciously please to create you Bishop *in partibus*, which would at once give you a right to sit with the Bishops in all consultations, would raise you above all other officers, professors, &c., of the University, and would give dignity to this (the University) itself, and to its head. The Holy Father at once assented. I wrote to Dr. Cullen, and authorized his Grace to tell you as much as he thought proper. . . .

'"'This day I had another audience, in which His Holiness graciously told me that he has commissioned Mgr. Pacifici (who has been ill since October) yesterday to draw up a Brief, establishing the University, and naming Archbishop Cullen, Chancellor; and, smilingly drawing his hands down each side of his neck to his breast, he added: "e manderemo a Newman la crocetta, lo faremo vescovo di Porfirio, o qualche luogo." This was spoken in the kindest manner. Of course Porphyrium was only an *exempli gratia*, as it is filled up. But I thought it might be pleasing to you to have the Pope's own words. . . .

'"'Ever since the Achilli judgment I have felt that a mark of honour and favour, and an expression of sympathy *from the Church* was requisite, and this seemed to me the proper mode of bestowing it.

'"'I have only one thing to add,—that I request the consolation and honour of conferring on you the proposed dignity, when the proper time shall come. . . .

'"'I will offer no congratulations as yet. You will use quite your own discretion about this letter.

'"'Yours ever affectionately in Christ,

N. CARD. WISEMAN.'"

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'This letter,' continues Newman in the Notes, 'was a great satisfaction to me. I really did think that the Cardinal had hit the right nail on the head, and had effected what would be a real remedy against the difficulties which lay in my way. I wrote to Dr. Grant of Southwark, (who congratulated me on the Pope's intention,) that I never could have fancied the circumstances would exist such as to lead me to be glad to be made a Bishop, but that so it was. I did feel glad, for I did not see, without some accession of weight to my official position, how I could overcome the *inertia* and opposition which existed in Ireland on the project of a University.'

Newman's reply to Cardinal Wiseman, dated February 1, ran as follows:

'Your Eminence's letter arrived yesterday evening, the very *anniversary* of the day of my having to appear in Court, and of the sentence from Coleridge. And to-morrow, the Purification, is the sixth Anniversary of the establishment of our Congregation, and completes the fifth year of our settlement in Birmingham. As to the Holy Father's most gracious and condescending purpose about me, I should say much of my sense of the extreme tenderness towards me shown in it, did not a higher thought occupy me, for it is the act of the Vicar of Christ, and I accept it most humbly as the will and determination of Him whose I am, and who may do with me what He will. Perhaps I ought to remind your Eminence that, to do it, the Holy Father must be pleased to supersede one of St. Philip's traditions in our Rule, which runs thus :— "Dignitates ullas nemo possit accipere nisi Pontifex jubeat."

'As to yourself, I hope, without my saying it, you will understand the deep sense I have of the considerate and attentive kindness you have now, as ever, shown me. I shall only be too highly honoured by receiving consecration from your Eminence.'

'The Bishop of Southwark,' Newman continues in the Retrospective Notes, 'was not the only Bishop who paid me compliments on this occasion. Dr. Ullathorne, too, as might be expected, after having made a too eulogistic speech about me on a public occasion at Birmingham (on which occasion, to the surprise of all present, he called me 'Right Reverend'), on my writing to thank him, replied to me in the following terms :

'"*February 8th*, 1854. The announcement in your kind note does not take me by surprise. I had a hint of His

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Holiness's intention a fortnight since, and it appeared to me that the Episcopacy was the suitable mode of expressing the estimation which both His Holiness and the Catholic Episcopacy entertain of you. And, whilst the dignity so conferred as to make the distinction peculiar will be universally applauded, so it will be useful to the University, and to your own position in reference to that arduous but important undertaking. . . . The report of your elevation has been rumoured through England for some time. . . . I hope that, when you receive your Briefs, some of the brethren will tell me; and, as I suppose that it is the last time I shall ever give you my blessing, I do it very heartily.

'"Your devoted brother in Christ, &c., &c."

'On February 12th, Father Stanton, of the London Oratory, wrote to me a letter beginning thus:

'"My dearest Father,—We have just heard the certain information of the reports about the Bishopric. We feel the great propriety of the thing on a thousand grounds, and, therefore, rejoice heartily at it. I have no doubt it will be greatly for the good of the University. I suppose the consecration will not be at present, as I imagine you have to send your acceptance, and choice of See; and then the Bulls have to be issued. We are all for Ptolemais, &c., &c."

'Various friends made me costly presents in anticipation of the requirements of a Bishop. The Duke of Norfolk sent me a massive gold chain. Mrs. Bowden, a cross and chain of Maltese filagree work. Mr. Hope-Scott, a morse for a cope, ornamented with his wife's jewels, and Mr. Monsell, a cross.

'So matters remained for some months. When I went to Ireland I made it known at Limerick and elsewhere that the Holy Father had designated me a Bishop.'[1]

[1] Newman adds in the notes the following illustrations of the fact that his nomination to a Bishopric was public property:

'Under date of May 1st, 1854, Dr. Manning wrote to me from London:

'"I got home last Thursday, and I cannot longer delay writing a few words to give you joy and to express my own, at the will of the Holy Father towards you. . . . It is the due and fitting end to your long life of work, and fulfils the words of the Chapter in the Office: "Justum deduxit, et honestavit illum in laboribus et complevit labores illius."

'On the 3rd of the same month I preached at the opening of the Church at Stone; and then Dr. Ullathorne treated me as a Bishop, refusing to give me the benediction before the sermon. Also, as late as June 8th, he addressed me a letter which runs as follows:

'"My dear Lord,—I returned this day from the Continent, and found your kind note. I feel honoured by your proposal to inscribe my name on the books

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All seemed, for the moment, to promise well. Newman was designated Rector in a Papal Brief; his bishopric, which seemed assured, would give him the necessary ecclesiastical status; and all the powers he desired were promised. He reached Dublin on February 7, 1854. But his arrival was the occasion for the beginning of anxieties of a fresh kind. After two years spent in the endeavour to gain permission to begin his official investigations in Ireland itself with a view to setting the University in actual operation, the result of these investigations was anything but reassuring.[1] Mr. O'Hagan, afterwards Lord Chancellor, had already intimated that the educated laity were in favour of mixed education. And Newman knew that the laity had largely to be won over. But now he found that those of the clergy who were in his opinion best qualified to speak despaired of the success of a Catholic University.

'The day after my arrival,' he writes in the Notes, 'I called on Father Curtis, the Provincial (I think) of the Jesuits; or, at least, the Superior of the House in Gardiner Street. He was a man of great character and experience. I have the notice of my visit in my University Journal.

'"*February 8th.* Called on Father Curtis, who said, on the experience of thirty years, that (1) the class of youths *did not exist* in Ireland who would come to the University; that the middle class was too poor; that the gentleman class wished a degree for their sons, and sent them to Trinity College; and the upper class, who were few, sent their sons to English Universities, &c.; that many went abroad, i.e. to Belgium, until seventeen or eighteen. (2) That there were no youths to fill evening classes in Dublin, unless I looked to the persons who frequented concerts, &c., &c.,—men, women

of the Irish University, and I, of course, accept the honour. One of the first questions I asked on reaching England was about your consecration; but I have not yet heard of the where and the when. . . ."

'And later still, on June 18th, Lord Shrewsbury wrote to me as follows about the University:

'"My dear Lord Bishop elect,—May I request your Lordship to be so good as to allow my name to be put down as one of its members. . . . I suppose your Lordship intends getting a charter to confer degrees; and if any influence I possess with government might be of use, I put myself entirely at your disposition. . . . &c., &c. To the Right Reverend Dr. Newman."'

[1] Doubtless it was largely this state of opinion in Ireland which had affected Dr. Cullen and made him slow to summon Newman.

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and children. Part of this was said in answer to my own anticipation, that there would be a class of students answering to the day pupils of King's College, London. Also there would be the class who frequent the Mechanics' Institute, and who, being Catholics, would require some guidance in the midst of a Protestant population. Father Curtis ended by saying:

'"'My advice to you is this: to go to the Archbishop and say: Don't attempt the University—give up the idea.'"

'This was the greeting from the first ecclesiastic I called upon when, in consequence of the summons of the Committee in October, 1853, I found I was able to go over to Dublin.

'Then as to Maynooth, the President, Dr. Keneham, was distinctly cold towards the project of a University; while Dr. Russell, under date of July 2nd, wrote to me:

'"I explained to you when we last met how I myself have felt on the subject of the University, and how despondently I have looked on the prospects."

'What Dr. Ryan said, a few days after Father Curtis, the following extract from my journal will show:

'"*February 24th–27th.* The Bishop of Limerick very strong against the possibility of the University answering. However, he has consented to have his name put down on the Book, on condition . . . that he should not be supposed to prophesy anything but failure."

'And two years and a half afterwards he sent me a message by Father Flanagan.

'"You will never do any good with the University till you put yourself in connection with the Head of the Empire."

'Dr. Murray I never saw, and he was now gone; but he still spoke in such men as these. We must take things as they are. When a certain country is to be operated on, the opinions and judgments which are then expressed may be true or false, but they are facts and must be treated as facts—for they are materials which have to be used as instruments or as subjects. Men like Dr. Murray and Dr. Russell were of the most cultivated class in Ireland, as Father Curtis was among the most experienced. Of course, as good Catholics such men would not be slow to do all that they could do for any object on which the Holy Father had set his heart; but they had an omen of failure, damping all their endeavours if any of them were called to take part in the University.

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'The same must be said as regards the lawyers who were the natural and actual allies of the class of ecclesiastics which I have been speaking of. Lucas had written me word in October, 1851, of the objection which Mr. Thomas O'Hagan (afterwards Lord Chancellor) made to the scheme of a University; and among them the opinions of the leading bishops who had acted with the lawyers in the days of O'Connell are prominent. "A feeling," he says, "on the side of Trinity College against a Catholic University is the historical feeling. For years under Dr. Doyle, mixed schools, that is, equal rights in education, were the cry. A bishop said the other day: 'Where is the line of demarcation to be drawn? How can separate education be carried on completely? When people are mixed and society is mixed, education must be mixed.'" These feelings I found to be in full possession of educated minds in 1854. At that time I had a conversation with Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, and on June 27th he wrote to me in answer. He says:

'"On Saturday and Sunday I spoke to several of our leading men," (on the circuit? he writes from Longford) "and I think I may say that the suggestions which I ventured to make in our hurried conversation did not unfairly represent the condition of feeling and opinion which is, to some extent, to be encountered in its regard. Many Irish Catholics apprehend that the simple inscription of their names on its books might be taken to imply the abandonment of their opinions, and a compromise of their consistency."

'In like manner Mr. Monsell writes me word, September 5th, that he sends me "a disheartening letter from Mr. Fitzgerald, (now Judge.) Mr. Butler of Limerick, October 14th, says that Serjeant, now Judge, O'Brien has been endeavouring to induce some members of the Bar, who have scruples on the matter, to go together in a body and give their adhesion."

'The feelings of the lawyers were shared by the country-gentlemen, and that on various grounds, some of which I give instance of.

'"I applied to Lords Kenmare, Castlerosse, and Fingall," writes Monsell on July 13th, "to give their names to the University, and was surprised to find that they objected to do so. I think their names of great importance."

'And I have a memorandum on March 1st, thus:

'"Mr. Errington called. He said that Mr. James O'Ferrall had a more desponding view than ever of the University, from things which came out in the Maynooth

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commission." I suppose, clerical jobs. "He thought there was simply no demand for it. He told me last November," I continue, "that the Catholic party had been obliged to move, in order to oppose the Queen's Colleges. Perhaps many will content themselves with their failures, looking on the project of a University merely as something negative." If this use of me was what called me to Ireland, viz. to be flung at the heads of the advocates of the Queen's Colleges, and not to introduce a positive policy, this might be a great object, but a very different one from that which filled my own mind.'

Here then was the position gradually brought home to him. A Catholic University was wanted as a political and ecclesiastical weapon against mixed education. For this purpose his name was a valuable asset. In this sense all the Bishops favoured the University. But as a practical project, in the interests of education, hardly any one took it seriously.

And, on the other hand, Cullen's ecclesiastical ideals had helped to estrange the laity from the University. Newman in his Notes quotes one influential lay correspondent as forecasting its probable character as that of 'a close borough of clergymen and a clerical village.' Another held its *object* to be that of 'placing Catholic education entirely in the hands of the clergy, and the exclusion of the laity from all interference.' Moreover, it was speedily perceived by Newman that the masses of the people, whose contributions were the pecuniary support of the venture, 'took no interest in any of the proceedings, and made their offerings when and would make them while they were told to do so by their Bishops, but no longer.' Such views, and absence of views, were indeed paralysing.

'For twenty years,' he wrote to St. John from Dublin at this time, 'I have said my work was that of raising the dead! I have said so in my fourth (now fifth) University Sermon, quoting Aeschylus before the movement of 1833 began. Well, if that was a raising of the dead, is not this Irish University emphatically more so? for all men almost tell me with one voice that nowhere in all Ireland are the youths to be found who are to fill it.'

To Mrs. W. Froude he writes: 'I have nothing to tell you about Ireland. The Pope is taking my part,—i.e., he is making

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me a Bishop, but the great difficulty *between ourselves* is that, what with emigration, campaigning, ruin of families, and the *μικροψυχία* (pusillanimity) induced by centuries of oppression, there seems *no class* to afford members for a University—and next, there is a deep *general impression* that this is the case, which is nearly as hopeless a circumstance as the case itself, supposing that case to be a fact.'

Newman did not pause in his efforts for the new institution; but what could the opinions he gathered leave him of buoyant hopefulness? They seemed, he calmly writes, 'to show that to plan its establishment was to attempt an impossibility.'

Nevertheless he set to work as best he could. He writes to St. John on February 17, 1854:

'The first week I was here was simply lost, the Archbishop being away. Since then I have engaged one Lecturer, and almost another; both distinguished persons here. I have laid the foundations of a quasi Oratory with priests to confess the youths, and set up a debating society, etc. and have thrown lawyers, architects, painters, paperers, and upholsterers into the University house, with a view of preparing for our autumn opening.'

The next step was to see the Bishops personally—as his friend Mr. Lucas[1] had advised him. But bad weather and bad health made this enterprise but partially successful. Here is his note on the attempt.

'With the assistance of Bradshaw I drew out the scheme of a tour which would comprehend them all, though I did not communicate my intention further than to be a little in advance of my natural progress in the announcements I sent to them. I wished, besides making their acquaintance, to learn something of the state of the Colleges and Schools, and to beat up for Professors and Scholars. I have still a portion of my projected itinerary. I was to start on Friday, the 17th, from Dublin for Thurles, thence to Kilkenny, Carlow, Waterford, Cork, and Killarney. This was to take a week. From Killarney I was to start on Friday the 24th for Limerick, thence to Galway by coach, thence to Athenry, Tuam, and Loughrea. From Galway in succession to Athlone, Mullingar, Navan, Drogheda, which

[1] The Editor of the *Tablet*.

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I was to reach by the next Friday, March 3rd. Thence I was to proceed to Newry, Belfast, Balmena, Coleraine, and Londonderry.

'It was the worst winter that the country had had since 1814; and I had been laid up, as early as the foregoing November, with one of those bad colds which began with me at Littlemore, and did not lose hold of me till about the year 1864. A second winter came on in February, and a second severe cold; and when I started from Dublin it was raining hard. I directed my course to Kilkenny in consequence. It was on Saturday the 18th.

'It was extravagant to think of such a round of visits at that season, however seasonable the weather, but the weather was extraordinary. I was soon stopped short in my course. I got to Kilkenny in time for dinner at the Bishop's,—Dr. Walshe,—and went on at night to the College at Carlow. There I remained over Sunday, calling on the Bishop,—Dr. Hely. On Monday morning the 20th I left for Dr. Foran's at Waterford, the Bishop of the place. I remained there Monday and Tuesday, and in the evening of the 21st went off to Cork, to the Vincentians. On the 22nd I was called on by the Bishop, Dr. Delany, who lived, I think, in the neighbourhood. Thence I went to Thurles, and was the guest of the Archbishop,—Dr. Slattery—dining with Dr. Leahy at the College to meet a large party of priests. On the 24th I went to Limerick, to the Bishop's,—Dr. Ryan,—with whom I remained till Monday, the 27th.

'I had now seen six Bishops, and my progress was stopped. My cold had got worse and worse. I got very weak, and from Limerick my next step was a long coach journey to Galway. Nor was this all; I had neither food nor sleep; I could not sleep upon the feather-bedded curtained four-posters, and I could not eat the coarse and bleeding mutton which was the ordinary dinner, and I created remark, of course, do what I would, by going without it. With the prospect of a long coach journey and Dr. MacHale at the end of it, and the certainty of the same entertainment, coming all upon my indisposition, I felt it would be imprudent and useless to attempt more than I had done, and on the 27th I returned to Dublin.'

The sadness apparent in this retrospect was not incompatible with the very real appreciation at the time of the kindness of the Bishops and clergy, who received him (so he writes at the time to Hope-Scott) 'with open arms.' He also

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appreciated the more humorous side of his Irish adventures. He used to describe with much appreciation his reception by Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick. The Bishop, to begin with, made it clear that he thought the success of a Catholic University independent of the State out of the question. But he proceeded to do honour to his distinguished English guest. In company with his clergy, he entertained Newman at a large banquet, and amid the convivial scenes of the evening rose and announced to the assembled company that he appointed Dr. Newman Vicar-General of the diocese. The announcement was received with thunders of applause, and the assembly broke out in songs of '98.

Other adventures are related by him in the following letter to Father Austin Mills:

'Cork: February 22nd, 1854.

'My dear Austin,—Though you are not Secretary, yet as Fr. Edward is a new hand, perhaps you will inform him how best to bring the following before the *Congregatio Deputata*. I submit part of a sketch of a new work, which must be submitted to *two Fathers*; I propose to call it "The doleful disasters and curious catastrophes of a traveller in the wilds of the West." I have sketched five chapters as below:

'1. The first will contain a series of varied and brilliant illustrations of the old proverb "more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows."

'2. The second will relate how at Carlow a large party of priests was asked to meet the author at dinner, after which the said author, being fatigued with the day, went to sleep—and was awakened from a refreshing repose, by his next neighbour on the right shouting in his ear: "Gentlemen,—Dr. N. is about to explain to you the plan he proposes for establishing the new University,"—an announcement which the said Dr. N. does aver most solemnly took him utterly by surprise, and he cannot think what he could have said in his sleep which could have been understood to mean something so altogether foreign to his intentions and habits. However, upon this announcement, the author was obliged to speak and answer questions, in which process he made mistakes and contradicted himself, to the clear consciousness and extreme disgust of the said author.

'3. Chapter third will detail the merry conceit of the Paddy who drove him from the Kilkenny Station, and who, instead of taking him to the Catholic Bishop's, took him to the Protestant Superintendent's palace, a certain O'Brien,

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who now for 15 years past has been writing against him, the author, and calling him bad names,—and how the said carman deposited him at the door of the Protestant Palace, and drove away; and how he kept ringing and no one came; and how at last he ventured to attempt and open the hall door without leave, and found himself inside the house, and made a noise in vain—and how, when his patience was exhausted, he advanced further in and went up some steps and looked about him, and still found no one at all—all along thinking it the house of the true Bishop, and a very fine one too. And how at last he ventured to knock at a room door, and how at length out came a scullery-maid and assured him that the master was in London; whereupon, gradually, the true state of the case unfolded itself to his mind, and he began to think that had that Superintendent been at home, a servant would have answered the bell and he should have sent in his card or cartel with his own name upon it for the inspection of the said Superintendent.

'4. And the fourth chapter of the work will go on to relate how the Bishop of Ossory pleasantly suggested, when he heard of the above, that the carman's mistake was caused by a certain shepherd's plaid which the author had upon his shoulders, by reason of which he (the author) might be mistaken for a Protestant parson. And this remark will introduce the history of the said plaid, and how the author went to Father Stanislas Flanagan's friend, Mr. Geoghegan in Sackville Street, and asked for a clerical wrapper, on which the said plaid was shown him, and he objecting to it as not clerical, the shopman on the contrary assured him it was. Whereupon in his simplicity he bought the said plaid and took it with him on his travels and left behind him his good Propaganda cloak; and how now he does not know what to do, for he is wandering over the wide world in a fantastic dress like a Merry Andrew, yet with a Roman collar on.

'5. And the fifth chapter will narrate his misadventure at Waterford—how he went to the Ursuline convent there and the Acting Superior determined he should see all the young ladies of the school, to the number of seventy, all dressed in blue, with medals on,—some blue, some green, some red—and how he found he had to make them a speech and how he puzzled and fussed himself what on earth he should say impromptu to a parcel of school-girls; and how, in his distress, he *did* make what he considered his best speech; and how, when it was ended, the Mother school-mistress did not know he had made it, or even begun it, and still asked

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for his speech. And how he would not, because he could not, make a second speech; and how, to make it up, he asked for a holiday for the girls; and how the Mother schoolmistress flatly refused him, by reason (as he verily believes) because she would not recognise and accept his speech, and wanted another, and thought she had dressed up her girls for nothing; and how he nevertheless drank her raspberry vinegar, which much resembles a nun's anger, being a sweet acid, and how he thought to himself, it being his birthday, that he was full old to be forgiven if he could not at a moment act the spiritual jack pudding to a girls' school.

'This is as much as I have to send you. Would you kindly add your own criticisms and those of the two Fathers?

'Love to all.

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.'

Newman returned to England on March 20, and opened the Brompton Oratory on the 22nd. Two brief visits to Ireland were made in April and May—the earlier being on the occasion of the consecration of Dr. Moriarty, afterwards his fast friend, as Bishop of Kerry. On June 3 he crossed the Channel again for his formal installation as Rector, which took place on the following day—Whitsunday.

'I have just got home after the ceremony,' he writes to St. John. 'Henry Wilberforce is sitting by me. . . . The Church was more crowded than ever known. The Archbishop ended with a very touching address to me. How I am to continue in Birmingham (*entre nous*) turns my head.'

The opening of the School of Philosophy and Letters was fixed for November 3 following.

After a holiday spent in England, Newman returned to Ireland on September 5. His English friends long remembered his sadness and his resignation. When he had previously thought of resigning if Dr. Cullen refused to grant certain concessions, he had written to Mr. Hope-Scott: 'I believe it will not come to this. I believe I shall get my way and plunge myself *apertis* if not *siccis oculis* into the deep with its *monstra natantia*.' And now the plunge was taken, and the eyes were tear-stained. He was for years to come

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'harnessed as a horse to a cart'—he often returned to this metaphor—to a scheme in the possibility of which he had already come to have little or no belief. The School of Philosophy and Letters was duly opened in November. Newman chose as the subject for his inaugural address 'Christianity and Letters.' The address is well known. It was a forcible plea for the study of the classics as an instrument of mental cultivation. And he urged that the liberal arts, as being part of the Roman civilisation out of which Christianity grew, were the normal and proper means of cultivating the Christian intellect.

How many of his auditors, it may be wondered, observed the note of pathos and despondency which almost unintentionally introduced itself into his peroration? The lecture was written, as the occasion demanded, to celebrate 'the great undertaking which we have so auspiciously commenced'; he did his very best to assume the attitude of hopefulness which the inauguration of a great enterprise imperatively demanded; but his tone could not in the event sustain the note of confident anticipation. Neither could he bring himself to adopt the position of active antagonism to the Queen's Colleges which Dr. Cullen desired. Moreover, the temporary character of his own connection with the new University was emphasised in this his first public address to its members.

'For myself,' he said, 'I have never had any misgiving about [the scheme], because I had never known anything of it before the time when the Holy See had definitely decided upon its prosecution. It is my happiness to have no cognizance of the anxieties and perplexities of venerable and holy prelates, or the discussions of experienced and prudent men, which preceded its definitive recognition on the part of the highest ecclesiastical authority. It is my happiness to have no experience of the time when good Catholics despaired of its success, distrusted its expediency, or even felt an obligation to oppose it. It has been my happiness that I have never been in controversy with persons in this country external to the Catholic Church, nor have been forced into any direct collision with institutions or measures which rest on a foundation hostile to Catholicism. No one can accuse me of any disrespect towards those whose principles or whose policy I

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disapprove; nor am I conscious of any other aim than that of working in my own place, without going out of my way to offend others. If I have taken part in the undertaking which has now brought us together, it has been because I believed it was a great work, great in its conception, great in its promise, and great in the authority from which it proceeds. I felt it to be so great that I did not dare to incur the responsibility of refusing to take part in it.

'How far, indeed, and how long, I am to be connected with it, is another matter altogether. It is enough for one man to lay only one stone of so noble and grand an edifice; it is enough—more than enough—for me if I do so much as merely begin what others may more hopefully continue. One only among the sons of men has carried out a perfect work, and satisfied and exhausted the mission on which He came. One alone has with His last breath said "Consummatum est." But all who set about their duties in faith and hope and love, with a resolute heart and a devoted will, are able, weak though they be, to do what, though incomplete, is imperishable. Even their failures become successes, as being necessary steps in a course, and as terms (so to say) in a long series which will at length fulfil the object which they propose. And they will unite themselves in spirit, in their humble degree, with those real heroes of Holy Writ and ecclesiastical history, Moses, Elias, and David; Basil, Athanasius, and Chrysostom; Gregory the Seventh, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and many others, who did most when they fancied themselves least prosperous, and died without being permitted to see the fruit of their labours.'

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CHAPTER XII

PROGRESS OF THE UNIVERSITY (1855–1857)

NEWMAN settled down to the routine work of the University. He had lodged at first in Rutland Square, when he gave the lectures of 1852, but soon moved—so he tells us in his Notes—and lived 'as a boarder in Dr. Quinn's school in Harcourt Street.' He kept his rooms from that date until he removed in the same year into Mrs. Segrave's house in the same street, which he rented. This was his house when he came to reside in Dublin, and here he often invited his friends to breakfast or dine with him.

Keeping house was a new experience to him, and not entirely congenial. 'I have no plate here,' he writes to Henry Wilberforce in November 1854, 'but a few electro plated spoons and forks—and feel the full value of "Cantabit vacuus &c." It is odd, I should begin to keep house at 53. For the first time I heard the cook (Martin Jones) call me "master." It shocked me so much that I forbade the word and am to be called "the Rector," "the Father," anything or all things but it.'

A month later, after term had begun, we find him again writing to Henry Wilberforce, whose eldest son Arthur (afterwards Father Bertrand Wilberforce) wished to reside in Newman's house in Dublin and attend the University lectures. The letter is hopeful in tone, but the figures it gives do not speak of any great success in obtaining undergraduates.

'We are doing well here,' he writes. 'Our Inaugural Lectures are telling. We began with 17 youths in lecture—we have risen in the course of the term to 27. We commence next term with 33 certain. I have 8 in my house. It is impossible for me now to take Arthur for some time, and that is why I wrote to you about him before I was so full.

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He may well wait at Ushaw. I am to have in my house 2 English, 2 Irish, and 2 French & 2 Scotch.'

Newman threw himself with keen interest into his work. It is clear that the idea of the University as an intellectual and spiritual centre was prominent in his mind, and that he thought of its influence on society at large as well as on its *alumni*. He has left an interesting memorandum enumerating the principal objects which he endeavoured to accomplish during the term of his office. These were:

(1) The foundation of a University Church as a centre of influence on the cultivated classes in Dublin, as well as on the actual students of the University; and the foundation of an Oratory as its complement.

(2) A scheme for setting up a periodical organ of the University in the *Catholic University Gazette*.

(3) The establishment of medical schools, to which he hoped to add a school of science on a larger scale, an astronomical observatory and chemical laboratory.

(4) The special encouragement of Celtic literature.

Furthermore, he hoped to obtain a charter from the State which should make the University a corporation, and enable it to hold property; while the students could obtain their theological degrees from Rome, and degrees in science and arts from the Queen's University.

In some of these objects he succeeded, though not in all.

(1) The University Church was the development of a less ambitious project. He at first contemplated only a small chapel attached to his house in Harcourt Street as a suitable *locale* for University sermons. He felt that the pulpit afforded him a very special opportunity for influence, both moral and intellectual, on the educated classes. He coveted for this reason a position analogous to the Mastership of the Temple Church in London. On this subject Father Neville has left the following note:

'The Mastership of the Temple Church in London had always been regarded by Dr. Newman as his beau ideal of a position for religious influence. Oxford, he said, with all its advantages, had the drawback of being a place of but temporary residence, its members coming and going within a very limited time. Upon those who remained there long,

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this gradual flowing away of those who had surrounded them, could not but have a most isolating effect, making them, as it were, more and more out of place; a disadvantage which, he said, must soon have applied to himself, had he remained there. At the Temple, however, was to be found an audience which for trained powers of mind was, perhaps, unique; an audience, moreover, that was unshifting, and thus able to follow the "Master's" current of thought year after year. Now Dublin also was famous for the number and the standing of its Lawyers; the Medical Faculty, too, was in high repute; he felt that he could do a work among these that he had not had the opportunity of attempting elsewhere; and he had the hope that his intended little Chapel, with the Rectorship of the University, would afford him a sphere of influence, the best that in his circumstances he could have. On one occasion reminding those who stood by him discussing this plan, how much he had done at Oxford with the aid of a few others, he said: "Was it not a good work I began in Adam de Brome's Chapel at Oxford? Why then should not just such another serve me here in Dublin, and I not do better work with the grace of being a Catholic?"'

When he found himself unable to secure the premises he had wanted for his chapel, his thoughts passed to the more ambitious plan of a University Church and Oratory. He thought of these as a centre of influence for other preachers as well as himself. He had in mind as a precedent the University Sermons preached by select preachers at Oxford. He writes of this plan as follows:

'I thought—(1) Nothing was a more simple and complete advertisement of the University than a large Church open for worship; the cheapest advertisement, since, if self-supporting, it cost the University nothing, yet was perpetual and in the face of day. (2) It symbolized the great principle of the University, the indissoluble union of philosophy with religion. (3) It provided for University formal acts, for Degree-giving, for solemn lectures and addresses, such as those usual at the opening and closing of the Academical year, for the weekly display of the University authorities, &c., a large hall at once, and one which was ennobled by the religious symbols which were its furniture. (4) It interested the clergy in the University, the preachers being taken from all parts of the country.

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'Further than this, I connected it in my anticipations with the idea I had, and which Hope-Scott suggested in his letter at the end of December, 1853, of founding an Oratory at Dublin. My notion was that an Oratory would be the religious complement of an Intellectual School; that it would not take part in the work proper to a University, but that it would furnish preachers and confessors for the University body, establish confraternities, and in all the many ways which the Church employs, counteract the dangers incident to a high school of learning and science, and a large collection of young men entering into life. When I went to Rome on Oratory business at Christmas, 1855–56, I brought the matter before Cardinal Barnabo, with the sanction and promise of aid of Dr. Cullen. He was to obtain for me a Brief. Whether he gave me a letter or promised to write to Rome about it, I do not know. Nothing came of my application.

'As early as 10th February, 1854, I find I got Dr. Moriarty to give me a list of preachers. In the second number of the *University Gazette*, 8th June, I say: "It is also proposed to open a University Church, for the solemn exercises of the Academical body, as time goes on, and for sermons on Sundays and other great Festivals at once. A list of University preachers is in preparation, and will appear with as little delay as possible."'

It was some time before he was enabled to build the University Church. Dr. Cullen did not take up the idea warmly, and did not see his way to helping the scheme financially. At first it was thought that some existing church would serve the purpose, and St. Audeon's in the High Street was proposed as a suitable building. But this plan broke down, and in the end the present beautiful church at Stephen's Green was built by Newman himself, who utilised for the purpose a portion of the excess of the money subscribed for the expenses of the Achilli trial over what was actually required to meet them.

'In November, 1854,' he writes, 'I got acquainted with Mr. Pollen, Professor (honorary) of the Fine Arts, and I employed him as my architect, or rather decorator, for my idea was to build a large barn, and decorate it in the style of a Basilica, with Irish marbles and copies of standard pictures. I set about the building at once, and it was solemnly opened on May 1st, 1856.'

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This church was a source of great satisfaction to Newman. His critical interest in it, as well as his appreciation of its beauty, are visible in a letter to Mr. Pollen dated November 9, 1856:

'The apse is magnificent,' he writes, 'that is the word—it is not yet quite splendid. The green marble behind the candles is faulty in two ways. (1) It is too dark, and, if expensive, is thrown away—and (2) the line of its finish, too abrupt. The pattern of my glass is very good, but it wants (what the ground will have) colour, to connect and harmonize the testudo with the alabaster. The Cartoons, to my eye, require a ground above them, perhaps round them; but I expect you will differ. The chandeliers promise very well. Altogether it is most imposing—I should like to hear what others say. . . .

'P.S. I have come from High Mass. The more I looked at the apse, the more beautiful it seemed to me—and, to my taste, the church is the most beautiful one in the three Kingdoms. The day is a dark one, and I wanted it light.'

Newman devoted the greatest care to the services, the music, the ceremonies, the vestments; and he looked forward, as Father Neville testifies, to his church being perfect in these respects. The church itself, in its style and decorations, was the outcome of his own suggestions, the ancient churches of Rome serving him largely as a model. It was in this church that he preached a considerable number of the discourses published afterwards under the title of 'Occasional Sermons.'

(2) As to the *University Gazette*, Newman hoped that it 'would contain a record of the University proceedings, would be a medium of intelligence between its governing body and members, would give a phantasia of life to it in the eyes of strangers, and would indoctrinate the Irish public in the idea of a University.' 'I commenced it,' he writes, 'contemporaneously with my own installation in June, 1854, and inserted in it the papers on Universities which I had written with a view to it in the Spring of the year.' Newman edited the *Gazette* himself for a year, and printed in its pages the very important Essays and Historical Studies afterwards republished under the title of the 'Idea of a University,'[1] and now

[1] This title was afterwards transferred to a volume containing the Lectures on the *Scope and Nature of University Education*, and other Dublin lectures of a later date.

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contained in the third volume of his 'Historical Sketches.' It was afterwards edited by Mr. Ornsby.

'It fully answered my expectations,' writes Newman of the *Gazette*, 'while it was in my hands; afterwards it fell off and came to an end.'

(3) The Medical School House in Cecilia Street was a complete success, and survives to this day. It was purchased by Newman in the summer of 1856, at the instance of Dr. Ellis, and it proved an immense boon in training Catholic practitioners, and securing work for them.

'This House served another purpose besides that which was its direct service to us,' Newman writes. 'It put our Medical Faculty in a bodily, visible shape before the Dublin public, and thus did for the University in regard to that important department what the Church was to do as regards theological and religious teaching. And it came into operation at once, for the Theatre, Dissecting Rooms, etc., etc., were all in order and recent use, whereas the Church was not built and opened till the Spring of 1856.'

Mr. W. K. Sullivan made the additional suggestion of a Medical Lodging House for the protection of the young medical students from the moral dangers of a large city.

The Medical Schools from the first promised success, and Newman very soon conceived the idea of developing them, so as to form a complete school of science. In this bold idea he had the concurrence of Mr. Sullivan. He writes as follows on the subject:

'Mr. Sullivan, whose advice I acted under, was all through my time of great assistance to me. His views were large and bold, and I cordially embraced them. The old routine was to depend on external support, prestige, authority, etc., and of course such helps are not to be despised; but they are not all in all, nor are they imperative. It was a great point to gain the Medical House, but it was not everything. Dr. Ellis did well in getting it for us, but he had little idea of making ventures. I have the following note in my Journal, under the date of 25th January, 1855: "I have had a talk with Mr. Sullivan about the Medical Professorships. He took quite a different line from Mr. O'Reilly (Surgeon), and Mr. Ellis, etc., who had said, 'Who will you get to come until you get a whole *school*? for your certificate

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will not be taken.' But he took the line, 'Raise up something good, and people will come; the supply will create the demand.' And he said that there were three provinces unknown in the United Kingdom, except that something has been lately doing in Edinburgh, viz., Physiology, Pathology, Pharmacy. He was for employing German Professors (Catholics); he said they were good Catholics." He and Dr. Lyons were the movement party among the Medical Professors afterwards, and Drs. Ellis, Haydn, and Swiny the conservative.

'The establishment of a good School of Science was one of the foremost objects which I kept in view. I consulted the Observer (Manuel Johnson) at Oxford about an Astronomical Observatory; and he wished me rather to establish a Meteorological (*vide Journal*, p. 41). This I tried to do, with Mr. Hennessy for Professor; but I never was able even to begin it.

'A Chemical Laboratory I fitted up in the Medical House at a considerable expense in 1856.'

The *Atlantis* magazine—of which more shall be said later on—was designed as an aid to the scientific department of the University. 'It was started,' Newman writes, 'with the object of encouraging our scientific labours, and forming the faculty, and making its members work together, and advertising the University. The literary portion of it was necessary as padding, because science does not deal in words, and the results of a year's experiments may be contained in one or two pages.'

(4) The subject of Celtic literature was suggested by Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, as one specially suitable to a University in Dublin, and Mr. Eugene O'Curry (a man of whom Newman speaks as possessing a unique knowledge of Celtic MSS.) was at hand to help the scheme forward.

Newman regarded the work done in the event by Mr. O'Curry as one of the real achievements of the University.

'Mr. O'Curry,' he writes, 'lectured for us and published one thick volume on the sources of Irish history; I think at the University's expense. I believe Mr. Sullivan, since his lamentable and unexpected death, is engaged in publishing a second. These are real works, and acquisitions which

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would, to all appearance, have been lost to the world but for the University. Also, in the course of a year or two, I went to the expense of having a font of Irish type cast for the use of the University; there being up to that time only the Trinity College type, and I think one other.'

The question of State recognition for the University was of course a very grave one.

'The go-ahead Irish party,' writes Newman, 'were for giving Degrees at all risks, and in spite of consequences. I liked the idea of the latter course myself, but did not think we were up to it. If Bishops and University authorities as one man, adopted this policy without wavering, and with a stern determination to carry it out, I should have been for it, but this not only was not likely, but I knew they would not; the feeling of our English friends was so strong against it. And, moreover, I have no clear view what was the good of conferring Degrees till we have a name, though of course the two years which would be gained in preparation time for being called to the bar was no slight advantage. But on the whole Irish schools, etc., would take out testamurs and honours, whether they had legal value or not. What I most inclined to was the Louvain plan, which was the more to the purpose because our University was set up in our Brief after the pattern of Louvain. There Theological Degrees are given by power from Rome; and Degrees in other Faculties by passing examination before the State Board of Examiners. . . . Accordingly I wished the State to charter us so far as to make us a corporation and to enable us to hold property; and then we should have power from Rome for Theology and for Arts for Church purposes, and then our youths might go to the Queen's University for their Degrees in Arts, Medicine, and Law. As early as March, 1854, this idea was suggested to me. In my Journal, under date of the 16th, I note down: "Yesterday at All-hallows. It was suggested, as it had struck me already, that the Belgian way was a precedent for our getting Degrees by passing examinations before the Queen's University. Only, since in Belgium there is a Concordat, or the like, things must be very different from here, where Catholicism is ignored. Would the judges be fair to Catholics?" . . . I think it was in 1856 that I wrote a long letter to Monsell advocating the plan, and I spoke of it to many others, but it met with acceptance in no quarter.'

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Newman always spoke of the absence of a charter and of State recognition as one among the causes of the failure of the University.[1]

The Rector's work for the University did not prevent him from writing even on subjects unconnected with its conduct. Two characteristic literary efforts belong to the period of his connection with the University. 'Callista,' begun in 1849, and laid aside, was finished in 1856. His letters tell us no more than the bare fact; and the book is so well known that I shall say no more of it here. Less well known are the letters of 1854 on the Crimean War written to the *Catholic Standard* and signed 'Catholicus.' 'Who's to blame' for the disasters which marked the first months of the war?—this is the question he discusses.[2]

The most memorable passages from these letters are those in which Newman analyses the genius of the English Constitution and the characteristic temper of John Bull. The average Britisher was at the moment abusing soldiers, sailors, statesmen—everyone but himself—as responsible for the disasters. Yet Newman held that the British public was really more to blame than anyone else. John Bull, the free English citizen whose house was his castle, had decreed the war. That very British Constitution which was the offspring of the temper of John Bull and the protector of his liberties, hampered at every turn the executive, which had to wage the war for which John Bull himself had clamoured.

'England, surely,' he writes, 'is the paradise of little men, and the purgatory of great ones. May I never be a Minister of State or Field-Marshal! I'd be an individual, self-respecting Briton, in my own private castle, with the *Times* to see the world by, and pen and paper to scribble off withal to some public print, and set the world right. Public men

[1] After Newman's retirement in 1859 a deputation of Members of Parliament—Protestant as well as Catholic—among whom were Mr. Maguire, Mr. Deasy, and Mr. Bowyer (afterwards Sir George Bowyer), waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer (at that time Mr. Disraeli) with the request that the University should be given legal power to grant degrees. Nothing came at the time of the request, but it may be remembered that it was Mr. Disraeli himself who in 1879 gave Irish Catholics their first University endowment in connection with the Royal University.

[2] The letters were headed 'Who's to Blame?'

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are only my *employés*; I use them as I think fit, and turn them off without warning. Aberdeen, Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Newcastle, what are they muttering about services and ingratitude? were they not paid? hadn't they their regular quarter-day? Raglan, Burgoyne, Dundas,—I can't recollect all the fellows' names,—can they merit aught? can they be profitable to me their lord and master? And so, having no tenderness or respect for their persons, their antecedents or their age,—not caring that in fact they are serving me with all their strength, not asking whether, if they manage ill, it be not, perchance, because they are in the fetters of Constitutional red tape, which have weighed on their hearts and deadened their energies, till the hazard of failure and the fear of censure have quenched the spirit of daring, I think it becoming and generous,—during, not after, their work, not when it is ended, but in the very agony of conflict,—to institute a formal process of inquiry into their demerits, not secret, not indulgent to their sense of honour, but in the hearing of all Europe and amid the scorn of the world,—hitting down, knocking over, my workhouse apprentices, in order that they may get up again, and do my matters for me better.'

In point of fact, the very idea of the British Constitution is that everything is to be done by the nation. Every class is to have a share in determining what is done. This secures liberty, but it is fatal to first-rate efficiency. And while in time of peace it prevents tyranny on the part of the executive, it hampers it hopelessly in time of war.

'Put a sword into the Ruler's hands, it is at his option to use or not use it against you; reclaim it, and who is to use it for you? Thus, if States are free, they are feeble; if they are vigorous, they are high-handed. I am not speaking of a nation or a people, but of a State as such; and I say, the more a State secures to itself of rule and centralization, the more it can do for its subjects externally; and the more it grants to them of liberty and self-government, the less it can do against them internally: and thus a despotic government is the best for war, and a popular government the best for peace.'

The main thesis he maintains is that a constitutional government cannot efficiently control a war, and should therefore be very slow to enter into one.

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'John Bull, like other free, self-governing nations, would undertake a little war just now, as if it were his *forte*,—as great lawyers have cared for nothing but a reputation for dancing gracefully, and literary men have bought a complex coat-of-arms at the Heralds' College. Why will we not be content to be human? why not content with the well-grounded consciousness that no polity in the world is so wonderful, so good to its subjects, so favourable to individual energy, so pleasant to live under, as our own? I do not say, why will we go to war? but why will we not think *twice* first? why do we not ascertain our actual position, our strength, our weakness, before we do so?

'And now however circuitously I have answered my question, "Who's to blame for the untoward events in the Crimea?" They are to blame, the ignorant, intemperate public, who clamour for an unwise war, and then, when it turns out otherwise than they expected, instead of acknowledging their fault, proceed to beat their zealous servants in the midst of the fight for not doing impossibilities.'

I could wish that materials were available for an adequate account of Newman's personal influence during these years in Dublin. He held evening receptions for the young men of the town, at which he gave conferences. And he found opportunity for social intercourse with others. The influence he thus exercised was, so Father Neville used to say, memorable; though it was confined to a comparatively small group. Something of the old fascination—social, spiritual, and intellectual combined—which had enthralled the *élite* of Oxford in the later thirties seems to have made itself felt once again in Dublin, among members of a race especially appreciative of intellectual distinction and charm.

'Newman often entertained members of the Irish clergy and laity to dinner at Harcourt Street,' wrote the late Mr. John Pollen in a letter to myself. 'Bishop Moriarty was, however, the only Bishop who came. The Rector talked especially freely and brilliantly with all these Irish friends, and keenly appreciated the wit and genius of some of them. He considered the Irish clergy (with whom he was very popular) on the whole to be large-minded, although there were some who shared Dr. Cullen's less liberal attitude of mind. With myself and other Oxford friends he was fond of returning to Oxford memories and the halo of Oxford came back to him

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very strongly at this time. He received from time to time distinguished visitors. Acton and Döllinger were greatly interested in Newman's work in Ireland, and I entertained both of them at my rooms.'

But there ever seems to have hung over the Rector the shadow of actual and prospective misunderstanding with the leaders of the Episcopate.

'Newman had a constant sense,' continues Mr. Pollen, 'that he was in a hornets' nest. Some of the Bishops did not give him his proper place—having a conception of their position which was incompatible with treating him as an equal. Newman on his side preserved towards them an attitude of painstaking politeness. He was also tried by the line taken by these prelates in respect of intellectual problems. "They regard any intellectual man as being on the road to perdition," he said.'

In point of fact, for various reasons, there was a cloud over his work from first to last.

No work can be carried on at all without some hope; and we find letters from Newman in the course of the three years of his effective Rectorship—for he ceased to reside at the end of 1857—in which he makes the best of things. But on the whole it is clear that he never seriously changed the view which he formed in February 1854, that, as a practical work, the University was doomed to failure. He hoped indeed against hope. He was slow to abandon without a fair trial the idea that Ireland with its great Catholic population might supply a University which should be to the Catholics of the Kingdom what Louvain was to the Belgian Catholics—the home of a liberal education enabling them to be a real power in the country in proportion to their numerical strength. But towards the realisation of this hope no event seemed to point. What good purpose then could be served by his continued service in a hopeless enterprise? But, moreover, incompatibility between the views of Dr. Cullen and of Newman made the prolongation of the experiment impossible. The year 1855 was nearly reached when the University was started; and in 1856 Newman definitely announced to Dr. Cullen that his resignation was to take place in the following year.

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Nevertheless it may fairly be said that the reference in Newman's inaugural address to those saints 'who did most when they fancied themselves least prosperous and died without being permitted to see the fruit of their labours' was, in some respects, singularly apposite. The painful experiment afforded Newman an incentive to write at the call of duty on the most vital question of the hour for the interests of the Church—namely, how a thoroughly liberal education could be possible for Catholics, with their tenacity to tradition and strict views as to the rights of ecclesiastical authority, in face of the fresh vista of discoveries and the new view of the world which scientific history and physical science were opening up. Without such a call, as he often said, he could not bring himself to write at all. And without experience of the actual conditions of a Catholic University he could hardly have dealt with it practically and successfully.

I shall first set forth briefly the events which contributed to the failure of the experiment of Newman's Rectorship, and I will then give some analysis of his principal contributions to the science of Catholic education.

Although Newman believed that the success of the University was, according to all human calculations, almost impossible, still he meant to do his very best to falsify his own prediction. He bargained at the outset for a free hand as the only chance of carrying through what appeared so unpromising, and he regarded his position as a Bishop (as we have seen) to be quite essential. It would give him just that status which he required for dealing with a hierarchy whose habits of absolute rule might otherwise have denied him the required independence.

But one thing he had not counted on. It was Cardinal Wiseman and not the Irish Bishops who had induced the Holy Father to promise him a Bishopric. It was Cardinal Wiseman who had asked to be allowed to consecrate him. Those very traditions among the Irish Bishops which made the position of Bishop so necessary to him made it also, it would seem, unwelcome to some of them. And they stayed further proceedings in the matter by their representations in Rome. Let us read the story as told in Newman's own Notes:

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'When I saw Dr. Ullathorne first on his return from Rome, between June 8th and 12th (1854) he had said: "Why are you not consecrated? it depends on you. You have to name the time, &c., &c." I perplexed him by my answer that I had not received the Briefs or any official intelligence of the Pope's intention.

'But long before this Dr. Cullen knew that I was not to receive the honour proposed. I judge so from the way in which he commented on the University Brief of March 20th. He had sent me word January 19th that the Pope most probably would *accompany* the issuing of the Brief by some "mark of distinction" in my favour, and Cardinal Wiseman told him distinctly that that distinction was elevation to the Episcopal dignity. To this I was to offer *no opposition*. But now, showing me the University Brief, he pointed out to me the words: "Newman, egregiis animi dotibus ornatus" &c., and said in an awkward and hurried manner: "You see how the Pope speaks of you—*here* is the "distinction."

'It was on the 12th of June that Dr. Manning wrote to me apropos of my formal installation as Rector on June 3rd, in these words:

'"I give you joy on the beginning of your great work. On the point affecting yourself, I gathered (!) from the Cardinal (Wiseman) that it was thought right to wait till the University had a formal existence. This I suppose will be accomplished already by this inauguration." I wonder what would have happened if I had refused, as another man might have done, to be installed until I was consecrated.

'The Cardinal never wrote to me a single word, or sent any sort of message to me, in explanation of the change of intention about me, till the day of his death. His letter above transcribed[1] is the beginning and the end of his appearance in this transaction. His concluding words were that he hoped to have the consolation of consecrating me. Nor did Dr. Cullen nor Dr. Grant, nor Dr. Ullathorne, nor anyone else ever again say one single word on the subject; nor did they make any chance remark by which I have been able to form any idea why that elevation which was thought by Pope, Cardinal, and Archbishop, so expedient for the University, or at least so settled a point, and which was so publicly announced, was suddenly and silently reversed.

'My friends for a long time did not realize the fact [that the scheme was finally abandoned]. In February 1855 Dr. Ullathorne wrote to me:

[1] See p. 330.

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'"I cannot make out why certain Prelates should have opposed the Pope's intentions already conveyed to yourself—how it can help the University or how it accords with so many precedents practised at Rome especially. I, of course, subscribe to the Pope's judgment, though I do not see through it. I suppose it is but a present delay."

'On my return from Rome in February 1856, Badeley wrote to me under date of March 25th:

'"I was in some hope that, when the Pope got you at the Vatican, he would take the opportunity to make you a Bishop, before he sent you home. When is this to be?"

'Miss Giberne, to my great vexation, one day when she had an audience of the Pope, said without circumlocution what she had also said to Cardinal Antonelli: "Holy Father, why don't you make Father Newman a Bishop?" She reported that he looked much confused and took a great deal of snuff.

'Dr. Ullathorne referred to the catastrophe once in January 1860. He had just returned from Rome, and reported to Father Ambrose St. John the dissatisfaction of some Roman authorities with an article which I had written in the *Rambler* of July 1859. He said that he had excused me to Cardinal Barnabo on the ground that I had had a great deal to bear in various ways, and that I had been disappointed in a Bishopric. This seemed to make an impression on Cardinal Barnabo, for Dr. Ullathorne's report was that, if I went to Rome and explained matters to the satisfaction of the Authorities, there was the prospect of my returning to England a Bishop.

'For myself, I never asked anyone a single question from first to last on the subject, first of the delay and then of the abandonment of the intention. It never occupied my thoughts. The prospect of it faded out of my mind, as the delay was more and more prolonged. I felt that to be a Bishop then (in Ireland) would have singularly helped me in my work, but I should never have been able to resign if I had taken such wages; I might have been in Ireland till now. I am ever thankful to St. Philip for having saved me from this. "Sic me servavit Apollo."'

The extraordinary apparent discourtesy of the proceedings just narrated undoubtedly cast a shadow on Newman's work from the beginning. Moreover, while he disdained to move a finger in the matter, his anticipations were verified, and the practical independence which he demanded as the

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condition of any chance of success for the University was not accorded to him. He found, on the contrary, that he was expected at every turn to get leave from the Bishops before acting in his official capacity. And if he omitted to do so he did not obtain from them the support on which he had counted.

At the very outset, when the University Professors were being engaged, Newman had found that the Archbishop was jealous of his English appointments, although Irishmen were in a large majority on his staff.[1] Dr. Cullen wrote a letter on September 30, 1854, with respect to Mr. Ornsby and Mr. Stewart, the Professors of Classics and Ancient History, urging that their positions should be temporary. In his University Journal, Newman notes this communication as 'having for its object apparently to get rid of Ornsby and Stewart.' He replied on October 1. He urged that men of talent were not likely to accept temporary appointments.

Again, when a few days later he notified to the Archbishops his purchase of the Medical School, Dr.

[1] The following is the first published list of Professors:

1. Dogmatic Theology, the Rev. Father Edmund O'Reilly, D.D., S.J.
2. Holy Scripture, the Very Rev. Patrick Leahy, D.D.
3. Archæology and Irish History, Eugene O'Curry, Esq., M.R.I.A. &c. &c.
4. Political Economy, John O'Hagan, Esq., M.A.
5. Geography, J. B. Robertson, Esq.
6. Classical Literature, Robert Ornsby, Esq., M.A.
7. Ancient History, James Stewart, Esq., M.A.
8. Philosophy of History, Thomas W. Allies, Esq., M.A.
9. Political and Social Science, Aubrey de Vere, Esq.
10. Poetry, D. Florence Macarthy, Esq.
11. The Fine Arts, J. H. Pollen, Esq., M.A.
12. Logic, David Dunne, Esq., D.D.
13. Mathematics, Edward Butler, Esq., M.A.
14. Natural Philosophy, Henry Hennessy, Esq., M.A.
15. Civil Engineering, Terence Flanagan, Esq., M.I.C.E.
16. French Literature, M. Pierre le Page Renouf.
17. Italian Literature, Signor Marani.
18. Practice of Surgery, Andrew Ellis, Esq., F.R.C.S.
19. Anatomy (i.) Thos. Hayden, Esq., F.R.C.S.I.
20. Anatomy (ii.) Robert Cryan, Esq., L.R.C.S.I. and K. and Q.C.P.I.
21. Physiology and Pathology, Robert D. Lyons, Esq., M.B.T.C.D. and L.R.C.S.
22. Demonstrator in Anatomy, Henry Tyrrell, Esq., L.R.C.S.I.
23. Demonstrator in Anatomy, John O'Reilly, Esq., L.R.C.S.I.

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McHale complained that the Rector had exceeded his powers.[1]

In spite of these initial difficulties the Medical School was opened, and the University was manned with a capable staff, before the formal inauguration of the School of Arts in November 1854, of which I have spoken in the last chapter. The inaugural lecture was a success; and for the moment Newman writes more hopefully to St. John—a brief letter in which his habitual recollection of anniversaries is apparent:

'6, Harcourt St.: Nov. 22nd, 1854.

'I was in bed this day year, and just getting up to preach. Every year brings its changes and mercies. (This day two years I was up on the Achilli matter, and Fr. Joseph took to his bed.) . . . Help us with a few Masses.

'I am succeeding here better than I could have expected. Dr. Leahy's inaugural lecture, as mine before it, has done us great good with Queen's College Catholics and Protestants.

[1] Newman wrote thus to Dr. McHale in reply:

'It would be a serious trouble to me to have it brought home to me that I had misconceived the powers which your Grace and the other Irish Prelates have in so flattering a way bestowed on me as Rector of the new University; and, if I have overstepped them in consequence, I beg to offer you my sincere and humble apology. . . .

'The purchase of the Medical School was one of those measures which I certainly did think came upon me by virtue of my position. I never should have ventured to trouble the Bishops with a matter of business which was nothing else but a part of the work which they have imposed upon me; nor should I have been able to form any clear idea of my duties if I had been told that this was not included in them. Accordingly, I acted on my own responsibility. When, however, the negotiation was brought to a satisfactory issue, the feeling, never absent from me, that I am acting for the Bishops, prompted me on the other hand at once to acquaint you with my success, by way of offering to you an evidence that I was not idling at my post. Writing under these circumstances I wrote without form, and I did not keep a copy of my letter; I cannot, however, but be surprised and deeply pained to find that I have so expressed myself as to admit of the interpretation, foreign to my real meaning, which you have been led to give to my words.

'As to the *ad interim* appointment of Professors and Lecturers, still more distinctly do I bear in mind that they rest with a power more authoritative than my own. . . . From the Bishops then I hold whatever powers I possess in the University. They have the appointment of Professors, and they can exercise their veto at their pleasure upon the names I present to them. But I am deliberately of opinion that, if they exercise it in any instance except on definite grounds, sufficient in the judgment of each other, they will be making the commencement of the University an impossible problem to anyone who is not far better fitted for the work than I am. Having many instances of their consideration, I do not fear any such misfortune.'

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Ornsby follows to-morrow. Then again, the University Hall is getting on well.'

This hopeful tone was not sustained, although his letters to less intimate friends and his printed utterances in the *University Gazette* continued, until his actual relinquishment of office, to express what may be termed 'official' hopefulness. This was absolutely necessary, for its absence would have been quite fatal to the realisation of any faint possibility of useful work that existed.

The main causes which his correspondence brings before us of this deepened discouragement after the scheme had had a few months' trial were as follows.

Newman at the outset, as I have said, determined to gain for the laity a substantial position in the management of the University. Mr. More O'Ferrall in October 1854 wrote strongly on this subject to a friend, and Newman, to whom his letter was shown, replied with fullest concurrence, but pleaded that the appointment of lay professors was for the present the utmost step possible in the desired direction.

'If the laity determine to have any *immediate* recognition of their right in the administration,' he wrote, 'will it be possible to separate this abstract right contended for from a *de facto* interference with me on the other hand on the part of the *hierarchy*? One claim will provoke another. As soon as the question of Academical constitution is mooted, I am put under restraint; whereas, if the laity are but forbearing now, is it not certain that, when the provisional state ends, say in three or seven years, the laity, holding a good number of professorships, and being members of the University, must necessarily secure their due weight in the ordinary government? If they join the University now, they secure their due weight in it when it really deserves the name.'

Facts, however, did not point to the realisation of the hopes held out in this letter.

The ablest lay professors were, as I have already intimated, Englishmen or Young Irelanders; and of the influence of both these classes Dr. Cullen was jealous.[1]

[1] Dr. Moriarty, it may be mentioned, wrote to Newman on May 1, 1855, strongly dissenting from Dr. Cullen's estimate of the Young Ireland party. 'I do not at all share,' he wrote, 'in Dr. Cullen's distrust of those he calls Young Irelanders. I hope his Grace will live to know them better.'

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Early in the day Dr. Cullen urged Newman to keep the University free from the taint of Fenian tenets. 'I trust,' he wrote on January 12, 1855, 'you will make every exertion to keep the University free from all Young Irelandism of which the spirit is so evident in the *Nation*.'

To neither Englishman nor Young Irelander would Dr. Cullen give any power he could help. This soon became perfectly clear, and it meant the absence of lay influence. The consequences of this were soon felt. 'You do not see much of the laity,—I do,' Mr. Scratton wrote to Newman in March 1855. 'I may tell you we are losing their support; and if the University is to be worth anything, we cannot do without them. Already James O'Ferrall declares he will subscribe no longer; and he will not ever contribute to the support of the University again unless he sees "things" as he calls it, "put into proper order." This means, unless he sees that the laity have a fair share of the government of the University, and unless he sees that the business part of the University is, to a great extent, in the hands of laymen. More O'Ferrall, O'Reilly, Barrington, and others sympathise strongly in the same view, especially the first.'

Next among the reasons for discouragement was the confirmation of Newman's fear that Dr. Cullen would not accord him the freedom for which he had stipulated in the appointment of Professors. The appointments of Ornsby and Stewart had been reluctantly assented to by Dr. Cullen, and now he declined to sanction the appointment of Mr. Thomas Arnold [1] as Professor of Literature. Newman wrote for advice to Manning on this point, speaking thus early in the day of resigning the appointment, which he had only actively held for a few months. Manning's reply shows that he considered that Newman's fears as to the significance of the objection to Mr. Arnold's appointment were somewhat exaggerated. But it also brings before us how distinctly the University was at that time contemplated as in intention the educational centre for English Catholics as well as Irish; and he suggested the transference of its site to England itself.

[1] The brother of Matthew Arnold and father of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

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'I showed your letter to Hope[1] and Bellasis'—so Manning wrote in reply on April 12, 1855—'and I think their mind was as follows:

'1. That, if the present arrangement by which you have real power in the selection of men be destroyed by the influence of the opposite section, it would place you in a position in which you could not continue,—but,

'2. That this is not the state of the facts; nor, as we thought from all we hear of Rome, likely to be so; and that, as yet, there seems no danger of such an alternative: again,

'3. That if such a state of facts should arise, it would be advisable, before you give the slightest expression to your thought as to the future, to go in person to Rome, and to lay before the Holy Father the whole case from your point of view; with its consequent bearing on yourself.

'4. Lastly I add what has been always in my mind:

'If you should find the national element in Ireland insuperable, would it not be well to reconsider the site of the University? All your arguments of centrality would apply to the west coast of England as much as to the east of Ireland. From the first I have rather acquiesced than assented to the present site, except as a balance to the Queen's Colleges. In the sense of your paper on Attica in the 2nd and 3rd *University Gazette*, England is even more central to the Anglo-Saxon than Ireland.

'The difficulties of contributors would be overcome by the motives which would satisfy the Holy See.

'This alternative would, I hope, be considered before that of your resignation.'

A third source of constant difficulty which Newman notes was that, even apart from refusals to endorse his Professorial appointments, the Rector could get no answer at all from Dr. Cullen as to the arrangements which the starting of a new institution constantly called for.[2]

[1] James Robert Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott.

[2] On this point he consulted William Monsell; and to him too he spoke thus early of resignation as inevitable. Monsell, in his answer to Newman, treated Cullen's dilatoriness as simply a deficiency in knowledge of the laws of good manners. But Newman endorses his reply with a note expressing complete dissent.

'I account,' he writes, 'for Dr. Cullen's silence in another way. He had lived too long at Rome not to have known the received rules of courtesy as well as Monsell; but he had begun to treat me as one of his subjects, to whom no such observance of rules was due. I can't help thinking he learnt another rule from

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The above difficulties belong to the first few months of the existence of the University. The sense of a great lack of public interest in the scheme (the chief cause of its failure) deepened in the second year—1856. Hardly any members of the best Irish families came. 'We never have had Irish youths,' Newman writes to Mr. Pollen in 1857, 'except one or two. Barnewall, Errington, White, I suspect are all. The rest are burses, English, Scotch, foreigners.' And the representative English Catholics as a body would not take up the new University at all. Such English students as came were chiefly the children of converts, who had personal reasons for supporting Newman. This was discouraging, and promised little for the future.

'I suppose one initial mistake,' Newman wrote to a friend, 'was the not associating the English Bishops in the work—for they in consequence have shown us no interest at all. Another and greater has been not courting the laity. You recollect that, when I wanted to form a *merely honorary* list of lay members, Propaganda (I suppose at Dr. Cullen's suggestion) stopped it. The Irish Bishops can command the poorer portion of the community, and through it the *funds* necessary; but they have little or no influence with the classes which furnish the *students*. And there has been the hitch. And they don't seem to have felt this.'

Further, Newman found among English Catholics hankerings after Oxford in view of the recent relaxation of University rules in their favour. And he felt that if English Catholics as a body went to Oxford all hope of a new Louvain at Dublin was at an end. For Louvain existed and flourished in virtue of the universal refusal of Belgian Catholics to frequent the State Universities.

Whether or no the above-mentioned difficulties would have diminished in time, Newman's resignation was hastened on by another cause—namely, the difference between himself

Rome, viz., not to commit himself in writing. Thus one would think that at least the Archbishops could have *corresponded with each other* on certain questions which I wanted answered, but no, he must always wait "till the Archbishops met." Even then he would not have them answer my questions, but simply passed them over in silence. I was *not* to act, and for this purpose it was enough for them to be *silent*. Another thing he had learnt from Rome, was the wisdom of delay; he simply left questions to settle themselves.

'J. H. N.'

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and Dr. Cullen in their conception of what the University should be.

One who knew Dr. Cullen intimately has supplied some particulars of his career which help us to understand this side of the situation.

Dr. Cullen received his early theological training in the Rome of Leo XII.—a Pope of liberal mind, a patron of letters, the friend and admirer of the bold innovator, Lamennais, in the days of the fame of the *Essai sur l'indifférence.* Cullen's *actus publicus*—his public disputation for the Doctor's degree—was undertaken during Leo's pontificate. But all Cullen's enthusiasm was reserved for the Pope who, after the brief Pontificate of Pius VIII., succeeded—namely, Gregory XVI. The Pontiff, a Benedictine, educated in all the discipline of monastic training, came to the Papal Throne in 1830—the year of the revolution, and at a time when the Carbonari and other secret societies menaced Italy. He was the friend of Metternich and the Austrian domination. Nationalism in Italy meant for him revolution. To invoke 'liberty' was to play with edged tools. It was he who condemned Lamennais and the *Avenir* in the celebrated Encyclical *Mirari vos.* A policy of repression was adopted by him in the political and intellectual order alike. His attitude embodied that ideal of the Church as being in a state of siege which has so largely prevailed since the Reformation. Liberties must be curtailed, and a dictatorship established, to save the republic from its foes. Measures of reform were abhorrent to him as opening the door to a freedom which might issue in he knew not what. To vindicate the rights of the Church and the supremacy of the Curia in Rome, and of the clergy elsewhere, was congenial to him. The Holy See was strong enough still to be on occasion very peremptory in its dealings with the Powers of the world, and Cullen never wearied of describing the look of surprised abashment on the face of the Czar of Russia as he passed through an ante-camera in the Vatican after an audience of three-quarters of an hour, in which Pope Gregory took him to task for the ill-treatment of the Catholic Poles in his dominions.

Cullen entered into the battle against 'mixed education' *con amore.* But with him this meant a policy of ultra-

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conservatism, and of ecclesiastical predominance in the new University. Let it be said at the outset that, apart from this University question, Cullen had a very considerable success in a work which had the sympathy of Newman himself. He largely destroyed the Gallican spirit in Ireland, and introduced among the clergy a new loyalty to the Holy See. His efforts at raising the disciplinary tone of the priesthood were signal and successful. His influence at Rome was so great that he practically nominated Bishop after Bishop—the only exceptions ultimately to those who were his approved candidates being Dr. McHale, Dr. Delany of Cork, and Dr. Moriarty of Kerry. If his fixed ideals did not correspond entirely to the world of fact, they expressed important principles which he urged with sometimes wearisome iteration. His pastorals harped again and again on the same notes—the secret societies (Fenians, Freemasons, Carbonari, and Ribbonmen being all bracketed together), the lectures of Dr. Barlow of Trinity College in which eternal punishment was denied, and mixed education—which if it sent Catholics to be taught by Dr. Barlow must be indeed dangerous to their faith. He infused, it may perhaps be said, a new zeal, and at the same time a measure of new intolerance and narrowness, into the Irish clergy. He refused to sit on the National School Board as Dr. Murray had done. He lost 500*l.* rather than nominate fresh teachers to the National Schools. Again, he associated far less with non-Catholics than his predecessors had done, and, except on a few State occasions, was not to be seen at dinner at Dublin Castle. He was a man of decided ability, strong purpose, and great piety. Few will deny that he was narrow. But he was kind to his clergy and was known as a true and apostolic priest. His appearance may be well pictured by those who have seen his statue at Marlborough Street Church. Though tall, the effect of his height was somewhat diminished by a slight stoop.

Such was the man who had invoked Newman's aid in the struggle against 'mixed education.' But it became more and more plain that the two men thus united had different objects at heart. In Cullen's eyes the scheme was predominantly ecclesiastical. And he desired the new institution to be entirely under his own control. The Professors, in his view, should

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be priests, owing him strict obedience. He wished to have zealous and pious priests; their intellectual equipment was a matter of secondary importance. The undergraduates were to be amenable to a quasi-seminarist discipline, and were thus to be preserved unspotted from modern thought—theological, literary, and political. Theology was to have the control of the sciences, as in days of old. In the Brief in which the Pope finally defined the main lines of the institution (a Brief which Newman supposed to be practically drawn up by Dr. Cullen) the new institution was called Lyceum and Gymnasium—phrases pointing to a college or lay seminary rather than a University.

Newman's conception materially differed from Dr. Cullen's, and on some points was directly opposed to it. He desired that the laity should have their full influence in the institution. He desired a University of the Louvain type, as he expressed it, in which scientific experts were chosen for the staff and given the freedom requisite for thorough efficiency. And he dreaded lest Dr. Cullen's type might prevail. 'In that case,' he writes to Mr. Ornsby, 'it will simply be priest-ridden. I mean men who do not know literature and science will have the direction of the teaching. . . I cannot conceive the Professors taking part in this. They will be simply scrubs.' Again his idea was essentially that of a University with freedom and capacity of development, and not a mere college. The influence he desired for the laity was really part of this conception, as we see from a letter to Mr. Ornsby.

'On both sides the Channel,' Newman wrote to Mr. Ornsby, 'the deep difficulty is the jealousy and fear which is entertained in high quarters of the laity. Dr. Cullen seems to think that "Young Irelandism" is the natural product of the lay mind everywhere, if let to grow freely; and I wish I could believe that he is singular in his view. Nothing great or living can be done except when men are self-governed and independent; this is quite consistent with a full maintenance of ecclesiastical supremacy. St. Francis Xavier wrote to Father Ignatius on his knees; but who will say that St. Francis was not a real centre of action?'

Religious influences, again, were essential; the presence

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of theology was essential; but Newman deprecated—we shall in a subsequent chapter cite his own words—any jealous ecclesiastical supervision of scientific investigations, or any narrowing of the conception of literature. Science and literature each had its own natural and independent sphere. Scientific investigation must be, he held, free from external interference. So, too, literature was to be the literature of the nations—of the Greeks, the Romans, the English—not of one religion. The institution was, moreover, to aim primarily not at religious training, but at imparting knowledge for its own sake. It must be essentially a University and not a seminary. The University Brief—believed to have been drawn up by Dr. Cullen—held different language. Newman quotes its words in his Notes. The founders of the University are exhorted in it 'to make "divina nostra religio *tanquam anima* totius litterariae institutionis" in the University; that is,' Newman adds, '*the form.* "*Omnes disciplinae*,"' Newman continues, 'are to go forward "in the most *strict league* with religion"; that is, with the assumption of Catholic doctrine in their intrinsic treatment; and the Professors are directly "to mould *totis viribus* the youth to piety and virtue, and to guard them in literature and science in conformity with the Church's teaching." I wrote on a different idea' (he adds), 'my "Discourses on University Education" in 1852.'

In opposing 'mixed education,' then, the two men had very different conceptions. Speaking broadly, Dr. Cullen seems to have aimed at the exclusion of all that was dangerous in modern thought; Newman rather at such mental and moral training as would enable Catholics to face dangers which were, in the long run, inevitable.

'If then a University is a direct preparation for this world' (Newman had written in his lectures on the Scope and Nature of University Education), 'let it be what it professes. It is not a convent; it is not a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters never to have gone into them. Proscribe, I do not merely say particular authors, particular passages, but Secular Literature as

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such; cut out from your class books all broad manifestations of the natural man; and these manifestations are waiting for your pupil's benefit at the very doors of your lecture-room in living and breathing substance. . . . You have refused him the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him, because of their incidental corruption; you have shut up from him those whose thoughts strike home to our hearts; whose words are proverbs, whose names are indigenous to all the world, who are the standards of the mother tongue, and the pride and boast of their countrymen, Homer, Ariosto, Cervantes, Shakespeare, because the old Adam smelt rank in them; and for what have you reserved him? You have given him a liberty unto the multitudinous blasphemy of the day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping, stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this—in making the world his University.'[1]

The Archbishop then gradually realised a very unwelcome prospect. In place of a new centre for enforcing ecclesiastical rule in Ireland, he saw the possibility of something like a Catholic intellectual republic. His ideal of a staff of Irish priest-professors was opposed by Newman's desire that a large proportion of the professors should be Englishmen and not in Orders. And as to those Irishmen who were to be chosen, he found that laymen were preferred to priests, and, worse than all, that the Nationalists, as including the most able men, were regarded with special favour. The quasi-seminary life he had planned for the students in his 'gymnasium' was to be set aside for the free habits of Oxford undergraduates. It was proposed to license a theatre especially for their recreation. Instead of finding his own supreme authority an acknowledged fact, he learnt early in the day that Newman desired to have for Chancellor an English prelate—Cardinal Wiseman.

Probably from the time of the lectures of 1852, which were well received by the Queen's College party, Dr. Cullen to some extent dreaded his rashly invoked ally. 'He had hoped,' writes the late Bishop Patterson in a letter to myself, 'that he had found a splendid horse to do his work against

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 233.

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the Queen's Colleges, but now he began to regard it as a Pegasus with wings and beyond his control. He saw fire coming from its nostrils, and while its feet nervously pawed the ground, Cullen stood by in dread of some new and unexpected flight into a medium beyond his reach or understanding.' Newman on his side felt that he was not trusted, and was irritated.

'Dr. Cullen wishes well to the University,' Newman wrote to Mr. Ornsby, 'but while he is as ignorant as anybody *how* to do good he has not the heart to have perfect confidence in anyone; as if I should determine to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, but be quite unwilling to take hints from Gladstone or Disraeli as to my measures. Dr. Leahy will trust a man; Dr. Cullen will not. Here is the *origo mali*; an Archbishop without trust in anyone. I wonder he does not cook his own dinners.'

Newman in April 1856 definitely announced to the Archbishop that he meant to resign in the following July year. 'Though at first he was startled or rather surprised,' Newman writes to St. John, 'he quite acquiesced—and I consider I have gained a great step.' Newman was indeed at this moment harassed by fears which proved unfounded. In addition to his difficulties with Dr. Cullen, there was the fact that the ratification of the Rector's proceedings by the other Bishops was necessary. This could not take place until they met. And Dr. Cullen had kept delaying the meeting. Newman ascribed this delay to a fear of Dr. McHale, who was known to be no friend to the University. He wrote as follows to St. John:

'6, Harcourt Street, April 18th, 1856.

'I suppose the division here in the Episcopate and in the clergy is greater than ever it was; and I think Archbishop Cullen does not call the Bishops together as anticipating that they would confirm nothing that I have done. Dr. McHale has made a *point*, whenever he has had an opportunity, of protesting against every one of my acts, and I *know* that Dr. Cullen has said to a man who was going to accept an appointment from me: "How do you know it will be confirmed?"

'Poor Dr. Cullen! I should not wonder if (he) is quite mastered by anxiety. The great fault I find with him is that he makes no one his friend, because he will confide in nobody

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and will be considerate to nobody. Everyone feels that he is emphatically *close*, and while this conduct repels would-be friends, it fills enemies with vague suspicions of horrible conspiracies on his part against Bishops, Priests, and the rights of St. Patrick. And he is as vehement against the young Irelanders, as against the McHalites, and against the McHalites as against the English.'

And at last the Bishops did meet, and Newman's fears of fresh difficulties from Dr. McHale—the Lion of the West as he was called—were not realised. Newman attended the meeting armed for the fray, and prepared to hold his own against the redoubtable John of Tuam. But he received nothing but courtesy and kindness.

Dr. Newman to Father St. John.

'Harcourt Street: June 26th, 1856. half past four.

'I have just come from the Synodal Meeting. I was up before the Bishops over an hour. I was perfectly cool; so much so that I longed to be attacked. Others too said definitely of the Archbishop of Tuam what Dr. Cullen, in the letter I sent you this morning, said vaguely of "some Bishops." However, he kept a dead silence. Dr. Derry, his friend, asked some questions, but in the most courteous, pleasantest manner. I wished the Lion to attack me, but you see I am not destined to be a Gérard.'

'I am told,' he adds in his next letter, 'that the lion generally turns tail when met and looked in the face.'

But indeed Dr. McHale evidently had no idea of being otherwise than personally courteous. He met Newman accidentally at Maynooth. 'When I kissed his ring,' writes Newman, 'he shook hands with such vehement cordiality as to punish my nose.'

The third year of Newman's residence began in November 1856, and two letters to Henry Wilberforce (who was now editor of the *Weekly Register*) give his feelings at that time and an incidental picture of his busy life in Dublin:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: October 21/56.

'Thank you for your affectionate notice of me in your last *Register*. . . .

'Well, my work I trust is getting to an end . . . for my third and last year of residence is beginning, which

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will make my sixth of active exertion. Six years is a long time in any man's life and a serious portion of a man's who is between 50 and 60. I cannot conceive that I shall be formally told to go on—and to anything but a formal order I shall be insensible. . . .

'If I am driven into a corner, from the urgency of those who wish me to stay, I shall insist on quasi non-residence—but, to tell the truth, I am far from certain there are not a good many persons who wish me gone. Indeed who would feel any great concern at my going, among persons in authority, except the good Primate, Dr. Dixon, and Dr. Moriarty? Dr. Leahy, the Bishop, would be sorry too—but who else? . . . I am speaking of Superiors, not of those under me, or the Professors.

'How long is it since I saw you? You are now one of my very oldest friends, for those who were before you have for the most part disappeared. I have two or three, or fewer, school friends. One of them, Westmacott, lost his father lately, and I wrote to him, and had back a very affectionate answer, poor fellow. Then there is old Ogle at Oxford, who declined to see me, not so long ago—and old Tom Short and Wilson of Trinity. Hawkins too and Whately and the rest, who don't seem very cordial—do they? So I am obliged to put up with such as you.'

'6, Harcourt Street, Dublin: Nov. 11th, 1856.

'Carissime,—Gladly would I assist you in the way you speak of, were it not all one with careering to the moon. Alas! You do not realize my work. My chattels stand about my room—the same confusion as on the night I came, near three weeks ago, from my inability to find leisure for removing them to their places. My letters are a daily burden, and did I not answer them by return of post, they would soon get my head under water and drown me. Every hour or half-hour of the day I have people calling on me. I have to entertain strangers at dinner, I have to attend inaugural Lectures—four last week. I have to stop Professors resigning, and Houses revolting. I have to keep accounts and find money, when I have none. Besides the book I have just published at Longman's, I have three reprinting which I am reading thro' and correcting, and I have to provide four Sermons in print by St. Paul's day, that for Sunday week not having the first word written yet. I have to lecture on Latin Composition, and examine for Exhibitions. In 10 days I rush to Birmingham for their sheer want of me. I then have to throw myself into quite a fresh world. And I have the continual pain of our Fathers sighing if I am

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not there, and priests and Professors looking black if I am not here. I grieve to say, I am not up to doing anything for you now, tho' I should wish it.

'J. H. N.'

Newman's old Oxford friends, as Mr. Capes and Henry Wilberforce, still cherished the idea of a Louvain University for England under Newman's direction, and trusted that, even if he resigned, his mantle would fall on another Englishman, and their hopes would yet be realised. Newman wrote to Mr. Capes on February 1, 1857, pointing out the apathy of the English and suggesting ways in which, even short of at once frequenting the University, they could help it. The letter ends with expressions of hopefulness as to the future of the University which he used to all except his most intimate friends. They have a vehemence which contrasts most curiously with the hopelessness of the situation as he viewed it looking back later on. But indeed the letter expresses a detachment and indifference which point to his not owning to himself at the time the disappointment of which he afterwards wrote so bitterly.

'I know myself,' he wrote, 'if no one else knows, what little interest I take in the success or failure of schemes in which I am engaged. If I needed it, the failure of Puseyism and the advance of years have been sufficient to secure me against over-earnestness in working, and the zest of business. I am working very hard, but I take as little (natural or human) interest in it as I do in the Cotton plantations of India. I have never doubted a moment of our success. I am *quite satisfied* with our progress. To look back 2 years and see the substantial improvement of things is wonderful, and should make us very thankful. My own house has been blessed from the first in a most stupendous way, and never had I a greater proof of God's mercy. Everything I have done has succeeded—the notion of disappointment, the very shade of despondency does not come on me. My strength and my congregation will not let me go on. I am getting old, but I have had no troubles—so that, in complaining of the country gentlemen both of England and of Ireland, I do it, as I might criticise a piece of Latin composition. Still, I do complain, and I say that *you cannot have a University till the gentlemen take it up*.'

To Manning he had written two weeks earlier, speaking of his resignation as imminent and inevitable:

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'Ben Harrison years ago rightly applied to me my own line about St. Gregory Nazianzen, "Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule." I have done my work here. I have got together a number of very clever men; and *they pull well together*—but *of course* they want a strong hand over them; they want an Irishman too; and to deal with the hierarchy a Bishop is wanted. Dr. Moriarty is the man—he is a calm, prudent, firm man—has had much to do with governing—and is a friend of all parties. . . . Were Dr. Moriarty Rector, of course I would aid him, if he wished it, as much as ever I could.

'Another plan I have heard, was, for me to be non-resident like an Oxford Chancellor, and the Vice-Rector to be the acting man. I don't think the Irish would bear this.'

Newman definitely resigned in March 1857, naming November 14 as the date on which his resignation was to take effect. In the event he continued for another year as non-resident Rector, on conditions to be shortly stated. Difficulties had arisen in the Edgbaston Oratory owing to the continued absence of the Father Superior, and his resignation was made quite final by a letter of recall from the community, in the sending of which Newman in the circumstances acquiesced.[1] His letters of resignation to the

[1] The following is the text of the letter and of Newman's reply:

'May 5th, 1857.

'My dear Father Superior,—Our Fathers have requested me to forward to you a Decree passed by them in General Congregation. It is as follows:

'"C. G. May 5, 1857. Whereas by Decree of May 6th, 1852, we gave permission to our Father Superior to accept the office of President of the Catholic University, and whereas the time has long since expired which we contemplated for his absence when we gave him that permission, and whereas we find we cannot continue longer the great inconvenience arising from his protracted separation from us. We hereby unanimously determine, in General Congregation assembled, that his leave of absence shall end, and that, in virtue of obedience to St. Philip, he must return to us."

'Ever, dear Father Superior, &c., &c.,

AMBROSE ST. JOHN,
Dean of the Oratory.'

DR. NEWMAN TO FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

'May 6th, 1857.

'My dear Father Dean,—I have just received your letter, containing the Decree of General Congregation withdrawing my leave of absence from Birmingham.

'I need hardly say I feel bound to obey it. However, I do not interpret it to mean that I must return at this very moment without delay. I assure you I

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Bishops have a curious interest from the careful graduation of their expression. The Bishops are addressed in a descending scale of cordiality according to their past conduct towards himself, beginning with Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, with whom his relations had been most friendly and to whom his expressions of gratitude are emphatic, and ending with Archbishop McHale, his avowed enemy, to whom he makes a brief and bare announcement of the fact.[1]

The letters to the Bishops were private, but the secret leaked out. Dr. Taylor, Newman's first University Secretary and warm friend, wrote expressing his anxiety at the rumour which had reached him that the termination of his Rectorship was at hand, and asked for its confirmation or denial. Newman's reply was as follows:

'April 1857.

'Thank you for your very kind letter. It is quite true, in answer to your question, that I cannot long remain here, but it is from no "disgust" on my part, as you suppose, but from the prospect of old age and the many claims which are made at present on my time and strength. I came here only for a season. My Congregation at Birmingham only spared me for a season. You recollect how eager I was to get to work. This was because I saw precious time going which was irrevocable. When this Session ends I shall have given six years to the University. At my time of life six years is as long as twelve years of a younger man. For six years shall I have given up my confessional and the other duties of an Oratorian. For six years all my other work, all my reading, has been suspended. The first three years were wasted, indeed, as far as active proceedings here went, but they were not, therefore, the less lost to my Congregation.

'I have ever said that I could be here but for a time. In 1852, in my University Discourses, I said: "Neither you nor I must ever be surprised if the Hand of Him with Whom are the springs of life and death, weighs heavy on me."

will do so at once, if such is the wish of the Congregation; but it may only mean to fix a limit to my absence.

'It runs thus: "We hereby unanimously determine, &c." I wish to ask of you, as interpreting the intentions of the Congregation, whether I am to return at once; or, if not, within what time.

'J. H. N.'

[1] The text of his letters of resignation is given in the Appendix, p. 629.

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'In the *Catholic Gazette* in 1854 I said I only "aspired to the preliminary task of breaking the ground and clearing the foundations of the future."

'In my report to the Bishops in 1855 I spoke of "the time being so limited, which at my age, and with my engagements elsewhere, I can hope to be allowed to employ" in their Lordships' service.

'It is near a year since I mentioned the term of my stay distinctly to Dr. Cullen.

'I could not do more than all this; to have stated publicly my intentions of going would have tended to defeat the good of my being here at all. . . .

'I have set it off. This is all I propose to do. I cannot longer carry on both my Dublin work, and my Birmingham work. I cannot bear the fatigue of going to and fro between England and Ireland, and the University has had out of me pretty nearly all it can squeeze.'

Many of the Bishops expressed to Newman the deepest regret at his impending resignation. Newman himself was still attached to the scheme and had made valued friends among his colleagues. In the course of the correspondence and interviews which ensued, he came to the conclusion that if the Archbishops would dispense with his residence in Dublin, and would let him appoint a Vice-Rector whom he could trust as his delegate, and be content with his visiting Dublin only occasionally, he might, for a time, prolong his tenure of the Rectorship. The date of his recall by the Birmingham Oratory was May 5. On the 12th he had interviews with both Dr. Cullen and Dr. Leahy, and made it clear on the latter occasion that a compromise was possible. His chief insistence was on freedom to appoint a delegate Rector—layman or priest as he should prefer. Both interviews are described in letters to Ambrose St. John:

'May 12th, 1857: half past 2 p.m.

'The poor Archbishop (Cullen) is just gone. I say "poor" because he was evidently so nervous and distressed as to melt me internally, though I was very stiff or very much moved, both at once perhaps, during the short interview.

'First he begged me to stop,—for everyone said I must—for three years more so as to make six from the opening of the University.

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'I reminded him how I had urged him to start sooner, for I had lost my first years in waiting. Also, that I had told him a year ago what was to be.

'Next he said Propaganda would give me a dispensation, he was sure, of non-residence (at Birmingham).

'I said I was sure that the whole Oratory would go off to Rome to present in person an expostulation rather than let such dispensation pass *sub silentio*.

'Then he said some arrangement perhaps might be made, by which I should be for a longer time at Birmingham, and a Vice-Rector might reside continuously in Dublin.

'I said I was sure the Fathers, as I myself, would do everything possible to serve an undertaking which they expected so much from.

'Lastly, he said that perhaps some of the Bishops, perhaps an Archbishop, might write to the Birmingham Congregation. I said that I knew well how grateful the Birmingham Fathers would be for such condescension; for myself I felt extreme gratitude to the Bishops, some of whom had sent me most touching letters in answer to my announcement of resigning.

'All this took place with pauses of silence on his part and mine;—and, when I spoke, I spoke with great *momentum*. I say all this to bring the scene before you.

'Then he rose, and I rang the bell; and there must have been something unusual in our faces, for, when Frederic answered it, he (F.) looked frightened.

'He then said that he had spoken to some Bishops about my Church—delay had been unavoidable—but he thought they would buy it for the University and they would settle it when they met a few weeks later.

'I think your answer should be most courteous, warm and grateful. Apologetic on the ground of the *real* need of a Superior at Birmingham, expressive of your desire to do all you could do, saying that you answered without delay out of respect to them, and that you wished to be allowed maturely to consider this proposition.'

'Dr. Leahy has just called,' Newman writes to St. John on the same day as above. 'He began on the Rectorship at once. He was kind and appreciative and earnest, as much as my warmest friends could desire; said that I could not understand the full confidence the Bishops had in me; that I was the man, he verily believed, intended by Providence, before I was a Catholic, for the work—that I should destroy

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it if I went,—that he would not—could not—believe I was to go, &c. &c.

'I showed him the Congregation's Decree of May 5th, which was a simple quietus to him, as it has been to everyone to whom I have shown it.

'He said that he hoped I would persuade the Congregation to spare me, at least a year or two longer.

'I said I could not in conscience; that no words could do justice to the intensity with which I felt the evil of my absence; that we had all borne it very long; that no one could tell how long my life was to be; that I could not leave the world with a good conscience if I had not given my last years to St. Philip. On the other hand, that the setting up of a University was the work of years, the work of a life; that I could only be here at most a year or two more or less; that the Bishops should get a man twenty years younger, &c. &c.'

Newman made it clear to Dr. Leahy that the only hope of his continuance in office was that the Archbishops should consent to his residence being only occasional. But meanwhile he urged strongly what had been in his mind for a year past, that Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, was the man above all others suited to the post of Rector.

'That collisions are ahead, perhaps between Clergy and Laity, I do not deny,' he wrote to a friend. 'The breach between them in Ireland is fearful—the University may bring it out.' In such collisions he, an Englishman, felt that he should be powerless from want of knowledge. Dr. Moriarty, on the other hand, had both the knowledge and the tact required. He had in the previous November written strongly to Dr. Moriarty himself.

'You alone,' he wrote, 'can amalgamate the various elements of the University; you alone can effect the due subordination of those elements to the Bishops. For myself, even were I Bishop and Irishman, I have not the talent of ruling; I never had; I never have ruled; and never have been in a position of authority before. I can begin things, and I never aspired to do more.'

However, the question of a successor to Newman was, in the event, postponed.

Dr. Leahy was about this time appointed to the Archbishopric of Cashel; and his intimacy with Newman helped

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to a better understanding between the representatives of the hierarchy and the Rector. Ultimately, on August 25, the Archbishops wrote to the Oratory consenting at all events as an experiment for the ensuing year to the compromise which Newman had suggested. Newman's residence at Dublin was to be only intermittent.[1]

Yet the plan of a Rector who should live at a distance proved unmanageable, and he soon regretted the compromise.

'I am in a sad state of despondency,' he writes to Mr. Ornsby on December 21. 'On the *spot* I know what you all think, and can form my judgment and act by the popular feeling, which is indispensable in the case of a person in my place. But here at a distance I am walking in the dark, and may any moment be doing a dis-service or committing an offence when I mean just the reverse.

'I assure you I dread *most extremely* misunderstandings arising between the Professors, &c., and me, from *no one's*

[1] Newman, in accepting the Bishops' proposal, adds his own definite conditions, which include the following: that he may appoint his own Vice-Rector to represent him in his absence; that there shall be henceforth a yearly finance audit and a meeting of the Bishops at Dublin each term. These conditions being accepted, he consents to reside nine weeks in the year.

Dr. Leahy replied, conveying the assent of the Archbishops to various arguments submitted by the Rector, but Newman thus endorses his letter:

'It will be observed that a dead silence is kept about my cardinal demands, as stated in my letter to Dr. Leahy—Oct. 16th 1857—of a Vice-Rector who would really represent me, and especially of a finance audit yearly and a terminal Episcopal Dublin Meeting. J. H. N.'

However, in spite of this provoking absence of explicit assurances Newman continued for another year to be Rector in name (though without a salary), while he resided at the Oratory, and he was allowed to appoint, for the time, a Pro-Vice-Rector.

The text of Dr. Leahy's letter runs as follows:

'October 24th, 1857.

'The Archbishops met in Dublin. Dr. McHale was not present.

'1. The Lodging House for Medical Students, with Dr. Tyrrell for the Head, was approved of. . . .

'2. The Archbishops also approved of setting up the School of Theology.

'3. The Archbishops also approved of Mr. Arnold and Mr. McCarthy as Professors respectively of English Literature and Architecture.

'4. The appointment of a Vice-Rector is, under present circumstances, of so much importance that they have thought it better to take time in considering it, and have deferred it till after Christmas, leaving it to you meanwhile to name a Pro-Vice-Rector.

'They desired me to request you will name none but a priest.

'5. Your proposed expenditure of 6,000*l.* per annum . . . they wish to defer.'

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fault, but merely from the necessary collisions which take place when men are acting on each other three hundred miles off. I say to myself: "How much better to resign now while people like me, than to outlive my popularity and leave unpleasant associations behind me!"'

In point of fact, the scheme of a non-resident Rector did not really satisfy Dr. Cullen, and Newman's tenure of office was practically at an end at the time we have reached. The occasion of his final resignation eleven months later will be duly chronicled later on. But he ceased to rule the University actively after he left Ireland in the autumn of 1857.[1] And this is, therefore, the suitable place for inserting the interesting account he has left in the Retrospective Notes of his differences with Dr. Cullen and the real causes of his ultimate retirement, as distinct from the events which immediately led to it:

'I will briefly state what were the main points on which Dr. Cullen complains of me, and I of Dr. Cullen:

'First, from the first he quarrelled with my partial residence at Dublin. He thought that, with the exception of a fair annual holiday, I ought to be at my post all through the year. He did not recognize I had duties elsewhere. He thought I ought to give them up. So ingrained was this idea in his mind that, when our Congregation, in refusing to continue my leave of absence, pointedly limited their refusal to an absence such as had been "for the last three years," opening the door to negotiation for a residence not so strict as mine had been, he did not avail himself of it; and when I directly called, through Dr. Leahy, his attention to this middle way, proposing a residence for some weeks during each term, he said it might be tried as an experiment for one year. And, when nothing in consequence came of this proposal and I remained on without taking any salary till a successor was appointed, suddenly he, and Dr. Leahy with him, abruptly called me into residence, which was the immediate cause of my resignation. I do not say he was not right in wishing for a Rector who had no duties elsewhere; but, if that was his judgment, he ought not to have asked me to be Rector. But I think he fancied that the superior attractions of the Rectorship would lead to my separating

[1] In the Appendix (p. 628) will be found further correspondence connected with his Rectorship of the University.

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'I begged him to substitute persons for himself to whom I might go if it was inconvenient to him to converse or to correspond with me. It was one of those conditions I made as preliminary to my continuing in the Rectorship—but I got no answer beyond that of an incomprehensible silence. I could not go on in such a state of things, and, therefore, I confess that my relations towards Dr. Cullen had much to do with my leaving.

'But there were those more direct and serious difficulties in my remaining which our Fathers put forth in their letter in answer to the three Archbishops. . . . It was an unfortunate coincidence of untoward events, but so it was, that my residence *here* (at Birmingham) was absolutely necessary to the welfare of this Oratory, and this is the very thing, as I have said, which Dr. Cullen would not grant.

'This then was the main cause of my leaving, that I could not give to the University that continuous presence which Dr. Cullen wished. His own conduct was a subordinate reason. There was a third still, though it was not of primary influence; still it had a force in reconciling me to my step. It was the fact, which had by this time become so plain, viz., that English Catholics felt no interest at all in the University scheme, and had no intention to make use of it, should it get into shape. I had gone to Ireland on the express understanding that it was an English as well as an Irish University, and the Irish had done all in their power to make it an Irish University, and nothing else. And further, I say, the English Catholics had given it up. It had begun a very little time when Dr. Ullathorne told me, as if a matter in which he acquiesced, that "the English gentlemen would never send their sons to it."

'Now it happened at the end of the year 1857, that Dr. Cullen expressed regret that the Professors did not make greater use of the newspaper press in bringing the University before the public, and urged Mr. Ornsby and others to turn their thoughts to the subject. They were willing, and the only question was how to do it. It occurred to me that it would be well to begin some controversy about the University, so, telling no one but Mr. H. Wilberforce, the editor, I inserted in the *Weekly Register* a very bitter letter signed "Q in the corner." Ornsby replied, and I wrote as many as four short letters; but to my disgust I found I was beating him. But what it brought out clearly was the English sentiment. Not a word came in advocacy of the

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University from any English College or centre, and "Q's" letters were, without disavowal of the sentiments which they contained, attributed generally to this or that English priest. I tried to make it up to the University by writing leading articles for four weeks in its defence; but what came home to me clearly was that I was spending my life in the service of those who had not the claim upon me which my own countrymen had; that, in the decline of life, I was throwing myself out of that sphere of action and those connections which I had been forming for myself so many years. All work is good, but what special claim had a University, exclusively Irish, upon my time?'

It has been necessary to give minutely Newman's own account of the incompatibility of his views with those of Dr. Cullen, as very inaccurate accounts have become current. Let it, then, not be forgotten that, apart from the soreness which was quite inevitable when Newman felt that by his action and his inaction Dr. Cullen made the success of the University impossible, a real regard existed between the two men, and a mutual appreciation of the high qualities of each. 'I ever had the greatest, the truest reverence for the good Cardinal Cullen,' Newman wrote in 1879. 'I used to say that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the saints of the Holy City had been looking into it and he into theirs.'

In the foregoing narrative I have given Newman's own account of his 'Irish Campaign,' as he called it, placing the facts in the light in which he saw them. Thus only can their effect on his own mind and history be appreciated. But enough is apparent, even in the record he has himself left, to show that there was another side to much that happened besides that to which he was himself alive. It is clear that while Dr. Cullen, eager to secure his services, had agreed in general terms that the University should be for all English-speaking Catholics, and not merely an Irish institution, this undertaking was not, even by Cullen himself, taken to mean all that Newman supposed. Dr. Cullen's jealousy at the outset of English appointments to professorships makes this clear. And it may be doubted whether the Irish Episcopate in general had any knowledge that such an

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undertaking had been given. If they had not, a good many events bear a different colour from what they took in Newman's own eyes. Father Neville records as one of Newman's grievances that he wanted Cardinal Wiseman to be Chancellor, and failed to obtain his appointment. Newman himself states in a letter to Ambrose St. John, that he asked Cardinal Wiseman to preach at the opening of the University Church in 1856, and that Wiseman doubted whether the Irish Archbishops would desire it. In the end, Dr. Cullen objected to the proposal. Obviously Cardinal Wiseman's natural position in the Catholic University of the British Isles was one thing—in the Catholic University of Ireland quite another.

We may well hazard the conjecture, that the episode of the proposed bishopric for the new Rector was due to the same difference as to the relations of the University to Ireland. The appointment was obtained from the Pope by the English Primate, Cardinal Wiseman, although it is true that he asked Dr. Cullen's acquiescence on the occasion of a brief meeting at Amiens. It is probable enough that while Cullen did not like to say No there and then, he found on subsequently consulting his colleagues that they considered that such a request should have been made to the Holy Father by none but themselves, and that this view was at once intimated to Rome. Cardinal Wiseman's somewhat impulsive energy had probably gained his point at Rome before these representations came from Ireland, and the Cardinal had at once written to Newman the news of his success. Representations from the Irish Episcopate that the request had been made without their acquiescence, and that the appointment was not judged by them to be expedient, would have great force at Rome. In their light Wiseman's previous action would appear to have been irregular—almost unconstitutional. Wiseman's announcement to Newman that the dignity was obtained had been unofficial, and, accordingly, the matter was allowed by Rome to drop. Rome was not (at all events officially) cognisant of the communication of Wiseman to Newman on the subject, nor of the earlier words of Dr. Cullen to Newman which obviously referred to the bishopric as a settled thing.

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Both these communications were, of course, vividly present to Newman's own mind, and made him feel his treatment to have been in the highest degree discourteous. Had his friends reported the facts fully in Rome, it is very improbable that the proposed honour would have been any longer withheld—indeed, when Manning spoke of the subject to the Roman authorities in 1860, it was made clear to him that Newman could have the bishopric if he wished for it. But Newman's temperament made it impossible for him to move a finger in the matter, and in a busy world no urgent action was taken by others when the person most closely concerned made no sign.

However, while in this and in other matters much may be said to explain the incidents which tried Newman so acutely, the outstanding fact, so far as his own history is concerned, is that these years—from 1853 to 1858—did much to break his spirit. His temperament was not at any time one that could 'rough it' easily. And he had reached an age when most men of great powers are not struggling against odds and amid rebuffs to construct new social mechanism, but rather have won an assured position in some already constituted institution or career. The hardest struggles are over for most men at fifty. A groove of some kind is attained to. The ordinary course was reversed for Newman. He had not had to rough it in boyhood. He had never had the discipline of a public school. Brilliant success, and a leadership in its kind unparalleled, had come for him at Oxford when he was only thirty-seven years old. He had to begin a new life among strangers at forty-five, as no longer a young man. The 'blessed vision of peace' had given a glow to the first years of his Catholic career, in spite of its trials. His deep sense that he was an instrument in the hands of Providence—that if he were patient the 'kindly light' would show the path which God marked out for him; his expectation that, in spite of obvious difficulties, in God's own way, something equivalent to his great work at Oxford was destined to be revived with all the force of the Catholic Church behind him, long kept him in some measure hopeful. That anticipation had been renewed by his very appointment to the University, as we can see in the letter to Mrs. Froude

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already cited. It is apparent, too, in the eloquent passage in the first of his preliminary discourses, in which he claims to follow the guidance of the Holy See, in spite of all worldly discouragement, confident that Peter would prove to be on the winning side. True, he was in the decline of life, but a great work might yet be done for God. He might make the Catholic capital city of the Kingdom, as he had made Oxford, a centre of religion as well as of learning. This hope he was slow to abandon—for at his age it might well be the last chance of considerable achievement. He kept using words of hopefulness at a time when trial succeeding trial was accumulating for him the feeling of crushing disappointment which is so patent in his 'Retrospect.' The glow of the 'honeymoon period' passed away in these years. Sadness—at moments something like sourness—came upon him. The University scheme broke down; and though he had appreciative friends in Dublin he failed to influence the life of the town. A population of busy citizens of mature life afforded no real parallel to Oxford. By the town at large he was known as little else than the bearer of a distinguished name. The young men in Ireland, and in England too, apart from the handful of boys at Stephen's Green, knew nothing of him. 'To the rising generation,' he wrote in 1857 to Ambrose St. John, 'to the sons of those who knew me, or read what I wrote 15 or 20 years ago, I am a mere page of history. I do not live to them; they know nothing of me; they have heard my name but they have no associations with it. . . . It was at Oxford, and by my Parochial Sermons, that I had influence,—all that is past.' As to the University itself, he wrote to Mr. Pollen after his resignation that some of its founders were, 'like Frankenstein, scared at their own monster.'

When he republished his lectures on the 'Scope and Nature of University Education,' he omitted the passage in which he had prophesied the success of the University on the strength of the Pope's command that it should be undertaken. He was too honest not to face facts, and he left among the Retrospective Notes a memorandum in which he stated that the feeling therein expressed had been weakened by the result of the University experiment.

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'I had been accustomed,' he wrote, 'to believe that, over and above that attribute of infallibility which attached to the doctrinal decisions of the Holy See, a gift of sagacity had in every age characterised its occupants; so that we might be sure, as experience taught us, without its being a dogma of faith, that what the Pope determined was the very measure, or the very policy, expedient for the Church at the time when he determined. This view I have brought out at some length in my "Rise of Universities," first published in the *University Gazette*, and in the very first Lecture, as delivered, on "the Nature and Scope of Universities." I am obliged to say that a sentiment which history has impressed upon me, and impresses still, has been very considerably weakened as far as the present Pope, Pius IX., is concerned, by the experience of the result of the policy which his chosen councillors had led him to pursue. I cannot help thinking in particular that, if he had known more of the state of things in Ireland, he would not have taken up the quarrel about the higher education which his predecessor left him, and, if he could not religiously recognise the Queen's Colleges, at least would have abstained from decreeing a Catholic University. I was a poor innocent as regards the actual state of things in Ireland when I went there, and did not care to think about it, for I relied on the word of the Pope, but from the event I am led to think it not rash to say that I knew as much about Ireland as he did.'

All this meant for Newman the deepest pain and disappointment; and at the same time came troubles with the Oratorian Fathers, of which a word shall be said in a subsequent chapter, which made him feel as though, even with some of his immediate followers, his influence was waning. There is a change of tone in his letters henceforth on certain subjects. They are sadder, more critical, less sanguine. And there is a suspicion of 'extreme' views. The failure of a scheme in which rigid principles had been enforced and acted upon, in defiance of what common sense and experience warranted as practicable, seems to have sunk deep into his mind. He manifested a growing inclination to make common cause with such advocates among Catholics of a cautious and moderate policy as Dupanloup, Montalembert, and Lacordaire. And his trial was increased by the fact that in England the older generation of English Catholics, which, when

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he had visited St. Edmund's, Prior Park, and Ushaw, had so attracted him by its piety and common sense combined, was dying out, and already being superseded in influence by men whose temper was marked by the less prudent and less English tone which some of his own followers had done much to promote. At St. Edmund's W. G. Ward and Herbert Vaughan were vehemently displacing old traditions, and the same process was at work elsewhere under the influence of Father Faber. The years from 1853 to 1858 are indeed a landmark in Newman's history.

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CHAPTER XIII

UNIVERSITY LECTURES (1854–1858)

WE pass now from the record of the sufferings of a singularly sensitive spirit in an impossible endeavour, amid surroundings largely uncongenial, in a position involving tasks for which neither his antecedents nor his gifts fitted him, to the consideration of the great and permanent work which these years of apparent failure brought forth. If the Rector failed, the Christian thinker succeeded. And it was the opportunity of failure—namely, his appointment as Rector—that was the means, painful yet indispensable, of success in dealing with the great educational problem of the hour—how Christians were to uphold the traditionary theology and yet be fully alive to the changed outlook wrought by science in a new age; how Faith was to be definite, yet compatible with breadth of view. The Queen's Colleges were banned as opening the door to 'liberalism'; it was all-important not to commit Catholics to an opposite extreme. His lectures had to be intelligible and persuasive to hearers educated in the traditionary groove, but as they proceeded they approached ever nearer to tracing the desired *Via Media.*

His preliminary lectures on the Scope and Nature of University Education were directed to emphasising the fatal defect underlying the constitution of the Queen's Colleges in so far as they banished theology from the educational programme. Yet their scope was not at all unacceptable to those able Irish Catholics who had wished to work the Queen's Colleges—for they had never regarded those Colleges as fulfilling the ideal of a Catholic education. The lectures purported to point out that theology is indispensable in any scheme of general knowledge such as a University professes to establish. By theology he means,

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as he explains in the lectures, the science of the one God; 'one idea unfolded in its just proportions, carried out upon an intelligible method, and issuing in necessary and immutable results; understood, indeed, at one time and place better than at another; held here and there with more or less of inconsistency, but still, after all, in all times and places where it is found, the evolution, not of half a dozen ideas, but of one.' Of theology in this sense he adds: 'Can we drop it out of the circle of knowledge without allowing either that that circle is thereby mutilated, or, on the other hand, that theology is no science?'

'Theology, as I have described it,' he writes, 'is no accident of particular minds as are certain systems, for instance, of prophetical interpretation. It is not the sudden birth of a crisis as the Lutheran or Wesleyan doctrine. It is not the splendid development of some uprising philosophy as the Cartesian or Platonic. It is not the fashion of a season, as certain medical treatments may be considered. It has had a place, if not possession, in the intellectual world from time immemorial; it has been received by minds the most various, and in systems of religion the most hostile to each other. It has *primâ facie* claims upon us, so imposing that it can only be rejected on the ground of those claims being nothing more than imposing,—that is, being false. . . . When was the world without it? Have the systems of Atheism or Pantheism, as sciences, prevailed in the literature of nations, or received a formation or attained a completeness such as Monotheism? . . . If ever there was a subject of thought which had earned by prescription the right to be received among the studies of a University, and which could not be rejected except on the score of convicted imposture, as astrology or alchemy; if there be a science anywhere which at least could claim not to be ignored but to be entertained, and either distinctly accepted or distinctly reprobated, or rather, which cannot be passed over in a scheme of universal instruction without involving a positive denial of its truth, it is this ancient, this far-spreading philosophy.'[1]

These lectures are too well known for it to be necessary here to give any full analysis of them. If one may venture to speak of a leading idea in them, it is that in a University knowledge and enlargement of the mind are contemplated

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 67.

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as an ultimate object. For this object (he argues) the science of God is indispensable. Neither professional skill nor controversy on behalf of religious conclusions, is the primary object of a University, but the formation of educated minds and cultivated intelligences. And Newman concluded the series with a plea for general cultivation among Catholics, and for the presence of the Church as a safeguard and a purifying influence in the schools of learning, as preferable to the exclusion of general literature from the education of a Catholic.

The note struck in the last of his preliminary discourses, that educated Catholics in a University must face and even welcome truth of whatever kind, formed the direct subject of the later lectures given after his installation—lectures which are especially valuable as containing suggestions made under the stress of actual experience. He undertook in these lectures the delicate task of pointing out the concessions to the scientific spirit which were absolutely necessary on the part of Catholics as well as of others. This task was indispensable if the University was to hold its own in the scientific world, and its abler *alumni* were to be enabled to look at modern research with a frank and unflinching eye as something quite compatible with Christian faith. The University was in this sense indirectly to be an instrument, and a potent instrument, of apologetic. 'The reason which led me to take part in the establishment of the University' was, he said in an unpublished address of 1858, 'the wish . . . to strengthen the defences, in a day of great danger, of the Christian religion.'

But in order to win sympathy in this part of his task he had first to bring home to his colleagues and pupils the full grounds there were for anticipating an age of unbelief, and to impress on them the urgent necessity, in consequence, of such a philosophy of religion as would satisfy earnest and inquiring minds alive to the existing outlook. The word 'agnostic' was not then known. Yet the tendency it expresses had long been noted by Newman. He foresaw its rapid spread. 'I write for the future,' he often said. We are in our own day familiar with Professor Huxley's comparison of theological speculation to conjectures as to the politics of the inhabitants of the moon. It is almost

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startling to see how closely this gibe of Huxley's in the eighties was anticipated by Newman in the fifties. It is set forth by him in an address entitled 'A Form of Infidelity of the Day.'[1]

'I may be describing a school of thought in its fully developed proportions,' he writes, 'which at present everyone to whom membership with it is imputed will at once begin to disown, and I may be pointing to teachers whom no one will be able to descry. Still, it is not less true that I may be speaking of tendencies and elements which exist, and he may come in person at last who comes at first to us merely in his spirit and in his power.

'The teacher, then, whom I speak of, will discourse thus in his secret heart :—he will begin, as many so far have done before him, by laying it down as if a position which approves itself to the reason, immediately that it is fairly examined,—which is of so axiomatic a character as to have a claim to be treated as a first principle, and is firm and steady enough to bear a large superstructure upon it,—that religion is not the subject matter of a science. "You may have opinions in religion; you may have theories; you may have arguments; you may have probabilities; you may have anything but demonstration, and, therefore, you cannot have science. In mechanics you advance from sure premisses to sure conclusions; in optics you form your undeniable facts into system, arrive at general principles, and then again infallibly apply them; here you have science. On the other hand, there is at present no real science of the weather because you cannot get hold of facts and truths on which it depends; there is no science of the coming and going of epidemics; no science of the breaking out and cessation of wars; no science of popular likings and dislikings, or of the fashions. It is not that these subject matters are themselves incapable of science, but that, under existing circumstances, we are incapable of subjecting them to it. And so, in like manner" says the philosopher in question, "without denying that in the matter of religion some things are true and some things

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 381. If the state of mind he describes was not then familiar to the world at large, to the ecclesiastical authorities—so Father Neville has testified—it was practically unknown. 'Any allusion,' writes Father William Neville, who was his close companion at that time, 'to the possibility of such a danger as trials to faith was thought strange—nay more. Even in conversation such an allusion was too unwelcome to be repeated. Sympathy of thought on the subject whether in England or in Ireland, he found little or none.'

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false, still we certainly are not in a position to determine the one or the other. And, as it would be absurd to dogmatise about the weather and say that 1860 will be a wet season or a dry season, a time of peace or war, so it is absurd for men in our present state to teach anything positively about the next world, that there is a heaven, or a hell, or a last judgment, or that the soul is immortal, or that there is a God. It is not that you have not a right to your own opinion, as you have a right to place implicit trust in your own banker or in your own physician, but undeniably such persuasions are not knowledge, they are not scientific, they cannot become public property, they are consistent with your allowing your friend to entertain the opposite opinion; and if you are tempted to be violent in your own view of the case in this matter of religion, then it is well to lay seriously to heart whether sensitiveness on the subject of your banker or your doctor, when he is handled sceptically by another, would not be taken to argue a secret misgiving in your mind about him, in spite of your confident profession, an absence of clear, unruffled certainty in his honesty or in his skill."

'Such is our philosopher's primary position. He does not prove it; he does but distinctly state it; but he thinks it self-evident when it is distinctly stated. And there he leaves it.

'"Christianity has been (according to him) the bane of true knowledge, for it has turned the intellect away from what it can know, and occupied it in what it cannot. Differences of opinion crop up and multiply themselves in proportion to the difficulty of deciding them; and the unfruitfulness of Theology has been, in matter of fact, the very reason, not for seeking better food, but for feeding on nothing else. Truth has been sought in the wrong direction, and the attainable has been put aside for the visionary."'

Such an attitude of mind as this was, in Newman's view, best counteracted not by a formal reply, but by the concrete exhibition of a counter-ideal of the true philosophy of life and knowledge.

That counter-ideal was embodied in the very institution which he was endeavouring to set on foot. As the agnostic ideal was fostered by the system followed in the Queen's Colleges informed by the spirit of the modern intellectual world, so must its opposite be fostered by a really efficient

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Catholic University animated by the spirit of Catholicism. The former excludes religion from the Lecture Room as being concerned with the unknowable, and banishes definite theology as tending to obscurantism. It concentrates the imagination on the advance of the positive sciences as the one inspiring goal in the search for knowledge. The ideal Catholic University on the other hand upholds and recognises the Catholic Church—'the concrete representative of things invisible,'—and treats as unquestionable the relation of theological science to reality, while, at the same time, its devotion to the secular sciences and recognition of their independence in their own sphere should be equally thorough and ungrudging. The alleged obscurantism of theology is thus disproved by visible facts. *Solvitur ambulando.*

'Some persons will say,' he writes in his first University Sermon at Dublin, 'that I am thinking of confining, distorting, and stunting the growth of the intellect by ecclesiastical supervision. I have no such thought. Nor have I any thought of a compromise, as if religion must give up something, and science something. I wish the intellect to range with the utmost freedom, and religion to enjoy an equal freedom; but what I am stipulating for is, that they should be found in one and the same place, and exemplified in the same persons. I want to destroy that diversity of centres which puts everything into confusion by creating a contrariety of influences. I wish the same spots and the same individuals to be at once oracles of philosophy and shrines of devotion. . . .

'I want the intellectual layman to be religious, and the devout ecclesiastic to be intellectual.'

It was to depicting a Catholic University as the representative of scientific truth as well as religious that he devoted himself in the lectures on science and literature which succeeded his installation as Rector. But we must at starting bear in mind that their prospect of success was dependent on their very limitations. Had he treated in detail the new hypotheses which were most inconsistent with some traditionary views, he would have had many religious men who were not as far-sighted as himself actively attacking him if he conceded more than they would yet admit to be necessary. His object was to forestall this difficulty. He had to establish far-reaching principles by illustrations which could

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raise no controversy. He could thus indicate without offence that educated way of looking at theological science in its relation to the secular sciences which, when once put in action, when it had become a temper of mind, would make the work of assimilation take place naturally and almost automatically.

This is the character of the work he attempted in some of his articles in the *University Gazette*,[1] to which he was a constant contributor, as well as in some highly valuable and significant lectures to the Schools of Letters and of Science.

In order to bring himself to undertake so delicate a task Newman needed two things—the sense that duty called him to the work, and a position in which he had a precedent for it. The former existed in his appointment as Rector under the special sanction of the Holy See. The latter he had in the writings and status of such University Professors as Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Alexander of Hales, in the very parallel circumstances of the thirteenth century to which he so often referred. These Catholic thinkers, with a courage which startled and dismayed the more conservative theologians, in place of continuing to oppose philosophical systems and weapons which had long proved such redoubtable foes to Christian thought—notably the philosophy of Aristotle,—by a bold change of policy adopted and used them in the service of Christianity. On a similar principle Newman urged on Christians of his own day the candid recognition of modern scientific hypotheses in all their degrees of probability—the fearless use of the inductive method in physical science and history alike.

The department of the philosophy of religion, which so urgently needed cultivation to meet new difficulties, was one which he regarded as specially suitable to cultivated lay writers, and thus within the province of those whom he was directly training. Here then, again, he had precedent on his side.

'Theologians inculcate the matter and determine the details of revelation,' he wrote in one of his lectures; 'they view it from within; philosophers view it from without, and

[1] Republished in *Historical Sketches*, vol. iii.

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this external view may be called the Philosophy of Religion, and the office of delineating it externally is most gracefully performed by laymen. In the first age laymen were most commonly the Apologists. Such were Justin, Tatian, Athenagoras, Aristides, Hermias, Minucius Felix, Arnobius, and Lactantius. In like manner in this age some of the most valuable defences of the Church are from laymen, as De Maistre, Chateaubriand, Nicholas, Montalembert, and others.'

Newman, then, set himself in lecture after lecture, when his work as Rector had fairly begun, to delineate the ideal which should form the *genius loci* in a Catholic University—an ideal which each of its *alumni* should reflect according to his capacity. How could a University be really the defender of a particular faith, yet the home of impartial research? How could Catholics be genuine men of science, following the scientific reason whithersoever it led them, yet uphold a theology which some of the ablest contemporary writers assailed in the name of science itself. How could it be Catholic yet not sectarian; committed to definite views yet sympathetic, as real cultivation makes men, with all genuine thought? Here were obvious problems at the outset which he set himself to consider.

And as a man will, in the heat of conversation, take any objects which may be ready to hand to illustrate his argument in the concrete, and will avail himself—if he needs a diagram—of such chalk, pen, or pencil as he may find, so Newman illustrated his great and far-reaching ideal by the half-formed institution at Stephen's Green, Dublin. Some professors indeed he had of calibre fully adequate to the realisation of his ideal; but his Chancellor was opposed to it, and his undergraduates were but a handful, barely half of them even British subjects.

A real and accurate apprehension of the bearings of new speculation on revealed truth could—so he urged in his writings of this time—be gained only by full and free discussion. Among the unlearned such discussion might be excessively startling and dangerous. This prospect was in modern times immensely increased by the growth of the periodical Press and of general reading among the

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uneducated. Hence the special value of a University—the residence exclusively of those devoted to learning. In the Middle Ages the Universities had been the homes of those active minds whose business it was to meet contemporary speculation and scientific criticism, not by repressing it, but by the energetic sifting process which ultimately resulted in the assimilation of what was valuable and true in it. The gradual diminution almost to vanishing-point of this important function in the economy of the Church, the decay of Catholic Universities, and of the theological schools, a reminiscence of which long lingered in the old Sorbonne, appeared to him a most serious fact. It destroyed the normal opportunity for the safe exercise, among Catholic scholars, of that freedom of thought which he maintained to be in its proper sphere as essential to the development of a satisfying theology as was the principle of authority—a freedom which had been so conspicuous in the formation within the Church of the great scholastic synthesis of knowledge. It was an inspiring ideal to do something towards restoring an arena for such free discussion which had now quite a new urgency for thinking minds.

'A University,' he wrote in the *University Gazette*, 'is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions, in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries perfected and verified, and rashnesses rendered innocuous and error exposed by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. . . . Such is a University in its idea and in its purpose; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be again? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, in the name of St. Patrick, to attempt it.'[1]

In two lectures belonging to the year 1855 Newman indicated his views on the nature of the freedom which must be accorded in any University worthy of the name to the men of science in their own sphere. One is entitled

[1] Republished in *Historical Sketches*, iii. *vide* p. 16.

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'Christianity and Physical Science,' the other 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation.'

In the lecture on 'Christianity and Physical Science' Newman deals ostensibly with the suspicion, so widely prevalent in the fifties, that there 'really is at bottom a certain contrariety between the declarations of religion and the results of physical enquiry.' Hence irreligious minds were prophesying the disproof of Revelation, and religious minds were 'jealous of the researches and prejudiced against the discoveries of science.' 'The consequence is,' he adds, 'on the one side a certain contempt of theology, on the other a disposition to undervalue, to deny, to ridicule, to discourage, almost to denounce the labours of the physiological, astronomical, or geological investigator.'[1]

While such a contrariety may (he admits) exist between the views of certain representatives of theology and of science, he earnestly maintains that the true theologian who realises the limits of his science, and the man of science who does not confound speculation with genuine scientific investigation and proof, are in no danger of collision. Science proper might safely in a Catholic University claim all the freedom it needs without fear of opposing true theology.

He disarmed theological opposition by an eloquent passage in which he denounced the application of the empirical and inductive method to theology as barren and unsuccessful. Yet even here he was careful to avoid the exaggerations so common among loose thinkers. What he maintains on this subject is only that thorough-going empiricism is equivalent to naturalism, and tells us nothing of God. Empirical science cannot therefore make a theology at all. Nor can it interfere with a faultless theological deduction. But that it can in certain cases correct long-standing beliefs which have been held by Christian theologians as well as by the less learned, or the inaccurate deductions made by individual divines from revealed truth, he indicates by instances from history. While eloquently defending the deductive theology, he is careful to note that its territory is as a rule quite separate from that of physical science, and consequently does not interfere with its freedom.

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 429.

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The chosen territory of theology, he explains, is the invisible world, not the visible. Theology 'contemplates the world not of matter but of mind; the supreme intelligence; souls and their destiny; conscience and duty; the past, present, and future dealings of the Creator and the creature.'[1] If then 'Theology be the philosophy of the supernatural world and Science the philosophy of the natural, Theology and Science, whether in their respective ideas, or again in their own actual fields, are incommensurable, incapable of collision, and needing at most to be connected, never to be reconciled.'[2]

Here is the first ground on which the provisional freedom from theological interference which is necessary to modern science is justified—that the provinces of the two sciences are for the most part separate. The second he indicates quite plainly, though he does not state it so fully. When the visible world is, in exceptional cases, touched by the statements of sacred writers, these statements, if at first sight they seem to be opposed to facts ascertained by science, are eventually interpreted by theologians so as to accord with those facts. He gives as instances the opposition of certain divines on Scriptural grounds to belief in the antipodes when it was first broached, and again to the Copernican system. In both cases the theological opposition was eventually withdrawn. 'Experience may variously guide and modify the deductions of Theology,' he writes. Again he indicates the same conclusion when he speaks of the few cases where Holy Scripture *does* declare facts concerning the visible world, the territory belonging to science. For he singles out instances in which it was already in 1855 evident that the more literal interpretation of the sacred documents in which Revelation was contained was contrary to the conclusions of the scientific world or to the facts of history, and yet that the theologians had already seen clearly that they must accept those conclusions. He adds other instances in which the interpretation of early theologians has been since disproved. 'It is true,' he writes, 'that Revelation has in one or two instances advanced beyond its chosen territory, which is the invisible world, in order to throw light on the history

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 434. [2] *Ibid.* p. 431.

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of the material universe. Holy Scripture does, it is perfectly true, declare a few momentous facts,—so few that they may be counted,—of a physical character. It speaks of a process of formation out of chaos which occupied six days; it speaks of the firmament; of the sun and moon being created for the sake of the earth; of the earth being immovable.'[1] Again he points out that 'there have been comments on Scripture prophecy' long relied on, and touching the world of fact, which science or experience could ultimately verify or disprove, of each of which we may now at least say that it is 'not true in that broad, plain sense in which it was once received.'[2]

This lecture, with its measured and carefully guarded plea for liberty in the pursuit of physical science, was delivered in November 1855, in the School of Medicine. Encouraged by its success, he attempted a somewhat fuller one on the same lines, still more plainly advocating freedom of investigation and freedom of discussion for all the positive sciences and for theology itself.

This lecture on 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation' takes a wider sweep, and it is necessary to recall one or two particulars as to the state of thought at the time.

Biblical criticism was not yet to the front. But the strictures on long received views of theologians from the point of view of the ethnologist, the historian, the representative of physical science, were in full course. The chronology of the Old Testament, the derivation of the human race from one stock, the universality of the Deluge, and other such subjects were being fully discussed among the thinkers. The most conservative theologians, among Protestants as well as Catholics, were inclined to regard the new theories of the time as aggressions on theology, to be repelled. Newman, on the contrary, saw very early that, with whatever incidental extravagances, they represented a fruitful activity, a real advance in the positive sciences, although they were doubtless used by the type of scientist represented a few years later by Huxley and Tyndall as weapons of attack on current orthodoxy.

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 439.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 443.

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In vindicating the rights of science the Rector had, of course, at heart the reputation of the University, knowing well that undue ecclesiastical interference with science would at once brand the institution in the eyes of the whole scientific world as hopelessly inefficient.

If we bear in mind the date at which his lecture on the subject of 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation' was written—1855—it will, I think, be generally admitted to be a remarkable instance of wise foresight. Doubtless as we read it after the lapse of half a century, in which, more than ever before, these problems have been under active discussion, and the historical and critical sciences have made such considerable advance, we feel that certain points might have been emphasised more clearly. But its essential value is now what it was, as almost a Magna Charta of the freedom demanded by secular science in a Catholic University.

Its main argument is as follows. First, on the lines of the previous lecture, but with more distinctness, Newman points out that there may be opinions prevalent among Catholics which at a given time are regarded by the multitude, and even by theologians, as certain. They may be drawn by deductive argument from revealed truth, or they may be even confused with revealed truth. This has been so in the past beyond question. The belief that the last day was at hand after Our Lord's death, he points out, was universal among Christians, and it was a deduction (which proved mistaken) from His own words. The belief that the earth was stationary was, in Newman's words, 'generally received as if the Apostles had expressly delivered it both orally and in writing.' The event disproved the one, the advance of science disproved the other opinion. But the lesson afforded by this disproof of what had long been so confidently held to be sacred and undeniable remained to be learnt and to be applied to the present. Opinions maintained in our own day by divines, or by the multitude of Catholics with equal confidence, as certain consequences of revealed truth, might, he intimates, prove to be equally mistaken. Therefore the path of scientific conjecture cannot fairly be blocked by such opinions. Nothing is harder for the uneducated mind than to apply the lessons of the past to the present.

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A Catholic University was to develop in its *alumni* that candour and refinement which should enable them to do so.

If such long-standing opinions might ultimately prove to have been unfounded, theologians had no right to interfere with scientific investigation on the ground that its trend ran for the time counter to opinions even universally received within the Church. 'I am not,' Newman is careful to repeat, 'supposing any collision with dogma; I am speaking of opinions of divines or of the multitude parallel to those in former times of the sun going round the earth, or of the last day being at hand.'

On the other hand, the men of science also may prove to have been wrong in what they advance; but the plea for freedom stands equally on that hypothesis. The very freedom which science demands issues in a great deal of speculation, therefore in many false hypotheses—*ballons d'essai*—in a good deal of rash theorising. All this is the normal road to truth—a circuitous road, often through stages of error. You may have to try many keys in a lock in order to find the one which fits it. For this reason the man of science, who is often far too sanguine as to the truth of the newest hypothesis, must not interfere with the theologian or challenge him to amend his conclusions or his interpretations of Scripture in deference to scientific speculations, any more than he can himself be called upon to submit to theological interference. It must be left to theologians themselves to recognise at what point the evidence adduced by the secular sciences should affect their own conclusions.

The general outcome of Newman's remarks is that all sciences, secular and religious, should be allowed by a Catholic University to develop provisionally without interference from without; and that temporary antagonisms in their conclusions should be patiently tolerated; that such contradictions are to be expected in the natural course of things, because of the imperfections of human knowledge. A premature synthesis is deprecated as really in spirit unscientific; although it is what so many men of science imperiously demand. It is unscientific, for it leaves out of account the essentially progressive nature of the positive sciences, the temporary reign of unproved hypotheses which are on their trial. The theologian rightly upholds

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the traditionary conclusions until the road to their correction is unmistakably found. For those conclusions are in possession and have (it may be) become bound up with the religious life of the many. On the other hand, the time will come when the trend of science is too clear on specific points to allow him to maintain positions tenable in pre-scientific days, but contradicting hypotheses which have come to be universally admitted and taught in the scientific schools. Thus the intelligent theologian of the seventeenth century could with Bacon and Tycho Brahé deny Copernicanism. To deny it a hundred years later would have meant obscurantism.

The whole tendency of the lecture we are considering as against this danger. It was obvious that if religious thinkers ceased to be on the alert, or to acquaint themselves with the general drift of contemporary science and thought, many absolutely antiquated opinions on the borderland between theology and the positive sciences would remain in the text-books. The result would gradually become most serious, and bring with it the danger of something like a revolution in theology; for if obvious corrections were long neglected or opposed by authority, the point would eventually come at which the normal powers of gradual development in theology would not be equal to the situation; just as neglect of obvious remedies for a physical disorder may make a dangerous operation necessary which could otherwise have been avoided.

In this connection Newman urged two points:

(1) It was the conservative opinions of zealous theologians, or of theological tribunals, and not any infallible utterances of the Holy See, which were in the past invoked as decisive against new speculations which ultimately proved true. (2) In the palmary instance in which theologians had successfully emerged from the struggle with bewildering and aggressive speculation, representing the 'science' of the day (in the thirteenth century), the victory had been won by Catholic theologians not through repression or intolerance, but by the most strenuous intellectual labour, in which the methods of theology had been transformed and largely adjusted to those of the intellectual movement whose excesses were anti-Christian.

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In illustration of the first point Newman reminds us that St. Boniface, 'great in sanctity though not in secular knowledge,' complained to the Holy See of a writer who taught the existence of the antipodes, and the Holy See declined to condemn the opinion.

As to the second point, he observed that even when the Church was at the height of her temporal power—in the thirteenth century—it was not by intolerant opposition but by freedom of discussion, among her theologians, of the new theories of the time, by their adopting what was good even in the hitherto detested philosophy of Aristotle, that the pantheistic and rationalistic movement of the neo-Aristotelians was effectually checked. He could urge the example of the 'Angelic Doctor' even on the most conservative Irish divines with effect. The moral has often been pointed in recent years. Then it was practically new. It is still effective. At that time it must have been far more so from its comparative novelty.[1]

The conclusion pointed to is that a body of thought, candid and thorough, among Catholics which includes and locates the scientific theories of the time, reverses Lord Morley's boast, 'We will not attack Christianity, we will explain it.' A Catholic University representing such a body of thought would be a source of far greater strength to Christianity than experiments in polemic which might be misdirected for want of adequate knowledge of the situation. On some of these points Newman's own words must be recalled.

The fundamental ideal of a University as the impartial representative of the sciences, including, but not dominated by, theology, is given in the following passage:

'We count it a great thing, and justly so, to plan and carry out a wide political organization. To bring under one yoke, after the manner of old Rome, a hundred discordant peoples; to maintain each of them in its own privileges within its legitimate range of action; to allow them severally the indulgence of national feelings, and the stimulus of rival interests; and yet withal to blend them into one great social establishment, and to pledge them to the perpetuity of the one imperial power;—this is an achievement which carries with it the unequivocal token of genius in the race which effects it. . . .

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 489.

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'What an empire is in political history, such is a University in the sphere of philosophy and research. It is, as I have said, the high protecting power of all knowledge and science, of fact and principle, of inquiry and discovery, of experiment and speculation; it maps out the territory of the intellect, and sees that the boundaries of each province are religiously respected, and that there is neither encroachment nor surrender on any side. It acts as umpire between truth and truth, and, taking into account the nature and importance of each, assigns to all their due order of precedence. It maintains no one department of thought exclusively, however ample and noble; and it sacrifices none. It is deferential and loyal, according to their respective weight, to the claims of literature, of physical research, of history, of metaphysics, of theological science. It is impartial towards them all, and promotes each in its own place and for its own object. It is ancillary certainly, and of necessity, to the Catholic Church; but in the same way that one of the Queen's judges is an officer of the Queen's, and nevertheless determines certain legal proceedings between the Queen and her subjects. . . .

'Its several professors are like the ministers of various political powers at one court or conference. They represent their respective sciences, and attend to the private interests of those sciences respectively; and, should dispute arise between those sciences, they are the persons to talk over and arrange it without risk of extravagant pretensions on any side, of angry collision, or of popular commotion. A liberal philosophy becomes the habit of minds thus exercised; a breadth and spaciousness of thought, in which lines, seemingly parallel, may converge at leisure, and principles, recognised as incommensurable, may be safely antagonistic.' [1]

But while a University thus prepared the way for a synthesis of all knowledge by defining and classifying the existing sciences and their outcome, an actual synthesis is in our present state impossible. 'The great Universe,' he writes, 'moral and material, sensible and supernatural, cannot be gauged and meted by even the greatest of human intellects, and its constituent parts admit indeed of comparison and adjustment but not of fusion.' Moreover, the sciences are progressive, and their present conclusions are in many cases irreconcilable.

[1] 'Lecture on Christianity and Scientific Investigation.' See *Idea of a University*, pp. 458–60.

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'I am making no outrageous request,' he adds, 'when, in the name of a University, I ask religious writers, jurists, economists, physiologists, chemists, geologists, and historians, to go on quietly and in a neighbourly way in their own respective lines of speculation, research, and experiment, with full faith in the consistency of that multiform truth which they share between them, in a generous confidence that they will be ultimately consistent, one and all, in their combined results, though there may be momentary collisions, awkward appearances, and many forebodings and prophecies of contrariety, and at all times things hard to the imagination, though not, I repeat, to the reason. . . .

'He who believes Revelation with the absolute faith which is the prerogative of a Catholic is not the nervous creature who starts at every sound and is fluttered by every strange and novel appearance which meets his eye. . . . He knows full well there is no science whatever but in the course of its extension runs the risk of infringing without any meaning of offence on its part the path of other sciences: and he knows also that if there be any one science which, from its sovereign and unassailable position, can calmly bear such unintentional collisions on the part of the children of earth, it is Theology. He is sure,—and nothing shall make him doubt,—that, if anything seems to be proved by astronomer, or geologist, or chronologist, or antiquarian, or ethnologist, in contradiction to the dogmas of faith, that point will eventually turn out, first, *not* to be proved, or secondly, not *contradictory*, or thirdly, not contradictory to anything *really revealed*, but to something which has been confused with revelation.' [1]

On the absolute necessity of free discussion he writes as follows:

'Now, while this free discussion is, to say the least, so safe for religion, or rather so expedient, it is on the other hand simply necessary for progress in Science; and I shall now go on to insist on this side of the subject. I say, then, that it is a matter of primary importance in the cultivation of those sciences, in which truth is discoverable by the human intellect, that the investigator should be free, independent, unshackled in his movements; that he should be allowed and enabled, without impediment, to fix his mind intently, nay, exclusively, on his special object, without the risk of being distracted every other minute in the

[1] *Idea of a University*, pp. 465–6.

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process and progress of his inquiry, by charges of temerariousness, or by warnings against extravagance or scandal.'[1]

No doubt this freedom has its dangers, especially in relation to religious faith as it exists in weaker and less intellectual minds. 'There must be great care taken to avoid scandal,' he writes, 'or shocking the popular mind, or unsettling the weak.'

Such care, however, being supposed, the scientific inquirer may, and must, claim provisional independence from the encroachments of the representatives of the current theological opinions.

'A scientific speculator or inquirer is not bound, in conducting his researches, to be every moment adjusting his course by the maxims of the schools or by popular traditions, or by those of any other science distinct from his own. . . . Great minds need elbow-room, not indeed in the domain of faith, but of thought. And so indeed do lesser minds, and all minds. There are many persons in the world who are called, and with a great deal of truth, geniuses. They had been gifted by nature with some particular faculty or capacity; and, while vehemently excited and imperiously ruled by it, they are blind to everything else. They are enthusiasts in their own line and are simply dead to the beauty of any line *except* their own. Accordingly they think their own line the only line in the whole world worth pursuing, and they feel a sort of contempt for such studies as move upon any other line. Now, these men may be, and often are, very good Catholics, and have not a dream of anything but affection and deference towards Catholicity; nay, perhaps are zealous in its interests. Yet if you insist that in their speculations, researches, or conclusions in their particular science, it is not enough that they should submit to the Church generally, and acknowledge its dogmas, but that they must get up all that divines have said or the multitude believed upon religious matters, you simply crush and stamp out the flame within them and they can do nothing at all.'[2]

The late Mr. Pollen told the present writer that the lecture on 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation,' though approved by such excellent theologians as Dr. O'Reilly and Dr. Russell

[1] 'Lecture on Christianity and Scientific Investigation.' See *Idea of a University*, p. 471.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 476.

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as entirely orthodox, was judged by them inexpedient in view of the prevailing temper on matters theological, and the views of Dr. Cullen: and the lecture, though subsequently published, was not delivered. Lacordaire once compared modern theology to a Swiss tour in which everyone follows a guide who follows the beaten track.[1] Originality of treatment had (he said) come to be out of fashion. Newman had, as we shall see later on, a feeling somewhat akin to Lacordaire's.

It was the lectures on Literature rather than those on Science which marked a distinct phase in Newman's own style. As the restraint which characterised the Oxford Sermons had given place to the far more ornate and rhetorical manner of the Sermons to Mixed Congregations, so now a somewhat similar change showed itself in the prose essays which he delivered as lectures. The presence of an Irish audience probably contributed to the change. There is in the lectures a suspicion of the copiousness of language which marks the Celt. There is far more of self-expression in them than in his earlier writings. The following passage from one of them represents, I think, the quality that characterises the whole:

'Since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind. That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seems artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his real self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, as if *κύδει γαίων*, rejoicing in his own vigour and richness of resource. I say, a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fulness of heart, parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with.'

[1] *Inner Life of Lacordaire*, by Chocarne (English translation), p. 72.

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Into the department of literature the question of theological censorship entered less than into that of science. But the main lessons Newman urged in its regard were similar. He was equally emphatic in both departments as to the necessity of breadth of outlook for a truly liberal education. To identify Catholic education with the 'hothouse' attitude would be to exclude the intellectual classes from the Church—those very classes for which, in Newman's view, Catholicism, adequately interpreted, was the one sufficient antidote to agnosticism. Moreover, such a course prevented the growth of strong men who would be strong apologists. It closed the mind instead of opening it. It realised his celebrated description of 'bigotry,' not that of faith. The plan, then, of forming an English Catholic literature as the exclusive intellectual food of Catholic minds was in Newman's eyes quite unsuitable for a University, and he disclaimed it in a series of lectures to the School of Arts from which I proceed to make some extracts. To begin with, he rebuts the supposition that a University has any special concern with distinctively religious literature at all:

'If by a Catholic literature were meant nothing more or less than a religious literature,' he said, 'its writers would be mainly ecclesiastics; just as writers on law are mainly lawyers, and writers on medicine are mainly physicians or surgeons. And if this be so, a Catholic Literature is no object special to a University, unless a University is to be considered identical with a Seminary or a Theological School. . . .

'And if, moreover, the religious literature becomes controversial or polemical, it ceases to have the character which will enlist the sympathy of a cultivated layman.'[1]

Against this false view of Catholic literature as special pleading on behalf of religion Newman enters his earnest protest. But in point of fact true literary culture is not (he holds) attainable for an Englishman by the study of any group of works belonging to one society—even though that society is the Catholic Church. Catholics cannot form an English literature, though they may contribute to it. English literature has been the issue of the national life as a whole.

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 296.

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'If a literature be, as I have said, the voice of a particular nation, it requires a territory and a period as large as that nation's extent and history to mature in. It is broader and deeper than the capacity of any body of men, however gifted, or any system of teaching, however true. It is the exponent, not of truth, but of nature, which is true only in its elements. It is the result of the mutual action of a hundred simultaneous influences and operations, and the issue of a hundred strange accidents in independent places and times; it is the scanty compensating produce of the wild discipline of the world and of life, so fruitful in failures, and it is the concentration of those rare manifestations of intellectual power which no one can account for. It is made up, in the particular language here under consideration, of human beings as heterogeneous as Burns and Bunyan, De Foe and Johnson, Goldsmith and Cowper, Law and Fielding, Scott and Byron. The remark has been made that the history of an author is the history of his works; it is far more exact to say that, at least in the case of great writers, the history of their works is the history of their fortunes or their times. Each is, in his turn, the man of his age, the type of a generation, or the interpreter of a crisis. He is made for his day, and his day for him. Hooker would not have been but for the existence of Catholics and Puritans—the defeat of the former and the rise of the latter; Clarendon would not have been without the Great Rebellion; Hobbes is the prophet of the reaction to scoffing infidelity; and Addison is the child of the Revolution and its attendant changes. If there be any of our classical authors who might at first sight have been pronounced a University man, with the exception of Johnson, Addison is he; yet even Addison, the son and brother of clergymen, the fellow of an Oxford Society, the resident of a College which still points to the walk which he planted, must be something more in order to take his place among the Classics of the language, and owed the variety of matter to his experience of life, and to the call made on his resources by the exigencies of his day. The world he lived in made him and used him. While his writings educated his own generation, they have delineated it for all posterity after him.'[1]

In one of those characteristic passages which live in the memory, Newman points out that a thoroughly 'bowdlerised' literature, still more a literature with a religious purpose,

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 311.

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cannot be a national literature which should represent the nation as it is—the human nature in it with its excesses as well as its virtues.

'Man's work will savour of man; in his elements and powers excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. Such too will be his literature; it will have the beauty and the fierceness, the sweetness and the rankness, of the natural man, and, with all its richness and greatness, will necessarily offend the senses of those who, in the Apostle's words, are really "exercised to discern between good and evil." "It is said of the holy Sturme," says an Oxford writer, "that, in passing a horde of unconverted Germans as they were bathing and gambolling in the stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable scent which arose from them that he nearly fainted away." National literature is, in a parallel way, the untutored movements of the reason, imagination, passions, and affections of the natural man, the leapings and the friskings, the plungings and the snortings, the sportings and the buffoonings, the clumsy play and the aimless toil, of the noble, lawless savage of God's intellectual creation' (p. 316).

The conclusion of his remarks is most characteristic, and reminds one of his object—of protesting against a wrong direction which he saw in the programme of the narrower school, which he desired to arrest, whether he could succeed or not in substituting something wholly satisfactory.

'And now having shown what it is that a Catholic University does not think of doing, what it need not do, and what it cannot do, I might go on to trace out in detail what it is that it really might and will encourage and create. But, as such an investigation would neither be difficult to pursue nor easy to terminate, I prefer to leave the subject at the preliminary point to which I have brought it.'

Yet, together with his protests against intellectual narrowness, whether in dealing with science or with literature,—against fear of the human reason or exclusion of the great classics,—we have indications of two lines of thought tending in the opposite direction, which he maintained with equal insistence. One was that, although reason rightly exercised would in the long run justify belief in Theism and Catholic Christianity in the face of all difficulties, still in man as he exists,

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with his passions and with the constant presence of the visible world to bring forgetfulness of the invisible, a force stronger than his unaided intellect is needed to keep alive and vivid those first principles on which religious belief depends. And that force is supplied by the living Catholic Church. / Secondly, while free discussion is essential in order to clear the issues, in the complicated structure of human knowledge, the intellect of man has actually and historically a constant tendency to exceed its lawful limits and arrive at unbelief, by reason of its failure in an impossible attempt. This tendency was his old enemy, religious liberalism, which he defined as 'the exercise of thought on subjects on which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to a successful issue.' Here again the antidote was the controlling action of the Catholic Church in arresting speculation when it ran to excesses beyond the power of man's mental digestion. He recognised a value in her repressive action, as he also recognised the necessity *in its place* of free discussion. Each principle needed assertion; neither could be allowed to be supreme.

With this side of the question he dealt in part in his farewell lecture given in 1858—the last words he spoke to the University as its Rector. And we have in this lecture the general lines of his reply to the earlier one quoted in this chapter, on 'a form of infidelity of the day.'

The lecture was delivered in the School of Medicine after his final resignation, and he introduced the subject by referring to the science to which his auditors were devoted.

'You will observe,' he said, 'that those higher sciences of which I have spoken,—Morals and Religion,—are not represented to the intelligence of the world by intimations and notices strong and obvious, such as those which are the foundation of Physical Science. The physical nature lies before us, patent to the sight, ready to the touch, appealing to the senses in so unequivocal a way that the science which is founded upon it is as real to us as the fact of our personal existence. But the phenomena, which are the basis of morals and religion, have nothing of this luminous evidence. Instead of being obtruded upon our notice so that we cannot possibly overlook them, they are the dictates either of Conscience or of Faith. They

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are faint shadows and tracings, certain indeed, but delicate, fragile, and almost evanescent, which the mind recognizes at one time, not at another,—discerns when it is calm, loses when it is in agitation. The reflection of sky and mountains in the lake is a proof that sky and mountains are around it, but the twilight, or the mist, or the sudden storm hurries away the beautiful image, which leaves behind it no memorial of what it was. Something like this are the Moral Law and the informations of Faith, as they present themselves to individual minds. Who can deny the existence of Conscience? who does not feel the force of its injunctions? but how dim is the illumination in which it is invested, and how feeble its influence, compared with that evidence of sight and touch which is the foundation of Physical Science! How easily can we be talked out of our clearest views of duty! how does this or that moral precept crumble into nothing when we rudely handle it! how does the fear of sin pass off from us as quickly as the glow of modesty dies away from the countenance! and then we say: "It is all superstition!" However, after a time we look round, and then to our surprise we see, as before, the same law of duty, the same moral precepts, the same protests against sin, appearing over against us in their old places as if they never had been brushed away, like the Divine handwriting upon the wall at the banquet. Then perhaps we approach them rudely and inspect them irreverently, and accost them sceptically, and away they go again, like so many spectres, shining in their cold beauty but not presenting themselves bodily to us for our inspection, so to say, of their hands and their feet. And thus these awful, supernatural, bright, majestic, delicate apparitions, much as we may in our hearts acknowledge their sovereignty, are no match as a foundation of Science for the hard, palpable, material facts which make up the province of Physics.'

What, then, is the force which will give to these 'apparitions' the permanence and stability they need if they are to be our stay in life, if we are to feel their reality as we feel the world of sense to be real; if we are to rest on them as the foundation of our hopes for the future? The Church which, by her liturgy and theology and by the constant preaching of her ministers, keeps those truths energetically before us and represents them as ever-living principles of action, is here our great support.

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'That great institution, then,—the Catholic Church,' he continues—'has been set up by Divine Mercy as a present, visible antagonist, and the only possible antagonist, to sight and sense. Conscience, reason, good feeling, the instincts of our moral nature, the traditions of Faith, the conclusions and deductions of philosophical Religion, are no match at all for the stubborn facts (for they *are* facts though there are other facts besides them), for the facts which are the foundation of physical science. Gentlemen, if you feel—as you must feel—the whisper of the law of moral truth within you, and the impulse to believe, be sure there is nothing whatever on earth which can be the sufficient champion of these sovereign authorities of your soul, which can vindicate and preserve them to you and make you loyal to them, but the Catholic Church. You fear they will go, you see with dismay that they are going, under the continual impression created on your mind by the details of the material science to which you have devoted your lives. It is so,—I do not deny it; except under rare and happy circumstances, go they will unless you have Catholicism to back you up in keeping faithful to them. The world is a rough antagonist of spiritual truth; sometimes with mailed hand, sometimes with pertinacious logic, sometimes with a storm of irresistible facts, it presses on against you. What it says is true perhaps as far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth or the most important truth. These more important truths which the natural heart admits in their substance, though it cannot maintain,—the being of a God, the certainty of future retribution, the claims of the moral law, the reality of sin, the hope of supernatural help,—of these the Church is in matter of fact the undaunted and the only defender. . . . She is ever the same,—ever young and vigorous, and ever overcoming new errors with the old weapons. . . . Catholicism is the strength of Religion, as Science and System are the strength of Knowledge.'

This was, as I have said, his last lecture in Dublin. And he parted from his hearers with a note of great simplicity and great humility. He could not but feel that his strenuous effort at intellectual enlargement was not in harmony with the views of those on whom the University most closely depended. He did not change his own opinion as to its necessity. He believed that, for thorough health and efficiency in the Catholic body, it was essential. He

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believed that the time had come when it was desirable to act on his view of the case. Yet as ever he 'spoke under correction.' It might be that at present speculation would get so far out of hand, if let loose, that the faith would be widely lost. It might be that greater caution than he himself saw to be desirable was really necessary. A great intellectual sacrifice might still be demanded of Catholics as the price of what was far higher—namely, their Faith. He did not think so; but he would now as ever bow to the Church and obey her if such was the opinion and decision of her rulers.

'Trust the Church of God implicitly,' he said, 'even when your natural judgment would take a different course from hers, and would induce you to question her prudence or her correctness. Recollect what a hard task she has; how she is sure to be criticized and spoken against whatever she does; recollect how much she needs your loyal and tender devotion. Recollect, too, how long is the experience gained in eighteen hundred years, and what a right she has to claim your assent to principles which have had so extended and so triumphant a trial. Thank her that she has kept the Faith safe for so many generations, and do your part in helping her to transmit it to generations after you.'

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CHAPTER XIV

NEW UNDERTAKINGS (1857–1859)

I HAVE already said that the renewal of Newman's term of office as Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland at the end of 1857 proved little more than nominal. Fresh engagements soon absorbed his time and his thoughts during this period—the proposed new translation of Scripture, the conduct of the *Rambler* magazine, the foundation of the Oratory School. He did not set foot in Ireland until near the end of 1858, and then it was only to wind up his affairs as Rector preliminary to final resignation. Of the circumstances which ultimately led him to insist on resigning in place of still giving his name as Rector, a full account shall be given later on. For the moment we must speak of the special works which occupied him in 1858.

Newman was in constant correspondence with Mr. Frederick Capes, the Editor of the *Rambler*, to whom reference has already been made, and it was becoming evident to him that the keener and more active thinkers among English Catholics needed a guiding hand. They were reacting fiercely against the exuberant, and at times extravagant, statements on matters of doctrine or devotion which the writings of Louis Veuillot and Abbé Gaume presented in France, and those of Father Faber (to some extent) in England. There was a real danger lest they should abandon the Christian faith. In England they were greatly influenced by the writings of J. S. Mill and other upholders of the negative attitude on religion; and they pointed out that the current scholastic textbooks were insufficient to provide any effective antidote to the new theories of life set forth by these pioneers of modern agnosticism. Such subjects were dealt with by Mr. Capes and others in the *Rambler*, and there was a good deal of reckless writing

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in the articles. Difficulties against Catholic belief were very frankly recognised in them; so was the inadequacy of this or that professed reply to them. But the learning, patience, and philosophy wanted for a satisfying treatment of such questions were not found in these brilliant sallies. The Bishops were busy men, and they were in most instances little qualified to deal with difficult intellectual problems except by way of censure of palpable excesses. Newman saw here a necessary task which called for his own special knowledge, gifts, and influence. W. G. Ward had long urged him to complete his notes on the subject dealt with in the Oxford University Sermons—the relations between Faith and Reason—and Mr. Capes' articles brought before him anew the importance of this enterprise. For some such work was urgently required to counteract the unsettling effect of such free speculative treatment as characterised the articles in question.

Newman contemplated, then, as his special contribution to the needs of the hour some analysis of the relations between Faith and Reason. He had something to say also on Biblical inspiration and other burning questions raised by historical research, in their relation to new points of view. This was the generation which saw Strauss' destructive criticism on the New Testament, Colenso's work on the Pentateuch, and 'Essays and Reviews.' To other able minds in the Catholic University the same problems were naturally present as to himself; and Newman planned some methodical work on lines which would help—though indirectly—towards their solution, in a Scientific Review which he proposed to establish in conjunction with Professor W. K. Sullivan of Cork. This Review—of which I have spoken in an earlier chapter—was to keep its readers *au courant* of the trend and results of modern research and science, and obtain full consideration for them. It was at first to be called the *University Register*, but was finally designated the *Atlantis*.

While the *Atlantis* was actually in preparation—in August 1857—there came a letter from Cardinal Wiseman making definite a proposal of which Newman had heard a rumour two years earlier from Bishop Ullathorne—that he should undertake to edit the new English version of the Scriptures which the second Synod of Oscott in 1855

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had recommended. Newman now, as on so many former occasions, saw in the invitation a sign of God's Will. He reluctantly abandoned for the moment the projected work on 'Faith and Reason,' and accepted the invitation. The *Atlantis* was, however, persevered in.

The Cardinal's invitation first came on August 26, and was finally accepted on September 14.

'A greater honour, I feel,' Newman wrote, 'could not possibly have been done me than that which Your Eminence in that communication has conferred in selecting me for preparing an annotated English version of the Bible, and I beg Your Eminence, and, through you, the Episcopal body, to receive the heartfelt and most humble acknowledgement which so high and singular a mark of approbation and confidence demands at my hands.

'If I accept the work put upon me without hesitation or reluctance, it is not as if I did not feel its arduousness to be as great as its honour, but because nothing seems left to me but to obey the expression of a wish which comes to me from Your Eminence with the concurrence of a Provincial Council.'

Newman at once embarked on a large correspondence with a view to finding the most competent translators. It is interesting to note that almost without exception those scholars to whom he wrote for advice were the typical hereditary Catholics whom he had come more and more to respect and trust; Manning and Ward, indeed, are the only names of converts in his list. Mr. Tierney, Dr. Newsham, Dr. Husenbeth, Canon Waterworth, Dr. Maguire, Dr. Rock, Dr. Tate, Dr. Weathers, Canon Walker, Mr. Platt, and Dr. Williams were asked to suggest names and to help in revision of the work when it was done; Dr. Oliver, Canon Flanagan, and two others were asked to suggest names, though not to revise.

To W. G. Ward he at once entrusted the translation of the Psalms, at the same time telling him of the work he had projected on the intellectual basis of religious belief, and of his regret at having to set it aside. Ward, at that time in close contact with the difficulties of young and keen minds as Professor of Dogmatics at St. Edmund's College, replied in a letter of considerable interest, showing his own great

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dissatisfaction at the somewhat perfunctory treatment in the Ecclesiastical Seminaries of the proofs of religion, and especially noting the dangerous effect of enforcing on young men as convincing—on the ground that they were approved as orthodox—arguments which, with the best intentions, they could not feel really to be convincing. He felt deeply the need for such a Philosophy of Faith as Newman alone could, in his opinion, give to the world.

W. G. WARD TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Old Hall, Ware: Michaelmas Day, 1857.

'My dear Father Newman,—Oddly enough I was projecting a letter to you when yours arrived, to congratulate you most warmly on this new work assigned to you. I had fancied there were many things which would make it greatly to your taste; as e.g. the quasi-literary character of the occupation, united to the fact that knowledge of theology is so important for it. And again, it seemed to give you a most important thing to do while not in any way plunging you into controversy. Certainly it will be most pleasing to your friends in making your *name* immortal; for every Catholic reading his vernacular Bible will have your name on his lips. Your memory will be *embedded* as it were in the English Bible. I am extremely sorry, therefore, to find from you it is so little to your taste; and certainly now I know what we should have got from you I do feel the thing extremely vexatious. For who is to do the important work you name [on Faith and Reason] except yourself, I can't imagine.

'I don't know whether it is any comfort to you to reflect that, as things are, you will give your name an enormous lift in Catholic Europe; whereas you would have been lucky (I incline to think) if your other work had not brought you into the Index. I don't at the moment see how you could have written it without expressing the dissatisfaction you feel with the arguments commonly brought; and they seem very touchy about that matter in Rome. Perrone speaks of someone "qui male audit inter theologos" because he doubts the cogency of the ordinary arguments; and there is mentioned in Hermes's condemnation his mode of speaking "circa argumenta quibus existentia Dei adstrui consuevit." And I suppose a line of philosophical thought which is substantially true and most important may find its way into the Index for a time. The Cardinal says that the being put on the Index is not a fact

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The Oratory, Birmingham

April 17. 1857

My dear Ward,

I have just received Mrs Ward's letter, and write to you at once. Thank you for your kind inquiry after my health, which, thank God, is excellent but at my time of life and after so long a spell of hard work I never should have cause to be surprised, if I had some sudden visitation; - paralysis.

You have no need to inquire about your subscription to the Univer.

Facsimile of a Letter from Dr. Newman to Mr. William George Ward.

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-ity. I don't know to whom you can have made the promise to subscribe. If to me, I release you from it at once. But, even if I set about it, I could not tell you what it was, or how long unpaid. I have nothing to do with the accounts myself; and, though some few sums have been paid me, I have at once passed them on into the Bank. Nor do I know who can tell you — for I cannot make out that any accounts are kept at all. There is no secretary,

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no board of finance - a share in vain

stretched about its necessity.

How singular it is, that you should

disapprove of my work at Dublin, and that

I should think you in a false position

at St Edmunds, - and that, while you

are thinking of moving from St Edmunds'

to the isle of Wight, I should be returning

from Dublin to Birmingham! My letters

of resignation have gone to the Bishop, and

have been accepted, as far as my answers without

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go; and I doubt not, as far as residence goes, my connection with the University is drawing to a close, (though I don't wish this known) -- However, you, I suppose, do not change in your views about St Edmund's. nor can I in mine about the University.

Mrs Ward does not say any thing about your health - a I take no news to be good news.

God bless you, my dear Ward,
and believe me to be,
Ever yours affly in Xt

John H. Newman
of the Oratory

Wm Ward Esqr

which in any way calls for interior assent as to the falsehood of what is condemned, but only external submission and silence.

'I most fully feel with you that nothing is more clamorously required than an argument for Theism. You would be really surprised how much harm, even among ecclesiastical students, is done by the existing books. They grow up, half unconsciously, with the conviction that there is something argumentatively rotten at the foundation; and that the only safe way of keeping the faith is the resolute blinding of the reason. Dr. Errington amused me very much two years ago. For first he said it was shocking to say that every detail of Theism was not adequately proved by the existing arguments; and then when I raised particular difficulties, he replied at once: "Do you venture not to see force in an argument which satisfied the great mind of St. Thomas, &c. &c.," thus shifting in fact the whole thing *from* reason to grounds of faith. As if I *could* believe, even on the authority of the Church, that such or such an argument convinces *me*. Certainly a greater calamity could not befall one sceptically tempted than to come across the Catholic treatises "in quibus *invictissime probatur*" everything held by Catholics: and all others are held up to hatred and derision as an incredible compound of knavery and folly. There is no one speculative opinion which for years I have had more constantly in my mind than this, viz. that Theism is the one difficulty. Once get over this and the mere additional difficulties presented by Catholicism are mere child's play. And on the other hand it seems to me that Catholicism indefinitely facilitates the argument for Theism in various ways: e.g. in exhibiting persons (the Saints) who really *act* as a reasonable Theist would: and in taking away the tremendous impression on the imagination not (I really think) reason, caused by the world's *practical* atheism. And again the power and goodness of God as shown in the strength which He supplies for sanctity, &c. &c.

'You know immensely more than I do as to what passes in the world: but I am not in the least surprised at what you say (though I was not aware of it) as to the spread of Pantheism. Universalism is getting very common indeed, they say, thanks I suppose to Maurice; and I suppose that will soon lead thinking minds into disbelief of Christianity; and then Theism would have a very poor chance.

'As to your question, I never attempted anything more dignified than endeavouring to earn a penny from Burns in the days of my poverty by translating the Vesper and Compline Psalms (perhaps there were some others) into English

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somewhat resembling in character our old prayer-book version. . . . How unpretentious was the effort is plain from the fact that I have not the very slightest knowledge of Hebrew. I did not find it very difficult to preserve complete identity of sense with the Vulgate and yet giving it a *run* of the kind I mention. But the whole thing was very reasonably objected to, and Burns gave it up.

'I suppose you will have to employ a number of people. You know what my powers are,—considerable perhaps in one direction, *extremely small* in all others: and those others far the more requisite in your undertaking. But when I leave this (i.e. next July) if you think I can be of any possible service in any way, I shall be very glad indeed. About half of my time will be occupied in putting together my lectures and preparing them for press—but I should *require* a different sort of occupation to alternate. . . .

'I suppose it is difficult to exaggerate the intrinsic importance of the work if it is wished that Catholicism shall take a literary place in England. . . .

'I was *delighted* to hear from Manning that you have a new volume of sermons nearly out. Putting aside all public grounds, on private it has been a great privation to me the conversion of your energies into a secular channel. I find myself unable to knock up any interest in the "office and work of Universities" and long to hear from you some more things which will help me to save my soul after your old fashion.

'. . . I am, of course, most differently circumstanced, both as a correspondent and a student, now work has begun here again, and I have to work constantly, as if on a treadmill, to keep duly ahead. You would be extremely amused, considering my Oxford reputation, if you saw my studious habits. But I am thankful to say that my riding has made so completely a different man of me bodily, that I can hardly even imagine my former self.

'And this reminds me,—I wish you would turn over in your mind whether you could pay us a visit in the Isle of Wight in due time. I could arrange just as you pleased about *no one else* being there at the same time, &c. There are so many things I should like to ask which letters won't do, and my absurd riding, with the much more absurd necessity of a riding-school, makes it impossible for me to be away except when I happen to be *ill* and don't need riding. I could not go to the Isle of Wight in the summer till I had erected my edifice,—then my horses crossed the water, and I was my own man. . . .

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'The letter on Fr. Faber I have been told is by Fr. Pagani. It is certainly able; but I cannot think it gives at all a fair representation. Take one particular case. He says those who are under Fr. Faber get dissatisfied with ordinary books and wish to be always in ecstasies. Now I never knew one of his people of whom that seemed true. Look at the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. I should say that if one thing more than another is remarkable in them, it is the way they bring religion to bear on the dullest and driest details of life. I quite admit great want of the philosophic spirit in his books—his tone *here* is not consistent with his tone *there*. So, in the very point in which I am at issue with him, I don't think his statements even in the same book are at all harmonious. But Father Pagani's line is totally different. *Sed de his satis.* Mrs. Ward sends her affectionate respects.

'I am ever,
Yours affectionately,
W. G. WARD.'

Newman soon hit on a plan for combining the contribution to philosophy and apologetic which Ward so greatly desired and his new version of the Bible. He designed the bold scheme of himself writing an elaborate introduction—*Prolegomena* was to be its title—to be prefixed to his translation of the Scriptures. This introduction was to be a work of apologetic especially designed to counteract the influence of the agnostic propaganda which was being carried on in the name of modern science. It is believed that he destroyed the unfinished MS. in 1877. The following was left among his papers, and appears to be the first rough note for it:

'In festo S. Gregorii
1857
Opus magnum.

'In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.

'In all defences of the Catholic Church, we must remember the history of Oza. 2 Reg. VI. and beware of irreverence, presumption, impatience.

'Even true things may be untruly said.

'Or they may be unseasonably said. There is a time for all things.

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'1. Consider first, for it comes first, that all our considerations are commenced in a state of profound and dense ignorance poured all around us.

'2. There are three worlds—that of the firmament, of the inferior animals, and of human society. Physical cause or Final cause unknown. Draw out in detail and by reference to the works of those who have treated of the heavens—of the plurality of worlds, of the instincts of animals &c.,—how utterly ignorant we are of more than certain phenomena of two of these worlds. *Why* created if created? If not created, how they came to be? And of the third practically also, if the great variety of opinions is any proof.

'There is then an infinity of things unknown and to be revealed to us.

'3. And unknown classes of things as well as things—unknown laws &c. On the narrowness of saying that all things must be on the analogy of things seen.

'Thus there are an infinite number of *strange* things, and everything unknown must be strange: "omne ignotum" &c. *And when revealed, they would all of them necessarily startle us.*

'4. In what sense things unknown are improbable—on antecedent improbability. Butler on chances of things being as they are. On the differences between imagination and reason.

'So far then we have got to this:—that strangeness is the characteristic of revelation if made.

'Next on the great strait we are in, from the improbability of there being nothing more to be known—or of our state [on earth] being one of scepticism. It is as difficult to acquiesce in that we are made for nothing, or that there is no end of our being, as to believe the dogmas of a revelation.

'This again is a reason for not being put out at difficulties in revelation when it is made—for while (as I have shown) revelation must be strange, scepticism is as strange or stranger.

'Then there is a God: i.e. utter scepticism is false.

'Next, if there be a God, the state of ignorance we are in implies that we are disinherited. *Bring this out in detail.* A son who does not know his father, is disowned by his father—there is a mystery.

'On final causes &c. &c. whether sound.

'1. One positive argument for the being of a God from conscience drawn out at length—the imperious voice.

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'Deductions. The proof and knowledge is personal—and though we may understand he is *our* Guide and Judge, we cannot so well, or except indirectly, tell His dealings towards others. This answers many difficulties about moral evil—because, while we *know* He is good to us, we cannot in the case of others know how they feel.

'2. We were so disinherited—for'

Here the notes break off and the author adds:

'(This is but the beginning of a large work which is to go on to defend the Church and its position in the world in the 19th century as confronted with, and as against the penetrating knowledge, learning and ability of the scientific men and philosophers of the day.)'

Father Neville told the present writer that Newman spoke to him of combining in these *Prolegomena* the argument for religion derivable from its history in the Chosen People with the argument urged from the point of view of the individual in the 'Grammar of Assent.' He had already in a famous work traced the argument from history in Christian times. Now he was to trace it in the story of Israel. And just as the 'Essay on Development' and the 'University Sermons' were, in his opinion, mutually complementary, so this work—the sequel and amplification of both—was to fuse in one the two arguments; to express, what he had always maintained in opposition to disbelievers in revelation and even in natural religion, that the correspondence of religious belief to reality was evidenced in its life and growth in the race as well as in the individual. Physiologists tell us that the development in history of the species is epitomised in the growth of the human fœtus: a view which presents a certain analogy to Newman's treatment, from the point of view of life and development, of religious belief in the race and in the individual alike. The first rough sketch of this work was written with great labour and involved much reading.

It was more than a year after he had accepted the task of translating the Scriptures before he heard further from the Bishops on the subject. During this time progress had been made and a sum of money spent, of which Newman speaks as 'considerable to me though not great in itself.' He then

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received two communications. Cardinal Wiseman forwarded to him without comment, through Dr. Ullathorne, a letter from the American Bishops deprecating Newman's work on the ground that Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore was also engaged on a new English version of the Scriptures, and had already published part of it. He enclosed too the resolutions of a recent Synod of Baltimore in which it was decided that the English Bishops should be approached by the American with a view to securing one English version under the combined superintendence of Dr. Newman and Archbishop Kenrick, in place of two independent ones. Almost at the same time came a letter from the English Bishops informing Newman that expenses incurred in the work of translation might be met by the copyright being his own property—which, of course, meant that in the event of his translation not appearing they would not be met at all. Newman had himself proposed this plan when the scheme appeared hopeful, but Cardinal Wiseman had declined it. Now, after money was actually spent and when the appearance of the translation seemed doubtful, it was granted. Newman was indignant. He felt that it was for Cardinal Wiseman, at whose request he had undertaken the work, both to reply to the Americans and to meet necessary expenses. Naturally enough, with his fastidious taste in English style, co-operation with American writers, however able, would be difficult. Moreover, he had submitted his final list of translators to Cardinal Wiseman, and they were actually at work. He had not as yet been formally addressed on the new crisis, and therefore he made no formal reply. A month later, however, a letter containing similar information and proposals was addressed to himself by the Bishop of Charlestown. Newman in replying simply stated the history of his own appointment as official reviser, and said that he would abide by the decision of the English Bishops. Another American Bishop—the Bishop of Newry—wrote to Cardinal Wiseman urging that Newman should proceed with his task independently. But the Bishop also apparently received no reply. Once again the silence, the apparent apathy, and neglect of those at whose behest he was working, chilled Newman most pain-

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fully. He heard no more—no word of explanation. He bade the translators pause in their work awaiting further instructions. He desisted from revising the *Prolegomena*. Two years later he heard from Archbishop Kenrick that, obtaining no response whatever from the English Bishops after a long delay, he was going on with his work with no further thought of combination between the American and the English versions. Newman replied in the following letter:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 8th, 1860.

'My dear Archbishop,—I have received from Mr. Shea a copy of the letter which your Grace was so good as to address to me through him on the subject of your translation of Scripture.

'I beg to congratulate you on the progress you are making towards the completion of your work, which will be not one of the least of the benefits which the good Providence of God will have given Catholics through your Grace. I earnestly trust and pray you may have health and opportunity to bring it to a termination.

'I did not know, what I find from your letter, that your Grace has been in some suspense as to the intention of the English Prelates with respect to it; for myself, as you seem to wish me to speak on the subject, I can only say that I have been in the same suspense myself and know nothing beyond the facts of the Bishop of Charlestown's letter. The Cardinal's many anxieties and engagements, and his late and present illness, doubtless are the cause of a silence which I am sorry you should have felt to be an inconvenience.

'Begging your blessing, I am, my dear Lord Archbishop,
With great respect,
Your faithful servant in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Of the Oratory.'

But Newman proceeded no further with his work, and the Bishops never urged him to proceed. He supposed they had forgotten all about it. Another great plan had been projected, and great hopes raised. Another year had been wasted. And yet another time the ecclesiastical rulers, after words of most flattering recognition, had seemed absolutely indifferent to the reality of his work.[1] Newman never resumed the task.

[1] It was said that the booksellers interested in the sale of the old Douai version had a share in making Wiseman lukewarm in the new scheme, but of this I have found no documentary evidence.

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Of the final suspension of his work he wrote thus to Miss Holmes four years later:

'I found the Cardinal was washing his hands of the whole affair and throwing the responsibility upon me. First he threw all the money transactions on me—I was to make all engagements with the publishers, and the Bishops were to have nothing to do with it. To this I had assented, but next he gave me to manage the American difficulty—not that he said so—but he sent me the American Bishops' letters, wished me to answer them, and did not answer them himself. If I am right, he did not send me a single line with the American letters, but simply the letters. I foresaw clearly that I should have endless trouble with publishers, American hierarchy, Propaganda, &c. &c. if I took this upon me. So I waited till I heard something more about it, but I have never heard till this day anything.

'That there is some mystery about it, I know, though what it is I have not a dream. Fr. Faber, on his deathbed, told me that he knew how badly I had been treated in the matter—I did not ask him his meaning. A writer in the *Union Review* says that the project was "defeated by the remonstrances of a single bookseller, whose stock in trade proved to be a more valuable consideration than our intelligence." I never heard this before.

'This alone I felt—that the course of things if I went on would be this. (1) a literary trouble and anxiety which would last my life; (2) a vast deal of harassing correspondence on money matters, and pecuniary responsibility; (3) after all my translation to be so frittered away by Propaganda, Committee of Revision, ordinary revision, &c., that it would be made as great a hash of, as the Irish University has been hashed.

'So, though I lost good part of £100, I thought it well not to throw good money after bad.'

In point of fact Cardinal Wiseman had been both ill and preoccupied with an exceptional crisis in his administration. As Newman had not written to him, he probably supposed that the work of translation was still going on. However, the general lack of interest in the matter on the part of the Episcopate seemed to Newman unmistakable, and its effect on him was extremely painful. He had not the independent position of Archbishop Kenrick, and was naturally indisposed, in the face of the American protest and without

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encouragement from the Episcopate, to push forward as his own a project which in the first instance he had been so urgently requested to undertake as a boon to Catholics and their rulers.

During the months in which Newman was engaged in his *Prolegomena* to the Scripture translation he had also superintended the launching of the *Atlantis*. The *Atlantis* was planned—as I have already intimated—as a solid uncontroversial periodical dealing with science and literature. Its existence was to be an advertisement of the University, and its object was to keep its readers abreast of the general trend of science and research, and thus help in forming that educated habit of mind on which Newman had throughout insisted as desirable and possible for a Catholic. Solid learning was to diminish the prevalence of views on subjects of the day really inconsistent with the scientific habit of mind. And the state of opinion in the learned world was to be made current coin.

At the same time, research rather than speculation was to mark its pages, and it was never to be aggressive in its attitude towards any theological writers. Facts were to speak for themselves. Theology itself, indeed, was not to be treated in its pages, but the history of theology was admitted, and Newman projected a paper on the origin of Eutychianism. The Review was to give literary and scientific education to those who read it—including the theologians. Such were (Newman held) the conditions of solid progress. Their absence meant extremes on one side or the other—either a rashness in speculation which was destructive of safe theology, or a blind conservatism inconsistent with that candour of intellect which the new sciences needed for their appreciation, and for their assimilation to the scheme of knowledge as a whole.

An article written for the *Atlantis* by Mr. Scott, challenging the received view as to Our Lord's age, brought forward afresh the old difficulty of theological objections being raised against the hypotheses of Biblical critics. Even so able and broad-minded a theologian as Father O'Reilly objected to the article, but Newman was extremely anxious not to abandon its publication. Yet he was anxious, too, as to

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his own reputation in Rome, which mischief-makers might damage by misrepresentation. He knew well that novelty of treatment is easily misrepresented as heterodoxy. Innovation appears wanton to those to whom the causes which make it necessary are not brought home.

The presence of Monsignor Talbot and Cardinal Wiseman in Ireland in the summer of 1858 reminded Newman that it was important that persons of influence in Rome should carry away a favourable impression of the University. The Cardinal was paying a visit to the country, which Irish enthusiasm made a triumphal tour. In the course of it he was fêted in every district which he visited. Newman refers to the subject in his correspondence with Professor Sullivan, the editor of the *Atlantis*, who was taking part in the celebration in honour of the Cardinal:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Aug. 23rd, 1858.

'I wish I had thought of sending to some one a hint about Mgr. Talbot—the Pope's Cameriere—who was in Dublin yesterday. It would be very important that he should take back good impressions of the University. He used to be a friend of mine though never very near me, but he has lately taken a somewhat strange position, so I do not think I could personally do much good with him. If anyone courted him and the Cardinal on their return to Dublin, and shewed them deference and attention, it would be a good thing for us. Else, we might suffer somewhat. Who is the best man to do this? They should be taken to the Medical School, Church, &c., &c. The Secretary is officially the proper person, but I fear he is away.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Aug. 31st, 1858.

'Do you in Ireland know more than I know here of the meaning of the great demonstration at Ballinasloe? The Cardinal used to be a great friend of the University—I can't tell if he is now; but if the Professors have an opportunity a very little will kindle the latent fire, and he might be got to conciliate the Archbishop of Tuam. I am glad to hear that the Secretary is back, and that the Professors mean to do what they can.'

In the event, Newman did not leave the task of pleasing Cardinal Wiseman to others, but wrote down the expression of his own hearty admiration of the energy, tact, and

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versatility shown by the Cardinal during his tour in Ireland, in an article which appeared in the *Rambler*, entitled 'Northmen and Normans in England and Ireland.' His appreciation ran as follows:

'The facts of the case were these: the Cardinal, complying with the invitation of an Irish Prelate who requested his presence at the opening of a new Church, went at the appointed time without expectation of any call upon him for more than such ordinary exertion of mind and body as the ostensible purpose involved; but to his great astonishment he found that his coming had struck a chord in the heart of a Catholic people, whose feelings are the more keen and delicate because they are seldom brought into play. A Cardinal of Holy Church was to them the representative of the Vicar of Christ, and nothing else; his coming was all but the advent of the Holy Father, and he suddenly found that he must meet, out of the resources of his individual mind, the enthusiastic feelings and the acts of homage of the millions who were welcoming him. It was an expression of trust and loyalty manifested towards him, similar in its critical character, though most dissimilar in its origin, to the panic fear which, from time to time spreading through the multitude, causes them to make a sudden run on some great banking establishment which is reported to be in difficulties; and, however gratifying, both officially and personally to the high dignitary who called it forth, it would have been to most men the occasion of no ordinary embarrassment.

'We venture to affirm that there is no other public man in England who could have answered to the demand thus made upon his stores of mind with the spirit and the intellectual power which the Cardinal displayed on the occasion. He was carried about, at the will of others, from one part of the island to another; he found himself surrounded in turn by high and low, educated and illiterate; by boys at school; or by the youth of towns; by religious communities; or by official and dignified persons. He was called to address each class or description of men in matter and manner suitable to its own standard of taste and thought; he had to appear in pulpits, in lecture-rooms, at dinner tables, on railroad stations, and always to say something new, apposite, and effective. How he met these unexpected and multifarious calls on him, this volume, we repeat, is the record; and though nothing remained of Card. Wiseman for the admiration of posterity of all that he has

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spoken and written but what is therein contained, there is enough to justify the estimation in which his contemporaries have held the talents and the attainments of the first Archbishop of Westminster.'

In November we find Newman hard at work at his own article for the *Atlantis* on 'The Benedictine Centuries,' and endeavouring to safeguard Mr. Scott's article by a note of his own. This latter attempt, however, was unsuccessful, as Father O'Reilly, whom Newman consulted as theological censor, did not favour the publication of the article even with the appended note. Newman writes as follows to Mr. Sullivan :

'The Oratory, Birmingham : Nov. 30/58.

'It is quite clear we must not have Mr. Scott's Article or my Note in the forthcoming No.

'If Fr. O'Reilly scruples, who will not? He considers the publication of it will hurt the University.

'Also—for myself—I have found lately that some good friends of mine are taking great liberties (at least in their thoughts) with me, and are looking at everything I do in the way of theology, and I feel certain I shall be whispered about at Rome if it appears. At my time of life, with so many things to do and so many interests to protect, I have no wish for a new controversy and quarrel in addition to the many in which I am engaged.

'It is most provoking, after all the time which has been spent upon it,—but at least it cannot appear, as I think you will agree with me, in the forthcoming number.

'P.S. Since writing the above I think you must give me twenty-four hours to see if I cannot devise some expedient for bringing in Mr. Scott's article after all.'

I have referred to Mr. Scott's article only because the incident brought afresh before Newman's mind the difficulties raised by theological conservatism, with which he dealt at this time in an important Essay. On the advantages of the conservative habit in theology, in moderation, and on the deep philosophy which conservatism represented, he had for thirty years insisted. Now he was face to face with its difficulties in view of new problems. And he was greatly tried by the want of elasticity of mind in certain influential quarters. But, as ever, he found in history his warrant for patience and his hope for a more satisfactory state of things. In the centuries

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which are popularly known as the 'Dark Ages'—the epoch between the patristic and the scholastic—a similar jealous conservatism had prevailed. Active theological thought was in abeyance. The tendency in many quarters to deprecate free discussion and to identify extreme conservatism with orthodoxy, caused a vigorous resistance to the novel intellectual movement known as 'Scholasticism,' which, however, was so necessary for the times and ultimately prevailed. With this theme—already touched on in his lectures—he now dealt in his most important contribution to the *Atlantis*, the article entitled 'The Benedictine Centuries,' which appeared in January 1859.[1] He contrasts in it the conservative habit of the Benedictine Schools of the eighth and ninth centuries with the 'creative' thought of the thirteenth—an age of intellectual activity. The conservative spirit was, of course, in due measure absolutely essential to Catholicism. Tenacity of tradition was the primary instrument of the preservation of revealed dogma. But, moreover, even when extended beyond this sphere in which it was essential, Newman had ever revered and sympathised with it, and his sympathy is shown in this article. The beauty of the conservative spirit at its best, its connection with loving reverence for the Divine Word, and for the teachings of the Fathers—with the fear to deviate, even by a phrase, from the sacred words received from those who had gone before, he depicts with fullest sympathy. If men could live in a world of peace and prayer he desired nothing more. But the moral which he pointed unmistakably for the age in which he was living was that such a habit is not, by itself, sufficient for preserving the Faith in the nineteenth century. Even though it may suffice at a time at which the intellect is comparatively at rest—or at any time for individuals or groups of men—it cannot suffice for Catholics at large under the pressure of the novel aspects of controversy and of the dangerous attacks incident to a great intellectual movement. Conservatism in essentials must at such a time be supplemented by new replies to problems and difficulties which are themselves new. Creative thought,

[1] This essay was republished in *Historical Sketches*, vol. ii., with a changed title, 'The Benedictine Schools.'

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the very best which the Catholic community can produce, is needed to meet the active speculations of the foes of Christianity or of the heretics who pervert it. Of such a kind was the thought of the great apologists and Fathers from the very first centuries of our era. Their conservatism was supplemented by the intellectual originality employed in its justification. He notes this fact in both the two classical periods of theological activity in the past. He leaves his readers to draw the moral for those present circumstances of which he had so often spoken as presenting a more difficult crisis for Christian thought than any of its predecessors. The two great periods of creative thought in theology—above alluded to—were the patristic and the scholastic. Philosophers and men of learning had perforce to place Christianity in its relation to the thought of the day. To the endeavour to do so was due at once the rise of heresy and the growth of patristic theology. Perhaps Newman recalled the words of Origen. 'When,' says that great writer, 'men, not slaves and mechanics only, but men of the educated classes in Greece, saw something venerable in Christianity, sects necessarily arose not simply from love of strife and contradiction, but because many learned men strove to penetrate more deeply into the truths of Christianity.' A false analysis could only be corrected by a true one. Hence the need for new work to be done by the modern theologians.

The patristic era, he points out, was succeeded by a period of theological conservatism. The Benedictine Schools from the eighth century onwards preserved the theological treasures of antiquity, and made no creative addition. In a beautiful passage he analyses the genius of the Benedictine monk, which was that of peace and prayer and seclusion from an evil world—adapted to faithful conservatism, not to bold speculation.

'The monk proposed to himself no great or systematic work, beyond that of saving his soul. What he did more than this was the accident of the hour, spontaneous acts of piety, the sparks of mercy or beneficence, struck off in the heat, as it were, of his solemn religious toil, and done and over almost as soon as they began to be. If to-day he cut down a tree, or relieved the famishing, or visited the sick, or

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taught the ignorant, or transcribed a page of Scripture, this was a good in itself, though nothing was added to it to-morrow. He cared little for knowledge, even theological, or for success, even though it was religious. It is the character of such a man to be contented, resigned, patient, and incurious; to create or originate nothing; to live by tradition. He does not analyze, he marvels; his intellect attempts no comprehension of this multiform world, but on the contrary, it is hemmed in, and shut up within it. It recognizes but one cause in nature and in human affairs, and that is the First and Supreme; and why things happen day by day in this way, and not in that, it refers immediately to His will. It loves the country, because it is His work; but "man made the town," and he and his works are evil.'—'Historical Sketches,' ii. 452–3.

The monk was in his theological studies 'faithful, conscientious, affectionate, obedient, like the good steward who keeps an eye on all his master's goods and preserves them from waste and decay.' But when the speculative intellect was again aroused, when the days of Abelard had come, 'theology required to be something more than the rehearsal of what her champions had achieved and her sages had established in ages passed away. . . . Hard-headed objectors were not to be subdued by the reverence for antiquity.' The time had passed for the work of those whose vocation was found 'not in confronting doubts but in suppressing them.' And a century later, when Arabian pantheism, Aristotelianism accurate and perverted, and Jewish speculation had invaded the Christian Schools, the title of 'Summa contra Gentiles' was only a reminder of the forces which made it imperative for St. Thomas Aquinas to formulate his new system of synthetic philosophy and theology. To his contemporaries the novelty of his work was its characteristic. His first early biographer—William de Tocco—speaks of his 'new and clear method of deciding questions'; of his 'new opinions,' 'new projects,' 'new ideas.' So, too, the age of modern science needed its own creative minds in theology—perhaps even more than the patristic or the scholastic. It was an age when Bacon's ideal of enlarging the knowledge of physical facts by careful induction had added greatly to the general knowledge of facts in

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the domain of history also. And such facts had their bearing on the *à priori* deductions of theologians. In one of his letters he says 'we need a "Novum Organum" in theology.' The living Church alone could inspire such a theology, and secure—as in those earlier instances—its continuity and essential identity with earlier Christian thought. In preparing the ground for such a work the ideal Catholic University had a great, a wonderful, work to do.

'Patristic and scholastic theology,' he wrote, 'each involved a creative act of the intellect. . . . There is no greater mistake surely than to suppose that revealed truth precludes originality in the treatment of it.' This originality often consists, as in the case of secular science, not in new discovery, but in recognising 'novelty of aspect' in what is already known, in thus appreciating time-honoured statements as representing real aspects of truth, and yet seeing that they cannot represent the whole truth Such originality consists also in 'applying theology to particular purposes' or 'deducing consequences.' Its office in the case of Scripture is 'to enter into the mind of the sacred Author, to follow his train of thought, to bring together to one focus the lights which various parts of Scripture throw on his text.'

But greatest of all is the creative gift which enables the theologian to see adequately the bearing of old theological principles and preserve the continuity of his science, when a flood of new ideas and discoveries has thrown many of its existing expressions into confusion.

How deeply he felt that the nineteenth century was such a period we know from a famous passage in the 'Apologia.' Deep doubts of the reality of all belief in the supernatural had come hand in hand with the new and unexpected conclusions of the sciences. Such a crisis called for theological thought which should be no longer, as in the days immediately succeeding the Reformation, the mere orderly and logical re-statement of the conclusions of the scholastic theologians of the past, to be placed over against Protestant innovation, no longer what Lacordaire complained of, the pursuing of an old and well-beaten track, but creative and alive to its new environment. The reader can hardly doubt that this was the urgent existing need he had in mind when he

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proceeded in his essay to depict as his ideal a theology which should 'discriminate, rescue, and adjust the truth which a fierce controversy threatens to tear in pieces, at a time when the ecclesiastical atmosphere is thick with the dust of the conflict, when all parties are more or less in the wrong, and the public mind has become so bewildered as not to be able to say what it does and what it does not hold, or even what it held before the strife of ideas began.' 'In such circumstances,' he adds, 'to speak the word evolving order and peace, and to restore the multitude of men to themselves and to each other by a reassertion of what is old with a luminousness of explanation which is new, is a gift inferior only to that of revelation itself.'[1]

During the same months in which the *Atlantis* was being launched (the early part of 1858) the *Rambler* was continuing to give cause for anxiety. Newman had felt this anxiety strongly when reading some articles in the *Rambler* in May 1857, and this feeling weighed with him even at that time in favour of leaving Ireland for England, and thus gaining leisure for a work that was urgently needed, as well as opportunities for personal intercourse with those who most required his help. That his view of the seriousness of the situation was not wrong the event showed. Capes himself after some years of uncertainty left the Catholic Church.[2] Others, after a period of unsettlement, found a *modus vivendi* with the difficulties which had tried them, and this they owed largely to Newman. At the time of which we are now writing the unsettlement was obvious; the issue uncertain. Newman referred to the subject in a letter to Father Ambrose St. John:

'6, Harcourt Street, Dublin: May 7th, 1857.

'My dear Ambrose,—I read the *Rambler* for May last night, and am pained, and almost frightened at the first article. It is the second or third successive stroke,—each louder than the one before. Capes is too good a fellow for one to have any fears of *him*, but his articles both register, and will blow up and spread, bad feeling,—very bad feeling. I look at them in connection with a letter I sent you a few days ago, and the more anxiously because the two complaints are so entirely independent of each other.

[1] See *Historical Sketches*, ii. 475–6.

[2] He returned to Catholicism, however, later on, and died a Catholic.

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'It seems to me that a time of great reaction and of great trial is before us. I earnestly trust I may be wrong. I will do my best to prove myself wrong. But it seems to me that really I may be wanted in England, and that there may be a providential reason, over and above the compulsion of the Fathers at Birmingham, for me to return. I have too little perhaps made myself felt,—and, while some like Father Faber are going ahead without fear, others are, in consequence, even if not inclined of themselves already [to do so], backing and making confusion.

'The Bishops are necessarily engaged in the great and momentous ecclesiastical routine. They are approving themselves good stewards in the sense in which St. Carlo or St. Francis were such—meanwhile the party of the aristocracy and the party of talent are left to themselves without leaders and without guides.

'It makes me wish I were to live twenty years in full possession of my mind, for breakers are ahead. Yet the battle is not given to the strong, and Divine purposes are wrought out by the weak and unarmed, so that I am making myself of more importance than past history justifies. Still, here I am, as yet alive and well, and I assure you my thoughts have turned among other things to the subject which Ward wishes me to pursue more than they did. Do pray for me that I may find out what use God wishes to put me to, and may pursue it with great obedience.

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.'

The impression indicated in this letter was confirmed by his acquaintance at this time with young Sir John Acton. Acton was a young man of singular brilliancy and promise who had lately come from Munich, where Döllinger and his brother *savants* were doing their best to meet in Germany intellectual needs somewhat similar to those which Newman was contemplating in England. At this time the crisis which led to Döllinger's rupture with Rome was not even thought of, and the good name among Catholics of himself and his young disciple was untarnished. They were endeavouring to bring thought among educated and leading Catholics abreast of the intellectual methods and the research of the day. In this attempt, as well as in treating of the most fundamental question—the relations between Faith and Reason—Newman felt that he might well bear a part in England. His sympathy

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with the aims of Acton and Döllinger at this time, and his distaste for the narrowness which shrank from facing the facts of modern civilisation and regarded the Church's course as incapable of changing in view of new conditions, is witnessed in the following words from a letter written a little later to Sir Frederick Rogers:

'We are in a strange time. I have not a shadow of a misgiving that the Catholic Church and its doctrine are directly from God—but then I know well that there is in particular quarters a narrowness which is not of God. And I believe great changes before now have taken place in the direction of the Church's course, and that new aspects of her aboriginal doctrines have suddenly come forth, and all this co-incidently with changes in the world's history, such as are now in progress; so that I never should shut up, when new views are set before me, though I might not take them as a whole.'

Now, in 1858, complaints were made by many Catholic readers at the tone of the *Rambler*. Newman, ever remembering St. Augustine's 'illi in vos saeviant,' was slow to abet carping criticism of incidental blemishes in good work, on the part of critics who appreciated neither the difficulties of the day nor the qualities of such men as Mr. Capes. To such blemishes all writing is liable if it is difficult and partly new in kind.

'I think,' he wrote to Capes on May 17, 1858, 'that the Catholic body in this country owes you much gratitude for the *animus* and object of your undertaking, the devotion you have shown to it for so long a time and the various important benefits it has done us. But it is well for us, my dear Capes, that we do not look out for any reward for what we do in this world, for, whether we do or not, we are sure not to get it here,—for what we do imperfectly or wrongly affects the public ten times more than what we do well, even though the good may be ten times as much as the amiss. But this is God's merciful dispensation to oblige us to look up to Him and lay up treasures above, whether we will or no.'

Nevertheless, in spite of his general sympathy with Capes and his sense of the want of appreciation among Catholics of the valuable work he had done, Newman did think, as we

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have seen, that there was something defiant and ill-considered and unsettling in some of the *Rambler* articles. And he took occasion to write strongly on one which was submitted to him in proof in August 1858.

The following letters show clearly Newman's general feeling; although as to the points actually controverted the information they give is imperfect:

'The Oratory, Birmingham (Rednall): Aug. 18th, 1858.

'My dear Capes,—It is little to the purpose to say how exceedingly your paper shocked me, and how difficult it is to me to conceive that any such objections as it contains should not have struck you, been mastered by you, and disposed of by you, thirteen years ago, considering that they are some of the most obvious in controversy; or what possible new light can have been shed upon them by any experimental acquaintance you have had since you became a Catholic, with the mode in which Catholics hold them.

'In my own case the three mysteries which you have noted under your 2, 3, and 4 heads, were not even difficulties to be overcome before I entered the Church; for two of them —the Holy Trinity and Eternal Punishment—I have held, I believe, with a divine faith ever since I was a boy, and the remaining one—the Real Presence—I have believed these twenty-five years.

'As to the objections to these three, definitely made in your paper, all I need say is that you assume various propositions as undeniable which seem to me simply untrue, and which certainly ought to be proved before they are to be admitted. For instance:

'"The presence of wholeness in one place implies its absence from all other places."

'"Every phrase and word employed in the communication of a doctrine must have a meaning of some kind or other, comprehensible (in all respects) by the mind."

'"How can a person merit an eternal hell who cannot merit an eternal heaven?"

'I do not mean to say that you do not throw these and the like positions into different shapes and say the same thing in fresh sentences which you *may* feel to be the truth of them, but to my apprehension your conclusions and your premisses are so closely one and the same, that they are only verbal explanations of the meaning of each other, and whole paragraphs are nothing beyond respective expressions of categorical assumptions without proof.

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'Lastly, as to your first heading on the Infallibility of the Church, here again the arguments you profess to overthrow are so different from those which have brought conviction to my own mind, that I do not feel capable of entering into them. My own proof of it would be such as this: that Our Lord set up a Church in the beginning which was to last till the end; that it was to retain His Revelation faithfully; that the present Catholic Church is that destined continuation of it; that, therefore, *prima facie* it teaches now in substance what it taught then; that its early vague teaching is to be explained and commented on by its later and fuller; and as to Infallibility that, to say the least, there is nothing in its early teaching of a positive nature to hinder the interpretation of the early teaching on that point in the sense which is contained in its later teaching. I have not delayed my letter as you half wish me to do because, whatever be the force of your arguments, none of them are new, and because I am not likely to require or to find better answers than those which I have been accustomed to use.

'I am, my dear Capes,
Yours very affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'I am constantly thinking of you since your last letter,' Newman writes to Mr. Capes a month later—'ten times a day I think I may say your name is in my mouth. But I cannot stomach such formal cartels of defiance as printed papers of the nature you sent me, which to me are as strange as the subjects mentioned in them are to the composers of them.' Again he writes:

'To give me the first news through a printed paper was (putting a grave matter on a merely *personal* ground) pretty nearly what it would have been to send me a letter by means of the *Times* or *Tablet*; it was as surprising as it would have been to you if I had sent you a printed answer to your letter. When you had got so far as to print it was a sad thing to reflect that leaden types have no feeling and to express feeling would have been impertinent. But there is a higher ground, and if it was a serious act to print categorical sentences of disbelief (for printing is necessarily a kind of publishing), still more startling was it to find that you headed your paper (simply unnecessarily so far as I can make out) "a *Catholic* has serious difficulties." Then again, I think there was not a single syllable in your letter asking for prayers,—you seemed to challenge dry argument.'

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A letter written at the beginning of October to the same correspondent shows that, while greatly disapproving Mr. Capes's manner of writing, Newman did enter closely into the fundamental difficulty he had raised as to the nature of the proof of religious truth, and the reasonableness of certainty:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Oct. 1st, 1858.

'My dear Capes,—As it seems to me, your objection about certainty is more to the point than anything you have printed. My only wonder is that you should not have felt long ago that it is the great philosophical difficulty in Catholicism.

'For myself, half my Oxford University sermons are on the subject, and I have a chapter on it in my Essay on Development.

'When I came to read Catholic theology, I found that it was solved in a way which I felt to be satisfactory.

'It is a property of the human mind to be certain *speculativé* not merely *practicé* in certain cases in which no complete proof is possible, but only proof that the point in question "demands our belief" or is *credible*.

'I have no demonstration that I shall die, but I am as *speculativé certus* of it as if I *had* demonstration. For the evidence is such and so much as to make it clear to me that I should be a fool not absolutely and implicitly to believe it.

'It has a claim on my speculative belief that England is an island even though I have no demonstration of it. Reason goes just so far, not as to prove it, but to tell me it is but common sense in me to order my mind to believe or to direct my mind to believe it. I do not merely say to myself: "It is safe to act as if I believed it."

'I am *speculativé* certain that intemperate habits lead to loss of health; and that in consequence not of my having direct proof of it, but in consequence of my having just enough evidence to show me that I *ought* to believe it. Say a temptation to drink comes and obscures this clear conviction, and in consequence I do *not* believe it. Here it is not, as you seem to say, that when I believe it my will forces my mind to believe, reason disapproving; but that, when I do not believe, my will, reason disapproving, keeps my mind *from* belief.

'I cannot see that induction is ever a demonstration, but it makes the conclusion *credibile*—viz. "claiming belief."

'I cannot understand the state of mind which can love Our Lord really with the feeling upon it, "after all, perhaps

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there is no such Person." It is loving a mere vision or picture, and is so unreal as to be degrading. I cannot fancy (you will say perhaps from an idiosyncrasy) the existence of devotion without certainty. I could not throw myself upon anyone here below, of whom I had the suspicion: "Perhaps he is not trustworthy." On the other hand, I daily control and direct my mind into a firm belief, or speculative certainty, of truths which I cannot prove on the ground that I should be a fool not to believe them; or that reason bids my mind to believe.

'How it is that we are so constituted as to be bound by our reason to believe what we cannot prove, is a question which I do not pretend to solve.

'I am, my dear Capes,
Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Besides the conductors of the *Rambler* and *Atlantis* there were others who, in 1858, consulted Newman on the difficulties attending on religious thought.

I have mentioned his first acquaintance with Sir John Acton in the previous year. The acquaintance was improved in 1858. Newman dined in his company in London on March 24, and Acton returned with him to Birmingham on the following day. Other visits followed, and in the autumn Acton brought Döllinger with him. This was on September 4, and the visit was repeated by both on the 30th, when they visited the new country house of the Oratory at Rednal. These men brought before Newman a side of the problem that exercised Catholic students of history which was especially congenial to his own studies—namely, the importance of the collation of positive theology with the history of dogma. The historical study of dogmatic theology was then far less general than it has since become. And, moreover, the systematic study of Christian origins was in its infancy. The application of the light thrown by its results on early forms of the Sacraments, and the early constitution of the Church, had hardly begun. Still less were such results as yet systematically compared with the exposition of these matters which obtained in the theological seminaries. Some of the problems crudely treated by Mr. Capes were methodically stated by Acton and Döllinger; and the wealth of

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their historical learning brought into relief new facts which pressed for reconciliation with views long current or for a justification of those views.

Newman, even before his actual meeting with Döllinger, had formed, as we have already said, a very high estimate of the value of his writings in view of the intellectual needs of the hour. And he desired that English Catholics should share in the benefits of his scholarship. In October 1857 he had asked Döllinger's permission to have his work on the 'Jew and the Gentile' translated into English. Döllinger had followed Newman's career with great interest, and spoke of him to the late Sir Rowland Blennerhassett as the greatest living authority on the history of the first three centuries of the Christian era. He cordially responded to Newman's invitation in the following letter, written in his own excellent English:

'Munich: 5th Nov. 57.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—As you seem to think, that a publisher can be found willing to undertake the risk, and that the translator you have fixed upon is competent to perform the task, I cannot have the least objection against your proposal; on the contrary it gives me the highest satisfaction. . . .

'If your getting rid of the Rectorship of the University gives you greater leisure for literary activity, I could almost find it in my heart to hail the event as an auspicious one, for I am convinced that what you may do in the literary way will be of greater importance to the Church in general. Your work on Justification, which I have read twice, is in my estimation one of the best theological books published in this century, and your work on the Arians will be read and studied in future generations as a model in its kind. Pardon me, when I say, that since you have become a member and an ornament of the true church, you have not yet given to us a work of equal *theological* interest and importance. But I trust, you will do so in time.

'*En attendant*, I look forward with an anticipation of pleasure and instruction to the Essays you will probably contribute to the periodical[1] which is about to appear under the sanction of your name. The "Specimen of Subjects" I have seen in the papers, is a most promising one.

[1] The *Atlantis*.

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'I hope soon to revisit England, and to enjoy the pleasure of seeing you again and conversing with you.

'Meanwhile believe me, with the highest respect, yours entirely,

'I. DÖLLINGER.'

Newman's meeting with Döllinger in the autumn of 1858 confirmed and deepened his impression as to the great work which the German Professor was doing, and his desire to co-operate with him. Their sympathy was at that time very marked; for while both had at heart the intellectual interests of Catholics, and especially the study of Church History, Döllinger was, like Newman himself, a staunch opponent of Gallicanism, an upholder of the papal claims and a sympathetic friend to Cardinal Wiseman in the days when the views of Wiseman and Newman were most in harmony.

We must, however, turn aside for a moment from this intellectual campaign into which Newman was being drawn to narrate the termination of one of his more practical works and the inauguration of another. November 1858 saw his resignation of the Irish Rectorship, and the following May the opening of the Oratory School at Edgbaston. As we have seen, difficulties had by now arisen as to his prosecution of the new translation of the Bible. This task chiefly stood in the way of his devoting himself to a really systematic treatment of the problems connected with Faith and Reason, and the issues raised by contemporary speculation and research, for which Capes and Acton on the one hand, and W. G. Ward on the other, were so anxious. The only other obstacle was the Dublin Rectorship. And the call which he felt to be so urgent to the work of which I speak was probably the turning-point in favour of resigning his position in Ireland. But there were other reasons which made such a step natural. The Irish Bishops had failed to let him appoint his own delegate and Vice-Rector to succeed Dr. Leahy, who was now Archbishop of Cashel.

On September 27 Dr. Cullen wrote, with reference to the recommendation in the report of the School of Science that the number of Professors should be increased, that such a suggestion was inopportune in view of the small number of undergraduates, and that increased economy was desirable.

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This last remark appears to have been a surprise and disappointment to Newman, and he writes to Mr. John O'Hagan that it is the first suggestion he has received of the necessity of any such economy. He had promised in one or two cases an increase of salary—promises that he felt he could not now carry out. On October 2 he wrote to Dr. Leahy reminding him that his tenure of the Rectorship had been, since November 14, 1857, provisional, and urging the appointment of a successor. This letter was crossed by one from Dr. Leahy saying that Dr. Cullen, who had just left for Rome, had urged before his departure the necessity for Newman's residence for at least some considerable part of each term. 'Consider,' he wrote, 'the possibility of your spending some time in Dublin each term for the next session or two until it gets out of its present critical position.' Here was a proposal contrary to the terms for which Newman had stipulated in 1857. Immediately afterwards came the news that the Bishops had appointed a new Dean of St. Patrick's House—an appointment which was in Newman's hands, and which he had already promised elsewhere. All this time, as I have said, no Vice-Rector had been named as Newman's delegate, and thus another condition of the compact was unfulfilled. Now at last Dr. Kelly of Maynooth was nominated, but this does not appear to have affected Newman's resolve to resign. He writes thus to Mr. Ornsby on October 7 and October 11:

'Oct. 7th, 1858.

'I am in great anxiety about University matters. The Archbishops are simply taking a new line, and you may expect great changes at the Episcopal Meeting.

'Dr. Cullen has told me to reduce the number of Professors, I forget his exact words.

'The three Archbishops have peremptorily (and abruptly) told me to come into residence; which is impossible, so that, I suppose, my resignation is imminent

'Also they have abruptly, and without any notice, taken the nomination of the new Dean of St. Patrick's out of my hands, though the Decrees, confirmed by the Pope, give it me; and they have appointed a person whom I never heard of.

'J. H. N.

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'P.S.—Since writing the above a letter comes from Dr. Leahy, informing me that most probably there will be *no* meeting of the Bishops!

'I do not see how I can get out of the difficulty of resigning. The Archbishops have told me I must reside a considerable time in Dublin. I feel a Rector ought to do so. I can't. Resignation then is all that remains.

'I have, since writing this, written to John O'Hagan, and told him what I have told you.

'J. H. N.'

'October 11th.

'It is simply impossible I can remain Rector. I had already begged Dr. Leahy to get the meeting of Bishops to appoint some one in my place. And *after* this comes the letter calling on me to reside. It never would do to disobey such an injunction. *And I cannot reside.* That is the long and the short of it. I am wanted here; not wonderful that head and body cannot be separated longer than three, four, five years.

'J. H. N.'

That Newman's friends in Dublin thought there was another side to the question, and that Newman did not fully appreciate the Bishops' view of the case, is clear from Mr. Ornsby's reply, dated October 13:

'. . . Would not the best plan be to adopt some compromise? meet them half way, and remain Rector, even with residence, till the great meeting of the Bishops next summer? You would then be able to set Dr. Kelly going, or whoever is to conduct the government of the University, and adjust as satisfactorily as possible any changes that may be inevitable. . . .

'I heard, now a long time since, a man who knows Dr. Leahy well, say . . . that the Bishops had made all advances to keep you which were consistent with their dignity. Are you sure you exactly have their point of view? Dr. Cullen, I think, oftener than once in our interviews with him, asked whether you were coming to reside, and I should think he was really anxious for it.'

This letter drew a very characteristic and indignant reply from Newman:

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'Oct. 17th, 1858.

'As you have heard that the Bishops *could* not have gone further, consistently with their dignity, in the advances which they made to me, I send you extracts from the correspondence between them and me.

'From it you will find that a middle plan, suggested to me by Dr. Cullen and Dr. Leahy separately last May year, was acceded to by the Oratory, viz., that I should continue Rector for two years with nine weeks' (residence) a year. But both the Archbishops and I had difficulties about this plan pure and simple. They proposed one year instead of two. This I did not object to; but I made a Vice-Rector a condition of it.

'Was it the appointment of a Vice-Rector which would have been "the advance which their dignity could not stretch to"? For this is what they did *not* give.

'This was not the *only* condition I made, certainly; but it was the chief; and even *it* was not granted me. Accordingly I never came in to the arrangement.

'You must give up the notion of my continuing at Dublin. Dr. Cullen has no notion at all of treating me with any confidence. He grants me nothing; and I am resolute that I will have all I want, and more than I have yet asked for. He has treated me from the first like a scrub, and you will see he will never do otherwise.'

Newman arranged, however, to pay a final visit to Dublin before resigning. He went thither on October 26. Dr. Kelly, who had been ill at the time of his appointment, died at Maynooth on the 30th. Newman gave next week his parting lecture to the School of Medicine,[1] and he allowed his friends to know that his resignation was now only a matter of days. The Professors forwarded to him an address imploring him to reconsider his decision, and asked him to receive a deputation. Newman seems to have felt that if he received the deputation the situation would be difficult, and resistance to their entreaties might be ungracious. Accordingly, he replied that he had forwarded the address to the Birmingham Fathers from whom he had his leave of absence, for their consideration. On November 4 he returned to the Oratory. On the 12th he sent in his final resignation, and he writes in his record of this act that it was seven years to a day since his acceptance of the office.

[1] See p. 413.

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That this resignation was quite final we see from two letters to Mr. Ornsby, both written within the next two months:

'As to the Rectorship, there is not a *chance* of it because they will not accept my terms. 1. Non-residence with an acting sub-Rector to do *every*thing. 2. A brevet rank equal to a Bishop's, that I may treat with Dr. Cullen as an equal. 3. The accounts carefully managed and a Board to sit monthly, &c. &c. . . . If anyone asks, say generally that you don't see how it is possible to reconcile my Birmingham duties with the Rectorship. Always speak strongly of my gratitude to the Irish.'

'Everything seems to promise for the University,' he writes again early in 1859, 'but I entreat you not to contemplate the possibility of my returning to Dublin. It is, as I have said all along, and as *you* would say if you knew everything, a simple matter of duty for me to be here. Neither our Fathers here nor I can ever alter this conviction. I don't think even the Pope would stir me; for I suppose his divinely given power does not extend so far. I am wanted here every day. It never does for a Superior to be away.'

The actual resignation was, I think, to Newman simply a relief, and had no accompanying pain. The disappointment had come earlier. He was not now resigning himself to a failure which had been clearly inevitable for two years. But the work which a Catholic University might do still seemed to him of supreme importance for the times, and he looked forward to the Lectures and Essays in which he had sketched his ideal being better understood and bearing fruit later on, when the movements of thought he descried should have become unmistakable and urgent. To have gone some way towards depicting the ideal was work done for the future, and in this thought he found comfort.

'It does not prove,' he wrote to Mr. Ornsby, 'that what I have written and planned will not take effect some time and somewhere, because it does not at once. For twenty years my book on the Arians was not heard of. . . . My Oxford University Sermons, preached out as long ago as seventeen years, are now attracting attention at Oxford. When I am gone something may come of what I have done at Dublin. And since I hope I did what I did not for the sake of man,

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not for the sake of the Irish hierarchy, not even for the Pope's praise, but for the sake of God's Church and God's glory, I have nothing to regret and nothing to desire different from what is.'

Before describing the other event to which I have above referred—the foundation of the Edgbaston School in 1859—a word must be said as to the position of the Birmingham Oratory at this time. It was now a separate House, no longer connected with the London Oratory, which held a separate Brief of its own from Rome. The divergence of temper existing from the first between the Houses had steadily increased, and in 1856 by the common desire of Newman and Faber they were finally separated. Newman felt very acutely the gradual diminution of the intimate discipleship of earlier days—the more so as so close a friend as Father Dalgairns was a member of the London community.

So little is to be found among his papers relating to this subject, that I do not think he desired that any full account of it should ever be made public. The outstanding facts to be gleaned from his letters are these: The London Oratorians, without consulting Newman, applied to Propaganda in 1855 for such a change in their Rule as would enable them to be directors to religious communities. Propaganda appointed three Bishops to report on their application. At their recommendation it granted the request, including the Birmingham community in the permission accorded. Newman was deeply pained at the transaction which had taken place without any previous communication with himself—regarding it evidently as a symptom of a growing alienation from himself on the part of the London house. I am led to this conclusion because he shows, when referring to it in his letters, a feeling far deeper than the event by itself appears to warrant. It was probably the culminating point of a series of occurrences which had already caused him great pain. He tried to induce the London Oratorians to join him in applying to Rome for a distinct recognition of the independence of each of the Houses. On their refusal to do so he went to Rome himself, early in 1856, to place his views before the authorities. So deeply did he feel the importance of this appeal to the Holy See that on alighting from the

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diligence he walked barefoot to St. Peter's to pray there before going to his hotel. He found on inquiry that the Holy Father had declined to confirm the decision of Propaganda until Newman himself should have been consulted. He also learnt, however, that criticisms of his conduct as Superior of the Oratory had been carried to Rome. He found that he had been accused to the Holy Father of wishing to be 'head or general of the two Oratories.' While the Holy Father himself was kind, Newman received less consideration from Cardinal Barnabo, and carried away from Rome (so Father Neville told me) a feeling that he had not been treated with justice. At Cardinal Brunelli's suggestion he had asked Cardinal Barnabo to give the two Houses a separate Brief, but Cardinal Barnabo brusquely declined. Six months later, at the instance of Father Faber, the separate Brief was granted.

In a letter to Hope-Scott, of December 1860, Newman speaks of the separation between different Oratories as the normal state of things. The Italian Oratories—so he had learnt on his way to Rome in 1856—were all separate Houses. The separation between London and Birmingham was an accomplished fact, and the wound which the incident had caused was, apparently, by that time beginning to heal.

'I called at various Oratories on my way,' he writes. 'My one question was—"How do you secure the recognition of your Oratory at Rome as distinct from other Oratories?" They answered, "It is an impossible case—one Oratory *cannot* interfere with another. Each is distinct." "But," I urged, "Propaganda *has* confused ours with the London, and is altering our Rule." The answer still was, "It is impossible." . . .

'Oratories are independent bodies with *one and the same* Rule; with no *external* Superior short of the Pope Himself; and with the privilege each of *interpreting* for itself that common Rule; and in consequence with great *divergence* in fact one from another of character and work. Two equal bodies in the same line without any umpire or moderator between us! [Are] not moral *distance* or *collision* the only issues of such a problem?

'We have found it so; they found it so abroad long before our time. Mutual distance is one of the traditions of the foreign Oratories. When we were in Italy in 1847,

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and again in 1856, this one thing struck us, that Oratories ignored each other, e.g. the Roman and Neopolitan ; again the Neopolitan and Palermitan. As to the north, Brescia and Verona, on the same rail, are strangers to each other, and Verona and Vincenza; and so Florence and Turin, Florence and Rome. (There seems some connection of property between Genoa and Palermo.) When we went from Rome to Naples, the Jesuits pressed upon us board and lodging; the Oratory did nothing but ask us to dine on some Festival.

'Italy is a land of many states and many mountains; but we live in a land of railroads and telegraphs. If Birmingham and London were intimate, one or other would lose its independence, or the intimacy would issue in a common Superior.

'As to the London House, we rejoice in its good works, we praise God that we have been allowed to establish it. We pass no criticisms on it, even when we differ from its course of action. We wish it to keep the peace, as well as ourselves.'

The ideals of the Birmingham community were more academic and scholastic than those of the London Oratory. And the foundation of a school connected with the Edgbaston Oratory was a project quite in harmony with its special character.

The Oratory School had first been thought of early in 1858, while Newman was still Rector of the Irish University. The converts and the English 'Old Catholics,' as they were called, did not at once completely amalgamate. With a few exceptions the typical old Roman Catholic families still maintained an exclusiveness in which there was a mixture of the shyness resulting from prolonged aloofness from general society, and the characteristics of a clique brought about by constant intermarriage. There was just a touch of mutual contempt occasionally visible, the converts regarding the typical old Catholic as not having quite the education befitting a gentleman, and the old Catholics being slow to admit the new comers to the intimacy which had for generations existed among the historical families belonging to the old faith. The converts had criticised the existing Catholic schools severely in the *Rambler*, and they wanted something more resembling the public schools of England. Several of

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them approached Newman in hopes that he could give his great name to such a school as would meet their wishes. Newman himself had not yet given up all hope of the University, and saw in the project a means of feeding it eventually with undergraduates whom he would form into English gentlemen, with the combination of Catholic zeal and thorough education which he depicted in his lectures on the 'Scope and Nature of University Education.' Some difficulties were raised at the outset, and the school was not actually established until after Newman's resignation of the Dublin Rectorship. In May 1859, however, it was opened.

The following letter was written to Serjeant Bellasis soon after the plan was first disclosed to Bishop Ullathorne, whose good will and patronage it was essential to secure:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 6th, 1858.

'My dear Bellasis,—We think your correspondence with the Bishop quite satisfactory—and shall commence operations with a solemn Novena to St. Philip, in which our people, without being told our intention, will take part.

'I am glad the Bishop has brought out to you his real difficulty, for he mystified the matter to us. If he means I am not in *practice* a good disciplinarian, I quite confess it. I have it as little in me to be a good Schoolmaster or Dean, as to be a good rider or successful chess player. But this does not hinder my feeling the *need* of strict discipline for boys—for many a man approves what he cannot practice.

'Then perhaps people about him or in London have told him stories about our goings on in Dublin, which, though not so exact and well managed as I should like them to be, are not what some good people represent them. Here too I may say, first, that it does not follow quite logically, because I think that in matters of discipline a University should *not* be like a School (which I *do* think) that *therefore* in those matters a School *should* be like a University. Moreover, as to any defect of our academical discipline at Dublin, it must be considered that, not the Rector, but the Vice-Rector is the officer of it and I *never* have had a resident Vice-Rector allowed me by the Bishops, and at this moment there is none even nominally; Deans too are hard to be got—they are either as strict as Prefects in an ecclesiastical Seminary, or they are indulgent and lax. Difficulties such as these are only temporary, but they are serious at starting. Under our circumstances, I wonder we have got on so well.

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'Probably there are other reasons given to suggest distrust and hesitation in co-operating in our school plan, and these feelings can only be removed by time and experience of us. We are on the best terms with our Bishop—and his fears will gradually give way. I do not think much would come from trying to persuade him by compulsory or compendious means. So I propose to let him alone, though keeping him *au courant* of our proceedings.

'I should like very much if there were two or three persons such as Hope Scott, whom we might privately and confidentially consult on the details of our plan of proceeding. The only point of *principle* on which we should differ from the Colleges, is that we should aim at doing everything above-board—and abjure espionage, listening at doors &c. The question of opening letters has to be considered here—but certainly I should desire such honesty and openness in our conduct to the boys, that they would have no temptation to *distrust* us.

'Ever yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.'

The proposed school had naturally to run the gauntlet of critical discussion. And personal criticisms on its founder were repeated back to him. Newman's attitude seems to have been a mixture of that sensitiveness which was almost physical in him with a determination to treat petty attacks with the neglect they deserve. He had sent the proposed *Manifesto* to Hope-Scott and Bellasis for their criticisms, and writes as follows to the latter on November 4:

'I am amused at your and Hope Scott's lawyer-like caution, in cutting off every unnecessary word from my manifesto. Alas, it has been my fault through life to have spoken out. Without it, I should neither have had the hebdomadal judgment on No. 90 nor old Campbell's ineptiæ. I do really believe it arises from an impatience of not being above-board. I wish I could take to myself the comfort of the sacred lectio: "Deridetur justi simplicitas: hujus mundi" (that is, the lawyers') "sapientia est cor machinationibus tegere, sensum verbis velare &c.," so I think I shall reform, as old Damea, at the end of life; and, as he got liberal, so, on my part, become close.

'This leads me to say one thing. It has only been just now brought home to me what hard and wrong things are said

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of me, by those who ought not. . . . The wrong words said against me may tend seriously to involve the prospects of the school; and, when I am fully embarked in the undertaking, and the inconvenience is felt, friends may be tempted to say, that I am bound for the sake of the school to answer them. I do not mean to do so:—first, because on the long run falsehood refutes itself:—secondly, because to speak out would retort the blame on those who throw it, and who can bear it less easily than I:—thirdly, because spiritual books tell us, that, except when accused of unsoundness in faith, (though this to be sure! may follow in time), it is best to let imputations rest on one's head, without shaking them off; and fourthly, because I am too proud and indolent to move even my finger in the matter.

'Still, it might be said, when the school is once begun, "This is a public matter now,—not a personal; you are bound in duty to speak"—and this I could not do without a great sacrifice, and an extreme distress. Therefore, I think that all those who are earnest in the plan of a school, should carefully think over these contingencies first, and see their way clearly as regards them.

'Another thing I have to mention, is, the subject of money. We think of engaging Arnold, if we can get him, as second master. We cannot offer him less than £300 a year. The House &c. will not be much under £200. Here is £500, and of course for a *term* of years. This is an anxious undertaking. Before putting one's foot into the stream, the anxiety presents itself with more force than ordinary.

'I often think, why should I be so busy? Why did I engage in the new University, bringing on me indefinite trouble and care, and taking up so many years? It was no business of mine. And now, scarcely am I rid of it, when I am putting my foot into another responsibility, when I might sit under my own vine and fig-tree in peace, for such years as Providence still gives me. Is it really the will of God? Shall I not, as time goes on, wish I had nothing to do with an undertaking which has only brought me anxiety and mortification? . . .'

The prospectus was issued with emendations, and one of the Oratorian Fathers, Father Nicholas Darnell, eventually accepted the office of Head Master. Thomas Arnold did not at this time see his way to joining in the scheme. Serjeant Bellasis was a constant supporter and adviser. In December Newman writes to him suggesting that the new

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Head Master should advertise the undertaking by a visit to the Metropolis:

'Would not it be well for Fr. Darnell to show himself in London now? for after your most satisfactory letter of the 25th, I consider it decided we shall begin. I should like him to make Mrs. Bellasis's acquaintance, and Master Richard's. I *think* he has some reluctance, from the feeling that there are those in London, who might have taken him up and have not—as if it would hurt our prospects if he came to London and *did not* go to certain houses. I had not hinted to him the important precedent of Mr. Squeers, who, I think, showed himself in the Metropolis with a view to increasing his connexions.'

A devoted friend of Newman's, one who had become a Catholic through his influence, Mrs. Wootten, became the matron, and an efficient staff of masters was secured. After the school had gone on three months we find him writing happily, on August 9, 1859, to Bellasis: 'I trust we are prospering. I hear of an increase from various quarters next half.'

The success of the school was from the first assured. One severe trial, however, it did undergo in 1861—a trial which brought out all the determination and force in action which Newman could show on occasion. The masters protested—at Christmas 1861—against the very special position accorded by Newman to Mrs. Wootten, the matron, and demanded that she should be removed. Newman resolutely declined, and they represented that if he persisted they would all have to resign. On the exact rights and wrongs of the dispute it is hard now to form a judgment. But the crisis, as I have said, brought all Newman's energies into play. Father Darnell resigned on December 27, and the other masters on the 29th. Ambrose St. John was at once despatched by Newman to Dublin to secure Thomas Arnold as leading classical Master, and Newman set to work to find without delay other competent masters to replace those who were gone. Arnold was definitely engaged on January 6, 1862.[1] Newman's wide circle of devoted friends

[1] Mr. Thomas Pope (afterwards an Oratorian) and his brother Richard also joined the staff at this time.

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stood him in good stead, and by the time the boys reassembled at the end of the month there was a complete staff of fresh masters. It is remarkable that so far as can be seen the school did not suffer at all from this revolution. Things were soon in complete working order. And Newman's own relations with the boys seem to have become somewhat closer. It was one of his pleasures to adapt for the schoolboys the plays of Terence and Plautus, and to coach them for their performance. He also especially encouraged by his presence the cultivation of chamber music among those whose gifts were in that direction.

Father Darnell's place was ably filled by Ambrose St. John, who acted as Head Master until his death in 1876.

The school had the high sanction of Newman's name as its founder, and he took a great interest in it. But he was never active Head Master, and thus he was free to pursue the intellectual work to which he desired at the time of its foundation to devote himself, as his Irish engagement was at an end. Of the shape that work actually took and of the controversies in which it involved him we shall speak in subsequent chapters.

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CHAPTER XV

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM

CAMPAIGNS on behalf of far-reaching ideas may be fought out in unimpressive surroundings, yet they may be all-important from their object. Such campaigns may be, as it were, rehearsals, practice manœuvres for a similar struggle more vital and more public in time to come. They may be exhibitions on a small scale of the action of human nature in given circumstances and with given antecedents, and may serve as a guide and a warning when the more serious contest comes. Thus the first battle of Newman's campaign on behalf of that mental training for Christians which modern conditions demand was fought in the short-lived attempt at a Catholic University; the battle-ground the little college in Stephen's Green; the protagonists on either side himself and Dr. Cullen. The second had for its occasion the later history of Mr. Capes's Review, the *Rambler*; for its battle-field the pages of that Review and of its successor, the *Home and Foreign*; while the protagonists in a triangular duel were himself, Sir John Acton (with Richard Simpson as an able lieutenant), and W. G. Ward.[1] The ability of these periodicals and these writers none will question; but they were Catholic Reviews in a country where such periodicals could have but a very limited publicity.

That the education of the Catholic mind was vital to the effective defence of Christianity itself, he had urged on his colleagues in the Catholic University, and he had endeavoured as Rector to lay down intellectual principles on which this necessary work might be done by a future generation. Now circumstances brought him in contact with those

[1] Newman, however, did not actually write in the *Home and Foreign Review*. His discussions on its articles were carried on in private correspondence.

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who were trying to do something towards its execution in the present. In his eyes, then, the campaign which I have now to describe was on behalf of an object of world-wide importance, although its immediate field was apparently so insignificant, and although in the eyes of many, who were not alive to the signs of the times, the controversies it involved were simply a wanton disturbance of the peace. This short-sighted view was not, however, shared by those whose names are most prominent in its course. Sir John Acton, W. G. Ward, Richard Simpson, Döllinger, and others saw fully the importance of the matters debated and their bearing on the future influence of the Church.

It so happened that just this task, which Newman had seen to be so necessary, had also been exercising the Catholic *savants* in Germany, and notably in Munich, for some years. The greatest name among the Munich Professors was that of Döllinger, and his most distinguished pupil was the young Englishman, Sir John Acton, who (as we have seen) had now returned from Munich to England. Sir John Acton was the scion of an old Catholic Shropshire family: a cousin of such country squires as the Throckmortons and Langdales; a nephew of Cardinal Acton. But from his mother, a Dalberg, he had inherited intellectual tastes and a mental temperament poles apart from those of his English kinsmen. Endowed with an extraordinary memory, he was already, at the age of twenty-two, an authority on European history. His early enthusiasm was enlisted in the cause of learning within the Catholic Church. By birth he had connections in different countries. By taste and habit he was cosmopolitan. He was a friend or acquaintance of many who in France and Germany were already beginning to be known by the title, later on to become an invidious one, of 'Liberal Catholics.'

'Liberal Catholicism' already took different colours in different persons and places. In Lacordaire and Montalembert it showed itself in a love of political freedom and a devotion to the principles of '89. Among Acton's German friends it took the form of an intense faith in scientific freedom, and a somewhat revolutionary campaign on behalf of the reformation of Catholic theology in the light of fashionable

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hypotheses in history as well as in physics. The movement was an influential one, and in order to appreciate its connection with the work of Acton and Newman alike, we must first say something of its origin.

The story has been told more than once; but we must recall its chief outstanding facts. De Maistre's celebrated work 'Du Pape' gave, in 1819, the signal for a great Ultramontane revival which formed a contributory stream to the Christian reaction from eighteenth-century infidelity, first heralded in 1802 by Chateaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme.' De Maistre advocated the union of Catholics under the Pope as the best means of securing liberty and new power for religion. Gallicanism, like Erastianism in the Church of England, meant servitude to the State. Ultramontanism meant freedom from its oppressive rule. Thus the cry of 'liberty' for Catholics was raised under the Ultramontane banner. And in its early stages the Liberal and the Ultramontane movement were identical. Vicomte de Bonald had already provided a philosophical basis for De Maistre's more practical programme. He had appealed to the consent of mankind in holding to traditionary religion, as a witness against the scepticism to which individualism had led in the eighteenth century. Félicité de Lamennais, at first like De Maistre a Royalist, fused together these two streams—the practical and the philosophical—in his 'Essai sur l'indifférence.' His work was Ultramontane and traditionalist. So great was the influence he rapidly won that Lacordaire does not hesitate to say that he 'found himself invested with the power of Bossuet.'[1] Lamennais visited Leo XII. in Rome and was believed by Cardinal Wiseman and others to have been made a Cardinal *in petto*. The Pontiff died, however, before conferring the Hat on him.

But 'ce grand esprit immodéré,' as Sainte-Beuve calls Lamennais, took offence in 1826 with the action of Charles X. in causing him to be prosecuted for some strong published statements as to the power of the Papacy over kings. The prosecution was instituted in deference to public opinion, and the penalty was only a nominal fine. But Lamennais deeply resented the king's action, and threw in his lot with the

[1] *Considérations sur le système de M. de Lamennais*, p. 36.

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revolution of 1830. His 'Des progrès de la Révolution et de la guerre contre l'église' marked the change. 'Quand les Catholiques aussi crieront "liberté,"' he wrote, 'bien des choses changeront.' He became a declared democrat. The cry of 'liberty for Catholics' passed now into a formal avowal of Liberal principles, still, however, under the banner of Ultramontanism. Lamennais founded the *Avenir* as an organ for his views, and in its pages he developed a theory of Ultramontane Liberalism. He was supported in its conduct by his two famous disciples—the Comte de Montalembert and Père Lacordaire. The new Review advocated freedom of speech and of conscience, while still staunchly supporting the Papal supremacy.

The story of its condemnation by Rome in the Encyclical *Mirari vos* has often been told. Gregory XVI. declined to endorse far-reaching and novel principles, though their advocates were foes of Gallicanism. But the two tendencies, Ultramontane and Liberal, still remained united against Gallicanism, which was gradually extinguished in France. 'Jansenism and Gallicanism,' writes Dr. Alzog of the fifties, 'which at one time had divided the French clergy into hostile camps, now nearly, if not quite, disappeared.'[1]

The new movement of Ultramontane apologetic continued to be a great power for many years. It was a powerful vindication of Christianity and was associated with many famous names. After the generation represented by the Schlegels and Stolberg in Germany and by De Maistre and Chateaubriand in France, had passed away, Montalembert, Frederick Ozanam, Nicolas, Lacordaire, Père de Ravignan, and many another took their places in France, while Germany could show such famous names as Möhler and Döllinger. If speculative theories of Liberalism were in abeyance since the censure of Lamennais, the movement still practically claimed liberty for Catholics, in the hope of winning back the heart of Christendom if freedom were allowed them to plead their own cause by speech and writing, and to organise without hindrance. This claim could only be made in a mixed political society by asking for a like liberty for all religions. The new apologetic which restored the

[1] *Church History*, iii. 712.

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influence of the Church took a wider range than the scholastic apologetic. Cardinal Wiseman noted with pride in his Roman lectures of 1836 how many and various were the intellectual roads which had converged towards the Catholic Church in the great *savants* who joined her in the first half of the century. It would be at all events bold to suggest that arguments which had actually convinced so many were invalid or even unorthodox, and that arguments whose great triumphs had been won in the Middle Ages were the only sound and orthodox ones. And in point of fact, the new apologetic in such men as Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Nicolas was generally approved. A movement of varied life, a zeal for reform on principles not fully defined, was visible in the forties among the most active-minded Catholics in many countries.

Gregory XVI., who had censured Lamennais, was the friend of Austria and the inveterate foe of the revolution. Rome was constantly harassed by the machinations of the Carbonari. Pope Gregory was suspicious of anything which savoured of Liberalism. But when Pius IX. succeeded, he was hailed as a reforming and 'Liberal' Pope. His *amnestie générale* at once decreed the release of political prisoners. His sympathy was anticipated for the 'Liberal' Catholics of the time. We have already spoken of his sanguine attempt at political reform in the Papal States, his abolition of the immemorial ecclesiastical government and appointment of a lay Prime Minister, Count de Rossi; of the overwhelming predominance soon manifest in Rome of the anti-clerical Left, reinforced by the dangerous revolutionists who swarmed forth from the prisons; of the murder of De Rossi and the flight of the Pope to Gaeta.

When Pius was reinstated in 1849 by the European Powers, his genial spirit had received a severe shock. The conditions were changed which made men at first anticipate that he would show special sympathy for Liberal Catholics. His hostility to the whole movement which he designated 'hodiernus liberalismus'—a movement which he seemed destined at first to guide and Christianise, but from which he had ultimately suffered so much—became thenceforth uncompromising. He now dreaded above all things the

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spread among Catholics of 'Liberal principles,' which became naturally associated in his mind with the events of 1848. Indeed Continental 'Liberalism' was in point of fact already evincing that anti-Christian trend which in our own day, in France and Italy alike, has been so unmistakable. Catholics who claimed to be Liberals were often placed in a very false position. Lacordaire, who was at this time returned to the French Parliament as a Liberal, soon found himself in bad company, and resigned his seat.

The reaction in Pio Nono introduced directly and indirectly a most serious division among Catholics. Some persevered in the hopeful and conciliating temper originally shown by the Pope; others sympathised in the uncompromising attitude which had succeeded it. The words 'Liberal' and 'Ultramontane,' so long representing two aspects of one movement in the Church, soon became the watchwords of parties strongly antagonistic. Among an influential section of Catholics the hatred of the modern world towards Catholicism brought on an attitude of absolute opposition to all which they regarded as characteristic of the modern spirit. What was the use (they asked) of trying to persuade or influence irreconcilable enemies? 'Nous ne convertirons pas,' wrote one of them (M. Gaume), 'ni Mazzini, ni Garibaldi, ni leurs acolytes, libres penseurs; . . . nous n'éteindrons dans leur cœur la haine du Catholicisme.'[1] There was something of the same hopelessness as to compromise in the *non possumus* of Pius himself. M. Louis Veuillot of the *Univers*, and the many who felt with him, declared war on the modern world, on its political ideals and its intellectual tendencies alike. In Rome the indifference to philosophy and zeal for facts which Newman had noted when writing from the Eternal City in 1847, now gave place to a vigorous revival of scholasticism which was encouraged by the Pontiff. This bore fruit as time went on in works of great value—for example, Father Kleutgen's *magnum opus*, 'La Philosophie Scolastique,' and still later the writings of the present Cardinal Mercier. But the revival, in the hands of its narrower exponents, took a form which was not too friendly to the modern scientific spirit.

[1] *L'Eau bénite du dix-neuvième siècle*, by Abbé Gaume.

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On the other hand, in spite of the obvious discouragement presented by the anti-Christian tendency of contemporary 'Liberalism,' any narrowness of outlook or sympathy was deplored by many able Catholics, by Lacordaire, Montalembert, Ozanam, and their friends. Although Lacordaire dissociated himself from the Radical Left in the Chamber, he continued his attempt to picture Catholicism to the modern world as the friend of all truth, of new science as of ancient dogma, and as capable of assimilating all really fruitful knowledge. He and his friends held such a view to be the truth which must ultimately prevail. And they held the opposite view to be both uncharitable and unpersuasive. Speaking of the aggressive Ultramontanism of Louis Veuillot, Frederick Ozanam writes: 'This school of writers professes to place at its head Comte de Maistre, whose opinions it exaggerates and denaturalises. It goes about looking for the boldest paradoxes, the most disputable propositions, provided they irritate the modern spirit. . . . It does not propose to bring back unbelievers [to Christianity], but to stir up the passions of believers.'

The same writer describes the ideal of the more Liberal school of Catholics as being on the contrary 'to seek in the human heart all the sacred cords which can reunite it to Christianity, to re-awaken in it the love of truth, justice, and beauty, and then to manifest in revealed faith the ideal of these three things to which every soul aspires.' Louis Veuillot, on his side, held that the sympathy with the modern world which this programme involved led Ozanam, Lacordaire, and their friends 'to make war on their natural friends the Catholics, and hold out their hands to the enemies of the Church—academics, philosophers, eclectics.' [1]

Such was the division of temper between the two parties. And each had its organ—the *Correspondant* representing the views of Montalembert, the *Univers* being edited by Louis Veuillot.

But in Germany there was a deeper intellectual difference than in France; and this difference determined the line taken by Sir John Acton and certain other English writers. Döllinger, the leader of the Munich school, had all along been very decidedly Ultramontane. He and his colleague

[1] Boissard's *Life of Foisset*, p. 159.

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and friend Möhler, author of the 'Symbolik,' had taken an active share in the movement of Catholic apologetic of which I have spoken. They were students and thinkers, and stood apart from the more practical agitation of political and ecclesiastical parties which had so largely affected Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Veuillot, as well as Pius IX. himself. The share they took in the historical researches of the day, which were being pursued by Ranke and others in a spirit by no means hostile towards the Church, gradually raised a problem which has since become very urgent among Christians. It was the very problem considered by Newman in his Dublin lectures—how far did any opinions generally received among Catholic divines, and first adopted before systematic and scientific history was properly understood, need revision in view of the trend of modern research? What conditions were necessary in order to enable Catholics to face such research with absolute frankness and to hold their own, winning consideration and respect in the learned world, not indeed from anti-Christian zealots, but from genuine men of science? Almost at the same time as the school of the *Univers* became definitely separated from the school represented by the *Correspondant* in the early fifties, a similar separation took place among the Germans. The school of Mayence under Bishop Ketteler was the more Roman school and opposed what it held to be the excesses of the school of Munich, of which Döllinger was the leader. The latter school stringently criticised the scholastics. Professor Froschammer did so on the *terrain* of philosophy, Döllinger on that of history and theology. The school of Mayence was more friendly to them. Here again, as in France, influential Reviews represented the divergent schools of thought. The Mayence school was represented by the *Katholik*, that of Munich by the *Quarterly Review* of Tübingen. The Jesuits, too, had their Review, the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, which agreed with the school of Mayence. From this atmosphere of keen contest among Catholic Reviews Sir John Acton came to England. The questions involved were specially urgent for the Catholic *savants* in Germany, where intellectual rivalry between the Confessions ran high, for their Protestant competitors

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in the sciences would be likely to claim a great superiority if scholastic conclusions were drawn so tight as to tie the limbs of the Catholic thinkers and scholars, and prevent their free competition with their neighbours on the neutral *terrain* of scientific evidence. The Munich school urged the necessity of scientific freedom and of the reconsideration of such theological opinions as science appeared to disprove. The school of Mayence was more inclined to suspect the hypotheses of science and to walk in the traditional paths.[1]

[1] The theological difference between the two schools—somewhat parallel to the difference which later on separated Dr. Liddon from Mr. Gore in the Church of England—was excellently and succinctly stated years afterwards by the late Monsignor d'Hulst in his address to the Catholic Scientific Congress held at Paris in 1888:

'Si la foi est immobile, la science ne l'est pas. C'est la gloire de la parole divine d'être toujours semblable à elle-même. C'est l'honneur de la pensée humaine de n'être jamais contente d'elle-même et de réculer sans cesse les bornes toujours étroites de ses connaissances. Mais entre deux termes contigus, dont l'un est en repos, l'autre en mouvement, il est inévitable que les points de contact se déplacent. Si le déplacement se faisait toujours au nom d'une certitude absolue, l'accord serait facile entre croyants; car autant ils sont convaincus qu'une proposition révélée n'a rien à craindre des constatations scientifiques, autant ils sont prêts à affirmer qu'une proposition démontrée n'encourra jamais le démenti autorisé des juges de la croyance. Ces deux axiomes représentent les deux faces d'une même vérité enseignée en termes exprès par le Concile du Vatican et par toute une série d'actes pontificaux, et qu'on peut résumer en cette formule: *le dogme catholique ne saurait être pris en défaut par les faits.* Mais le problème est moins simple que cela dans la pratique. La science, en effet, arrive rarement d'un bond à la certitude. Elle procède par l'hypothèse, s'essaie aux vérifications expérimentales et s'achemine à travers des probabilités grandissantes vers le terme désiré de l'évidence discursive. Mais non. Il y a des tâtonnements et de fausses manœuvres; il y a des chevauchées hors de la route; *magni passus, sed extra viam*; il y a des hypothèses qui jouissent longtemps d'une certaine faveur et que de nouvelles recherches obligent d'abandonner. Tant que dure leur crédit provisoire, bon nombre d'esprits trop prompts à conclure les confondent avec les dires absolus de la science, et pendant ce temps-là on se demande comment les mettre d'accord avec l'enseignement chrétien.

'Les uns disent: "Le désaccord est manifeste, c'est l'hypothèse qui a tort." Les autres répondent: "L'hypothèse est bien appuyée, c'est vous qui interprétez mal la croyance. Ce que vous prenez pour l'enseignement catholique n'est qu'un façon d'entendre cet enseignement, façon bien naturelle tant qu'on n'avait pas de raisons d'en chercher une autre, mais qu'il faut abandonner à la demande de l'expérience." Sans doute, si l'autorité suprême intervient pour fixer le sens indécis du dogme, le dissentiment fait place à l'unanimité. Mais il est rare que cette autorité se mêle ainsi aux virements de bord de la science. Gardienne prudente de la parole sacrée, protectrice bienveillante de l'activité humaine, elle

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This question, which, in the days of which we are speaking, appeared vague and rather 'in the air' to the general reader of periodical literature, has long ago established its extremely urgent and definite character in connection especially with the light thrown by history on the early constitution of the Church. For mediæval theologians had at times not unnaturally treated as existing from the first what history subsequently showed to have been developed later on. This urgency was early recognised by specialists like Döllinger and Newman himself. Acton arrived in England full of the subject. He desired to conduct an English Review which should play the part of that of Tübingen—the *Atlantis*, the *Dublin*, the *Rambler*, it mattered not which. Such a Review was, like the German Catholic Reviews, to influence non-Catholic thought as well as Catholic. And he wanted the countenance of one great English Catholic thinker and historical student, John Henry Newman. Moreover, in addition to his sympathy with the aims of the Munich school, he had even at this early time the sanguine passion for 'liberty' as an ideal which made him in later years design as his *magnum opus* a 'History of Freedom.' Acton had also an absolute faith in the scientific character and impartial temper displayed by the existing representatives of modern historical research. The days of partisanship and special pleading were, he considered, over. If Ranke could be fair to the Catholics, the Catholics, too, should be fair to the facts of history which told against them, and eschew any *arrière pensée* to controversial effectiveness. Hence he was inclined to make very boldly the challenge which most Catholic students make with great reserve,

attend d'ordinaire, se contentant de surveiller le mouvement et de condamner les excès de part et d'autre. Pendant ce temps-là, deux tendances se manifestent parmi les catholiques: celle des hardis, qui sont parfois téméraires; celles des timides, qui sont parfois arriérés. Et là encore la situation se complique et les reproches se croisent. Les hardis prétendent que ce sont eux qui sont prudents, parce qu'ils réservent l'avenir et épargnent aux théologiens la nécessité de s'infliger plus tard à eux-mêmes un désaveu. Les timides répondent que ce sont eux qui méritent la louange décernée aux braves, parce qu'ils témoignent moins d'appréhensions devant les attaques de la science, plus de confiance dans la victoire finale de la conception traditionnelle. Encore une fois, Messieurs, ces divergences sont inévitables, et vouloir les prévenir serait interdire aux croyants de penser. . . .'

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that theologians should revise their statements in the light of the conclusions of the scientific world. For he held that world to represent accurately the true state of scientific evidence. How the situation and the prospect for the future presented itself to Acton's mind we may see by reading his own words in an article written very shortly afterwards.

He first describes the great apologists who, from Chateaubriand and De Maistre onwards, did so great a work in restoring religious belief. He then speaks of the scientific Catholic thinkers and scholars of his own time.

'. . . The services of these [earlier] writers have been very great,' he writes. 'They restored the balance which was leaning terribly against religion, both in politics and letters. They created a Catholic opinion and a great Catholic literature, and they conquered for the Church a very powerful influence in European thought. The word "ultramontane" was revived to designate this school, and that restricted term was made to embrace men as different as de Maistre and de Bonald, Lamennais and Montalembert, Balmez and Donoso Cortes, Stolberg and Schlegel, Phillips and Taparelli.

'Learning has (now) passed on beyond the range of these men's visions. Their greatest strength was in the weakness of their adversaries, and their own faults were eclipsed by the monstrous errors against which they fought. But scientific methods have now been so perfected and have come to be applied in so cautious and so fair a spirit that the apologists of the last generation have collapsed before them. Investigations have become so impersonal, so colourless, so free from the prepossessions which distort truth, from pre-determined aims and foregone conclusions, that their results can only be met by investigations in which the same methods are yet more completely and conscientiously applied. The sounder scholar is invincible by the brilliant rhetorician; and the eloquence and ingenuity of de Maistre and Schlegel would be of no avail against researches pursued with perfect mastery of science and singleness of purpose. The apologist's armour would be vulnerable at the point where his religion and his science were forced into artificial union. Again, as science widens and deepens, it escapes from the grasp of dilettantism. The training of a skilled labourer has become indispensable for the scholar, and science yields its results to none but those who have mastered its methods.

'Herein consists the distinction between the apologists we have described and that school of writers and thinkers

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which is now growing up in foreign countries, and on the triumph of which the position of the Church in modern society depends. While she was surrounded with men whose learning was sold to the service of untruth, her defenders naturally adopted the artifices of the advocate, and wrote as if they were pleading for a human cause. It was their concern only to promote those precise kinds and portions of knowledge which would confound an adversary or support her claim. But learning ceased to be hostile to Christianity when it ceased to become an instrument of controversy—when facts came to be acknowledged no longer because they were useful, but simply because they were true. Religion had no occasion to rectify the results of learning when irreligion had ceased to pervert them, and the old weapons of controversy became repulsive as soon as they had ceased to be useful.'[1]

In 1858 (the year this narrative has now reached) the scientific movement among Catholics in Germany was steadily growing in influence. It was attempting, among other things, a somewhat similar work to that done in the Church of England a little later by such men as Lightfoot, Hort, and Westcott—specialist research in the history of the early centuries, absolutely frank, yet undertaken with Christian rather than anti-Christian sympathies.

The chapters which now follow have as their background this effort, marked by great enthusiasm, though, no doubt, one-sided in its outlook, to gain for the Catholic Church in Germany an influence on thought and learning comparable to that which German Catholics actually gained later on in politics. And they terminate with the dramatic episode of the Munich Congress of 1863 summoned by Döllinger in order to promote and organise this endeavour. The Congress brought down the censure of the Holy See on the excesses of Döllinger and Acton, and in doing so inflicted a severe blow on the whole movement.

A word more is needed concerning one of the *dramatis personæ* in the campaign in England itself.

Among those Catholics whose interests were intellectual, and whose zeal for reform in education and increased depth in religious philosophy was keen, the man who pulled hardest

[1] *Home and Foreign Review*, i. 513.

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against Acton was W. G. Ward. His attitude towards the two tendencies of Catholic thought just described was nevertheless not wholly opposed to that of the more liberal thinkers.

We have seen how Louis Veuillot and his friends held the Church as a besieged city against the modern world; how they entrenched themselves behind scholastic bulwarks and looked askance at the complex modern movement, which was at once anti-Christian, political, and scientific; seeing in Mazzini only an enemy of the Pope, in Darwin only an enemy to dogma; respecting the modern 'liberties' and longing for the days to return when the Church had excluded the very breath of error and doubt. Lacordaire and Montalembert, on the other hand, deplored the tyranny of ecclesiastics in the past as largely responsible for the existing troubles of the Church. Intent on actually affecting the minds of the existing generation, mindful of the immense impression which Lacordaire himself had made on the mixed crowd of his countrymen in 1836 at Notre Dame, they sought to supplement the old scholastic arguments by others more persuasive to nineteenth-century thinkers; and they had a friendly eye on the Munich school in Germany.

Mr. W. G. Ward, from his sceptical intellectual temperament and his keen imaginative realisation of the standpoint of J. S. Mill, shared in the views of the more Liberal school so far as fundamental Christian apologetic was concerned. He was dissatisfied with the arguments given in the ordinary scholastic manuals as proofs both of Theism and of Christianity. He considered that they required both developing and supplementing to meet the needs of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, he had small sympathy with the Munich school. When once the fundamental apologetic was secure, he, like Veuillot, advocated the entrenchment of Catholics in their own city; though what he especially insisted on in this connection was not the scholastic philosophy, but the practice of the ascetic life, the influence of Catholic devotion, and the atmosphere of Catholicism, secured and confirmed by an absolute obedience to all intimations from the Holy See. The theological volumes of the schoolmen indeed were his delight, but the chief value he set on them was as ministering to practical religion. In philosophy

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he was not rigidly scholastic. His war was primarily against the spirit of exclusive 'intellectualism' which he thought he saw in the Munich school.

Such writers as Acton and Richard Simpson, to whom the large non-Catholic world of science was so important, who were such enthusiastic lovers of its methods, who desired to be members of it on equal terms with others, constantly struck a note which jarred on Ward. His pamphlet read before the English Catholic Academia on 'The Relation of Intellect to Man's True Perfection' was directed against that form of 'religious Liberalism' and 'intellectualism' which he held to be their leading characteristic. They disregarded, he considered, the stern and exclusive ethical principles of Christianity and the logical consequences of its principles. The secularist temper involved maxims which endangered the success even of contributions to apologetic intrinsically valuable. For Ward believed severe self-discipline and moral training to be necessary for an adequate appreciation of the very reasons for religious belief. The intellectual dissipation of the modern secularist civilisation undermined the effect of the deepest arguments on such a subject. The ethical principles of Christianity were as necessary for even the best arguments on behalf of its truth to prove convincing as air is needful for the most healthy lungs to breathe. These principles were so little congenial to human nature that he thought they should be constantly and prominently insisted on. They were, on the contrary, he held, often sacrificed by the writers in question for the 'mongrel morality' of modern civilisation. On the other hand, from the constitution of his mind, Ward was not fully alive to the urgency of the historical problems which so greatly exercised Acton and Simpson.

Of Newman's own *via media* between Ward and Acton I will not attempt to give any brief analysis; it will be better that his own words should speak for themselves. Widely as he dissented from Ward on particular points, it was, as he often said, in practice and in the application of principles that the difference lay, not in theological principles themselves. In the 'Apologia' he has expressed his 'enthusiastic concurrence' with the attitude of such 'Liberal' Catholics

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as Lacordaire and Montalembert, whom he held to be 'before their time' (p. 285). With regard to the 'liberalism' of Acton and his friends his concurrence was far more limited. But he sympathised with their avowed programme of approaching religious problems with a mind keenly alive to the thought and science of the day.

The campaign of the English Liberal Catholics, which eventually caused a great stir, was partly, as I have already hinted, a reaction in England itself from another movement among the converts.

Father Faber and his friends of the Brompton Oratory having no longer the restraining hand of their first Father Superior to guide them, had been pressing onward the devotional and uncritical treatment of the history of the saints on lines somewhat similar to those followed by such writers as M. Gaume in France. Church history was dealt with by some English Catholics much as Abbé Darras treated it for the edification of the French Seminarists. A school of deeply religious men was urging, as an adequate solution of all difficulties, absolute obedience to ecclesiastical authority in matters intellectual as well as in matters of discipline. Views which were approved as orthodox or were current in Rome were supposed or tacitly assumed by them to be as a necessary consequence adequate to the intellectual needs of the time. With this view, Newman and even W. G. Ward could concur as little as the *Rambler* writers. Newman's historical sense effectually prevented such an attitude. He probably recalled the great change of fashion he had witnessed in Rome itself in these matters, from 1847, when philosophy was no longer the vogue, when St. Thomas and Aristotle were little read, when the study of facts was all in all, to the existing fashion of a revived Scholasticism. More than one intellectual fashion might be orthodox. More than one might prevail at different times in Rome itself. In 1847 he had pleaded for some philosophy, as against its entire absence. Now that the scholastic revival had begun, the danger, both at Rome and elsewhere, appeared to be of a different kind. Philosophical and theological tenets and arguments were imposed by professors as though they were certain, with insufficient accompanying recognition of facts

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which did not square with them. Moreover, in philosophy itself, what was theologically orthodox was in some quarters insisted on as therefore necessarily intellectually convincing. On the evils consequent on this habit in the ecclesiastical seminaries W. G. Ward often spoke with characteristic vehemence from his personal experience at St. Edmund's. 'The whole philosophical fabric which occupies our colleges,' he wrote to Newman in 1860, 'is rotten from the floor to the roof. Nay; no one who has not been mixed up practically in a seminary would imagine to how great an extent it *intellectually debauches* the students' minds.' Again, even on the wider needs of theology arising from modern historical and biblical problems, to which, as I have said, he was far less alive, Ward writes: 'What new difficulties are opened at every step! I suppose the Church will have to develop quite a supplemental *corpus* of theology in reference to such questions as those touched in "Essays and Reviews."'

To Newman the new aspects of the philosophical and critical argument for Christianity which needed developing were, of course, no surprise. He had expressly anticipated them nine years earlier. When dealing in his lectures at King William Street with the Anglican controversy he had declined to treat this larger question on the ground that it was a transition time.

The old defences could still be used, but very shortly the controversy would, he foresaw, have fallen into so new a position that arguments which had been constructed before such a development would be useless. When that time came he would attempt to deal with them and revise them.

'The first duty of Catholics,' he then wrote, 'is to house those in who are near their doors; it will be time afterwards when this has been done to ascertain how things lie on the extended field of philosophy and religion, and into what new position the controversy has fallen; as yet the old arguments suffice. To attempt a formal dissertation on the Notes of the Church at this moment, would be running the risk of constructing what none would need to-day, and none could use to-morrow.' The morrow had now arrived, and he meant to do his best.

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English writers like Capes and Simpson, who reacted against the doctrinal extremes of Father Faber, made common cause with those who, like Acton, drew their inspiration from Germany. And both alike appealed to Newman for aid and guidance. Newman had already mapped out in the *Atlantis* a practical first step in the desired direction. Once you make minds educated and really familiar with the trend of science, they will not (he held) maintain an untenable or narrow apologetic. It is when science is kept at a distance, and its conclusions are not realised, that such conclusions are opposed in the name of orthodoxy. The necessity of change is in such circumstances not evident, and the views in possession presumptively stand. But now, before this preparation of mind had been achieved among English Catholics, current problems were, as we have seen in the last chapter, ventilated in Mr. Capes's Review, the *Rambler*, with a good deal of impatience and exaggeration, with some indiscriminateness of expression, some superficiality of treatment, and in a way —perhaps even with a disposition—to shock both the ecclesiastical authorities and the average reader. These characteristics were precisely the opposite to those desired by Newman, who wished to effect the necessary modifications and additions without friction, almost without observation. The somewhat reckless and startling articles in the *Rambler* made him very anxious as to their effect in upsetting the faith of good and simple minds, and also, as we shall see later on, in defeating really needed developments in theology. For such exaggerations would provoke a reaction.

Mr. Capes had in 1858 ceased to be editor of the *Rambler*. But his sub-editor, Mr. Richard Simpson, succeeded him, and that Review was in the end chosen by Sir John Acton as the field for his own labours on the lines of Döllinger's campaign at Munich. Acton succeeded in gaining the co-operation of Newman. He had too the sympathy of the Bollandists, Father de Buck being another contributor. Döllinger wrote for the Review and so did Montalembert. The *Rambler* in this fresh start took boldly the general line described by Acton in the words cited above as that of the great German *savants* of the Munich school. Its writers entered the lists as knights-errant on behalf of reality

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and candour of thought, of research abreast of the times. 'Modern Society,' they wrote in their prospectus, 'has developed no security for freedom, no instrument of progress, no means of arriving at truth which we look at with indifference or suspicion.'

Scandals and anomalies in the history of the Church must be (they held) frankly recognised. Bad philosophical arguments must not be bolstered up and declared to be good because they were given in approved text-books, or even because they had passed muster in the pages of great mediæval doctors or saints. And, moreover, they declined on many grounds to admit the universal desirableness of an attitude of passive and almost indiscriminate obedience to ecclesiastical authority which they regarded as proper to a seminary. Writing in this spirit, these able reviewers, who were young and one-sided and enthusiastic, irritated the Bishops and startled the English Catholics. They fell distinctly short of the customary tone of respect for authority and for the saints themselves. They treated lightly certain sacred traditions which, though possibly in some cases unfounded, yet had at the lowest their place in the devotional life of Catholics, and deserved reverent handling. So also a method of philosophical writing which presented doubts as felt realities, while it questioned the adequacy of the familiar scholastic solutions, was doubly a source of general unsettlement.

The pursuits and mental habits of the English country gentry and clergy, who were among the readers of the *Rambler*, were perhaps not such as would lead them to be fully alive to the danger to intellectual honesty and, in the long run, to the faith of the educated classes, of the deficiencies which such men as Mr. Simpson and Sir John Acton deprecated. Such readers were the descendants of the persecuted Catholics long excluded from the Universities and from public life, or High-Church convert clergymen, few of whom were sensitive to intellectual interests. They objected to having doubts suggested to them to which they had hitherto been strangers. They did not realise that, to the mind of the age, the causes of doubt were already present, and needed to be frankly recognised and counteracted. Also their piety and religious instincts

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were startled at the manner adopted by the *Rambler*. And among such readers were some of Newman's own colleagues of the Birmingham Oratory. At Birmingham, as at Littlemore, Newman had surrounded himself with those who deeply sympathised with the main object of his life. But few, if any, of them were in close contact with the thought of the day which pressed so closely on men like Acton, Simpson, and Döllinger. In his daily companions, then, he had an object-lesson in the disturbing effect of raising difficulties hitherto unfelt, with the object of answering them. The Oratorians served him almost as a thermometer, to register the effect of such writings on the *cordatus Catholicus* in England, whose life-work and interests lay in directions other than the speculative or intellectual. And this effect was an important factor in determining Newman's course in the trying controversies that ensued. Diplomacy was called for as well as knowledge and intellectual capacity; and the campaign assumed the character of a chapter in ecclesiastical politics.

Newman saw the absolute necessity of some moderating influence if the *Rambler* writers were to bring home to their co-religionists what was true in their view of the situation. Minds must be prepared by a gradual explanation of what was in form novel, in order that they might see its real consistency with recognised theological principles. 'Novelty is often error,' he wrote years later, 'for those who are unprepared for it, from the refraction with which it enters into their conceptions.' Catholic readers must be won by commonsense, and not repelled by paradox and exaggeration.

His full view of the situation came out by degrees as he wrote to each correspondent, entering into the particular point of view which each represented. Moreover, it modified as time went on. His successive feelings towards the work of Acton and Simpson were summed up in a letter to myself by his intimate friend, the late Lord Emly, as 'interest and disappointment.' Their programme he approved. With their way of carrying it out he was, as we shall see, far from satisfied.

This correspondence was carefully collected and annotated by him with a view to its publication at any time

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when his attitude on these great problems should be discussed. I shall make somewhat extensive extracts from it in the sequel. It may appear at first sight to be mainly concerned with editorial difficulties; but this is not so. Though its occasion was the conduct of a Review, it deals in fact with problems of supreme importance. Moreover, no group of his letters illustrates more fully his strength and his width, his sensitive sympathy with many points of view, and his tenacious adherence to the difficult path traced out by personal sincerity and loyalty to authority combined. He had to enter into the special circumstances of many minds. For he had to deal with the Bishops, representing the interests of rule and of peace; with Döllinger, Acton, and Simpson, who were familiar with lines of contemporary thought and research which made some innovation a necessity; with W. G. Ward, whose views were largely determined by his own special difficulties and mental characteristics; with the English Catholic body at large, whom new problems only scared. All these he had to consider. And he had to trace a path on which all alike could walk.

For these reasons the correspondence must be quoted at considerable length in giving, as I now proceed to do, the detailed story of the events above referred to.

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CHAPTER XVI

CATHOLIC REVIEWS (1858–1859)

WHEN Newman retired from the Rectorship of the University in November 1858, it was arranged that the *Atlantis* was to be continued. In the following month Sir John Acton, captivated by Newman's vivid sketch—in his lectures and in the *Gazette*—of a University as the home of all the sciences, and the instrument of their gradual synthesis, under the *ægis* of the Church, urged that the Dublin professors should, in its pages, take the active lead of English Catholic thought, and proposed that the *Atlantis* should enlarge its scope and become a Quarterly Review. He held that it would directly influence a large public in England, for many Anglicans were constantly on the look-out for such writings. Newman, however, in view of the existing state of culture among English Catholics, held that the time was not yet ripe for such a great enterprise in periodical literature. He designed first (as we have said) to prepare the way by the educative influence of more strictly scientific articles in the *Atlantis*, which appeared only twice a year. The style proper to a magazine or even a Quarterly Review, and the class of readers to which such a publication would appeal, were both obstacles to the realisation of Acton's suggestion. In the existing state of opinion, to deal with burning topics in a Review, especially after the fashion in which Acton and Simpson were likely to deal with them, might irritate rather than help people.

Newman seems at first to have felt that a really weighty work by himself, appealing to thinking minds rather than designed for the general reader, would best serve the interests at stake. Such a work he had hoped to accomplish in his projected 'Prolegomena' to the new English translation of

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the Bible. After this was abandoned, came his plan for a book on 'Faith and Reason,' for which he had already made many notes. He desired first an interval of rest after his work at Dublin, and the repose of mind necessary to enable him to think out such an essay and to equip himself for its preparation. The vexatious *mal entendus* and controversies of periodical literature must impede the progress of a constructive work, and he refused at first both Acton's suggestion and Oakeley's request a month later that he should join in rehabilitating the *Dublin Review*, which had sunk to a low ebb of vitality. 'I often feel,' he wrote to Acton, 'that I am used up—at least for such purposes. A person should be younger in age, in mind, in thought, in experience, and in views than I am, to write with freshness and energy. And then things seem to have gone past me. I don't know whom I am likely to influence.' He declined a similar request from Henry Wilberforce that he should contribute to the *Weekly Register*. 'I need rest,' Newman wrote, 'and have promised myself a fallow year. Even writing letters is a great tease, and writing for publication is as inconsistent with rest, as knocks at the bedroom door with sleep. And everything I write on current and ephemeral matters takes me from the more arduous subjects on which I wish to engage myself.'[1]

This position of detachment proved, however, impossible. The *Rambler* was growing at once in the scale and in the value of its articles, and causing increased irritation to an Episcopate which had no adequate appreciation of the intellectual work which it was attempting. The August number contained the following sentence: 'Because St. Augustine was the greatest doctor of the West, we need not conceal the fact that he was also the father of Jansenism.' Döllinger defended this statement in the December number against the outcry it raised, and certain passages in his article were delated to Rome. Cardinal Wiseman was at the same time angered by a criticism in the *Rambler* of certain episcopal utterances on the Royal Commission on Education in 1858. And now, at the beginning of the year 1859, the threat was held out that the Review, which was at the time edited by Mr. Simpson with Sir John Acton as collaborator, was to

[1] Letter dated January 18, 1858.

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be censured in the forthcoming Pastorals of the English Bishops. Newman held that the *Rambler* had placed itself in a false position; yet he believed that its censure would be disastrous, and said so in a letter to Simpson, in which he dwelt on the good work done by the Review. And he found himself to be the only possible intermediary to prevent this most undesirable collision between Simpson and the hierarchy. He, and he alone, commanded the confidence of the various sections of the community concerned. He was trusted by Acton and Simpson. Cardinal Wiseman wrote that things were 'always safe in his hands.' W. G. Ward had, as yet, complete confidence in him as the natural leader of the Catholic intellect in England. And the general readers, and even the more extreme adherents of the London Oratory, knew how sensitively he regarded the pious feelings of the Catholic community which the *Rambler* had in some cases shocked.

Newman's first step was to persuade Mr. Simpson to resign the editorship of the *Rambler* on condition that the Bishops should refrain from the threatened censure. In the end this compromise was effected. Simpson resigned and the censure was withheld. But then the question arose: Who was to be editor? It was clearly conveyed to Newman that Sir J. Acton was equally distasteful to the ecclesiastical authorities. And there was no one else but himself available who could keep up the intellectual prestige of the Review. To Newman himself the idea of his own editorship was that of 'a bitter penance,' as he said. His own time was precious. He felt that it might be short. He had expressed already in a letter to W. G. Ward his fear that he might at any time be visited by paralysis; and the sudden death of his friend Mr. Manuel Johnson a year earlier had been regarded by him as a warning to get forward with the work he had long contemplated on Faith and Reason. Again, the *Rambler* was popularly regarded as representing a party hostile to the Bishops and to the *Dublin Review*; and the fathers of the Oratory were anxious that he should not mix himself up with such a quarrel. It seemed, however, to be a choice between the Review dying and his taking the editorship. Under the deepest sense of duty, and after a good deal of hesitation and

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consultation with the fathers of the Oratory, after praying long to know God's Will, he accepted it in March 1859. He did so at the wish of Bishop Ullathorne and Cardinal Wiseman, and after explicitly writing to W. G. Ward, who with Oakeley was temporary editor of the *Dublin*, that he contemplated no kind of rivalry with that periodical. His letters show that he regarded the undertaking as a duty—a most important one, though in some ways a most unwelcome one. And he seems to have felt somewhat bitterly that his motives were little appreciated. He was credited with wishing to exercise influence, to propagate his own ideas.

To add to his difficulties, W. G. Ward, who sympathised with Newman's own programme at this time, was so intolerant towards what he regarded as the secularistic tone and principles of the *Rambler* that he had to be counted on the whole as a foe rather than as a friend to the special work which Newman was now undertaking.

An interview took place on December 30, 1858, between Newman and Acton, at which the future of the *Rambler* was discussed, its continuance appearing to be the most practicable means of preserving an efficient Review for Catholics. It was on this occasion that Newman first learnt that Döllinger's article had been denounced to the authorities. Newman was in the highest degree indignant at the attitude of the theological busybodies towards one of Döllinger's weight and learning, and Acton has left an interesting account of their conversation in a letter to Richard Simpson.

'. . . I had a three hours' talk with the venerable Newman, who came out at last with his real sentiments to an extent which startled me with respect both to things and persons, as Ward, Dalgairns, &c., &c.; natural inclination of men in power to tyrannise; ignorance and presumption of would-be theologians. I did not think he would ever cast aside his diplomacy and buttonment so entirely, and was quite surprised at the intense interest he betrayed in the *Rambler*. He was quite miserable when I told him the news, and moaned for a long time, rocking himself backwards and forwards over the fire like an old woman with a toothache. He thinks the move provoked both by the hope of breaking down the *Rambler*, and by jealousy of Döllinger. . . . He has no present advice, being ignorant of the course of such

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affairs in Rome, except that we should declare, if you can make up your mind to do so, that we do not treat theology in our pages. He thinks such a declaration would go a great way. If you wish, it can be done at the end of my paper, when I come to speak of *our* position and aims, subject, as the whole article will more particularly be, to your correction. He wants us to have rather more levity and profaneness, less theology and learning. A good story, he thinks, would turn away wrath, and he enjoys particularly your friendly encounters with Bentham, Combe, Buckle, and the like. On the other hand, he wants our more ponderous efforts to be devoted to the *Atlantis*, which he would be ready to quarter, Longmans urging him thereto, and Sullivan promising 400 subscribers in Ireland. There are some difficulties in the way, but I think we can promise him contributions with willingness. He is most entirely friendly, and considered the *Rambler* invaluable, to be kept, according to Madame Swetchine's [translation of] the "vers Latin: Quis custodiet custodes?" for the Authorities.'

The letters I shall now cite—chiefly from Newman himself—illustrate the further sequence of events already indicated. And the reader will not fail to perceive that while dealing immediately with the programme of a not very important Review, they bear on the most vital questions which were agitating the religious world. The first was written on the day following the interview with Acton, which has just been described. Newman's views as to the true diplomacy in conducting a Catholic Review under the difficult circumstances of the times is brought out in some characteristic sentences:

'*Private.* The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 31st, 1858.

'My dear Sir John,—I have thought over what we talked of yesterday, and, as I promised, I write to you.

'Deeply as it pained me to hear from you the indignity to which Dr. Döllinger was to be subjected, I am, on the whole, disposed to make light of it. Perhaps the denunciation won't be made. If it is, he is able to hold his own. And they will be shy of meddling with him at Rome. And on what plea? for what kind of offence is it, to take a certain historical view of the person of heretics, while condemning their writings? Mayn't I say that Luther was a loving and amiable papa, and yet abominate him? So I don't think, if this is all, much will come of it.

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'No one, however, can deny, that it is the bad repute of the *Rambler* which causes it, if it is done.

'I certainly have long thought that the *Rambler* was in a false position. If I recollect rightly, it commenced as a literary work. At one time it called itself, *Journal of the Fine Arts*, &c. It generally had a tale in series. It was properly a magazine. I think it was a mistake to treat of Theology proper at all; and a double mistake to treat it in magazine fashion. And a third mistake for laymen to do so.

'Everyone has his own line. I should be surprised to find myself writing on Contingent Remainders. It requires an explanation when a layman writes on theology. From all I hear, I believe Ward has done good at St. Edmund's, but even he surely was in a false position, though he had the direct sanction of his Diocesan for what he did, and the indirect encouragement of the Holy See. Here then is mistake the fourth, that the *Rambler* on the contrary has attacked ecclesiastical authorities and their organs.

'It is true that the Holy See, or its representatives, have sometimes taken up laymen, as Dr. Brownson—nay, against local superiors, as M. Veuillot; but such persons have been thoroughgoing partizans of its rights and claims. The position of the Holy See must be considered, especially in a missionary country. It has to act, to act promptly and forcibly, and is forced to use such instruments as come to hand. It is common, indeed, with statesmen if necessary to look to the present, and to live from hand to mouth. They adopt courses which are immediately effective, and measure services by what is showy, telling, and successful. If there be a power which need not look to the future, it is one which has a promise that it cannot fail, and is told not to be solicitous about the morrow. We are in a world of imperfection—truth and its propagation is committed to "earthen vessels." Hence some Saints,—as St. Basil, St. Jerome, St. Thomas M., St. Joseph Calasanctius, St. Alfonso—have been neglected at Rome during their lifetime. There is need constantly, in this or that locality, if the work is to go on, of rough and ready instruments, of thick and thin supporters, of vehemence, of severity. When a house is in flames, you may rightly expostulate with the fireman who curses and swears, but it may be his way—his only way—of waking you.

'However, it is quite another matter what is to be thought of this freedom of tongue when exercised not in the cause of the great interests to which I have referred; and

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still more, when, without benefiting them, it is directed against venerable authorities at home.

'When Lucas, e.g., went to Rome, I was glad of it because I thought that on the one hand kindness would have been shown him for his loyal service,—and on the other that by means of that kindness he would have been persuaded to modify his political views. I forgot that, while the particular cause that took him to Rome was not Ultramontane, he had his Bishop against him in it. In consequence he could hardly find a person to introduce him to the Pope, and zealous servant as he was of the Holy See, he wandered about the Churches of Rome, seeking consolation where consolation is ever to be found.

'How different from the case of Lamennais, whose future was not contemplated, since he was doing a present direct service to religion!

'So again Wallis—he has found it simply impossible to hold his ground against Dr. Cullen, considering he was not undertaking any direct championship of any special Roman interest.

'It is then to me quite clear that, if the *Rambler* perseveres in its present course, it will find it cannot hold on, but must come to an end. A change of rulers in the diocese of Westminster will not mend matters.

'Moreover the question occurs whether, even for the sake of its own subjects, it should not abstain from theology. While it teaches it, it provokes opposition, and this opposition is practically a siding with the parties whom the *Rambler* assails, nay, and will become so actually and avowedly. These parties have Catholic society with them at present, for society naturally sides with authority. But, if the *Rambler* retires from the field of controversy, they, united as they may be at present, will quarrel with each other. Restlessness must have an object to attack; pride of intellect will not bear a rival; men in rule will become suspicious of others who are *not* writers in magazines. The general proposition: "all converts are dangerous," at present is applied to such as Simpson; let him be silent in theological matters and that Eternal Truth, as it is felt to be, must find its fulfilment in other converts. When I was a Protestant I used to say that no cause could progress without a view or theory; and, when I came to be unsettled in religious opinion, I thought that, even humanly speaking, my work was over in the Anglican Church because I had no principles to put forth. But I was wrong. The *Christian Remembrancer* and the *Guardian* have gone on

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with as much *éclat* without principles as the *British Critic* with them. How have they gone on? simply by clever writing, by attacking their opponents, by hitting hard, though they made themselves responsible for little or nothing positive.

'Here is a suggestion for the *Rambler*, supposing it feels the duty to give up theology, aims at escaping the displeasure of its ecclesiastical superiors, yet wishes to promote the good ends to which it is devoted.

'Let it adopt the policy of Wellington in the lines of Torres Vedras, who kept within shelter, while the enemy scoured the plain, but kept a sharp eye on him and took him at disadvantage, whenever it was possible.

'Let it go back to its own literary line. Let it be instructive, clever, and amusing. Let it cultivate a general temper of good humour and courtesy. Let it praise as many persons as it can, and gain friends in neutral quarters, and become the organ of others by the interest it has made them take in its proceedings. Then it will be able to plant a good blow at a fitting time with great effect, it may come down keen and sharp and not only on Protestants,—and without committing itself to definite statements of its own, it may support authority by attacking views which authority will be the first to be jealous of if the *Rambler* is not the first to attack them. Power to be powerful, and strength to be strong, must be exerted only now and then. It then would be strong and effective, and affect public opinion without offending piety or good sense.

'I don't think all this is a mere dream—but to be realized it requires the grace of patience.

'The best wishes of the New Year to you. The clock is now striking twelve.

'Very sincerely yours in Xt.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Simpson and Acton both professed to fall in with the idea of henceforth excluding theology from the *Rambler*, and Newman rejoiced. 'I am very glad,' he wrote on January 13, 'that Simpson disclaims a theological character for the *Rambler*. I have a great opinion of his powers, and a great respect for his character, and a great personal liking for him, though I have hardly seen him since I used to dine with him at Bouisse's on the Capitol, and fleas were more numerous than dishes on the table cloth. It seems to me a sad thing that we should have so many clever

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men, and that their exertions should not be brought together—but the difficulty of doing so is great.'

In spite of the good intentions of the editors, they were not successful in so acting as to allay the dissatisfaction of the average Catholic reader, which strengthened the hands of the Bishops in their opposition to the *Rambler*. 'I send you the proof of the first sheet of the *Rambler* for next March,' writes Mr. Burns the publisher. 'You will, I fancy, see in this very sheet, some of those offensively worded expressions which set people against the *Rambler*, and which are quite uncalled for by the argument.'

Mr. Wenham again—himself a man of culture and breadth of mind—in a letter to Newman of nearly the same date thus expresses the cause of offence to be found in Mr. Simpson's tone: 'He writes about the Church in a sort of sore tone, and at times, as if from without; and when people complain, he takes it as a want of boldness and liberty of mind.'

On February 16, Bishop Ullathorne gave Newman private notice by letter of an impending censure of the *Rambler* by the Bishops, and counselled Simpson's retirement as the only course which could avert it.

Newman persuaded Simpson to resign and the Bishop was, for the moment, satisfied with his action. 'I thank you in my own name and that of the other Bishops who have moved in the affair of the *Rambler*,' he wrote on February 21, 'for having brought the matter of Mr. Simpson's Editorship to a satisfactory conclusion.'

The publishers' view of the financial prospects of the *Rambler* for the future was that all depended on Newman's avowed support.

'What I think quite necessary to give the Review a chance,' Mr. Burns writes to Newman, 'is that you should be known to be *bona fide* at the head of it, and that the public should be satisfied that nothing will be printed in it unless it has passed under your eye.' [1]

[1] Mr. Burns did not at this stage regard the good name of the Review among Catholics as at all past recovery.

'The *Rambler* has only become obnoxious,' he wrote to Father St. John, 'from their offensive personalities and from the flippancy of tone. All that is *good* in it is, I really believe, fully appreciated and valued, except by that class of

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Newman endeavoured during the months that followed to make the *Rambler* more palatable to the authorities.

'Our Bishop is much edified and pleased by your conduct,' he writes to Mr. Simpson on February 22, 'and sees in it so much high principle and good feeling, that I feel you are in a position of immense advantage with him and those whom he represents, and the *Rambler* together with you.

'I don't think the article on Catholic Freedom of the Press will do; cannot you keep it in type for some time? And I am very suspicious about the Gothic Architecture though I am much interested in the three pages, which alone I have seen of it.

'I wish you would turn over in your mind and give me your deliberate opinion, and Burns's, if he has anything to observe, on the proposal I made to have a Department of Correspondence. It seems to me that much *might* be said there which could not be said in formal articles. The Editor would profess that he was only responsible for points *de fide* and might moderate when things were said strongly. *The two articles which I have spoken of above might be admitted in this way*—that on Gothic Architecture in the May No.'

Mr. Simpson was amenable to counsel from Newman, but still very angry. In his reply he entered a vehement protest against the 'tyrannous and despotic intentions of the Bishops.' 'The question occurs,' he continues, 'is this kind of thing always to be acquiesced in? or is it at one time or other to be resisted? and, if so, when? When it (the *Rambler*) is found to be carried on on a principle of making people think and discuss, will it not immediately rekindle the old fires and draw down a new persecution of enemies flushed with conquest?' But he ends his letter with words of submission. 'I will cut out "theological howl" and kindred expressions from "Gothic Architecture."'

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. SIMPSON.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 25th, 1859.

'My dear Simpson,—It seems hardly kind when you have so much to try you, to preach; yet I know you will excuse

persons who are narrow-minded enough to dislike everything like freedom and progress, however carefully guarded as to orthodoxy.

'I think that the Jesuits, though I have not yet spoken to them, and also Mr. McMullen and other friends of the *Rambler*, would take precisely the above view from what I have heard them say before.'

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what comes from one who has, on various occasions already, had to practise what he preaches.

'I assure you that the principal person who has unfairly used you, and whose wishes I have been executing in my negotiation with you, [Cardinal Wiseman] has been personally unkind to me by word and deed. I consider myself much aggrieved, and, had not the experience of long years made me tire of indignation and complaint, I could indulge myself in both the one and the other.

'But, depend upon it, no advice is better than that of the holy Apostle: "If our enemy hungers, to feed him,"—and to leave our cause simply in the Hands of the good God. He will plead our cause for us in His own way, and, even though it be not His high Will to redress us openly, He can make compensation to us by inward blessings. *Noli æmulari.* To fret, and to be troubled does not pay,—it is like scratching a wound instead of letting it heal. . . .

'You have mentioned once or twice "Bright" in reprobation. He is our member, and it is not so often you get so honest a man. And I should not like to commit myself to opposition to him.

'Let it be "we" not "I" in the articles,—though I confess I think the evils of anonymous tribunals great.

'I am sure you deserve a long holiday. Throw off the "fumum strepitumque Romae" from your mind, and, with St. Philip, "sta allegro."

'Yours most sincerely in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Of the Oratory.'

Mr. Simpson, now eager for the fray, urged Newman to accept the editorship without further delay, and implied that one reason for keeping the *Rambler* in existence was the importance of counteracting in some way the influence of the *Dublin*. From this Newman strongly dissented. He pleaded, however, for time fully to consider his decision. The process of weighing *pros* and *cons* was with him ever a long one.

'It is to be borne in mind,' he wrote, 'that the Will of God is not known in a hurry. I have said Mass on the subject this morning, and not for the first time. Moreover, when, in the course of these days of waiting, the two events have occurred which I before mentioned to you, viz. the prospect of my having the *Atlantis* thrown on me, and the death of a friend

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under circumstances which might possibly be my own, it certainly was natural to ask myself whether these were not providential intimations to me as to the decision I ought to make.'

Newman, in order to make his position in regard to the *Dublin* quite clear, communicated his views at once to W. G. Ward. 'This I am sure of,' he wrote, 'that, if I undertook the *Rambler*, it would be as unlike a Quarterly Review, as possibly could be. I do not even contemplate a staff of writers. It would have no tendency whatever, as far as its shape and other circumstances go, to come into competition with the *Dublin*.'

W. G. Ward's reply was extremely characteristic:

'Northwood Park, Cowes: Shrove Tuesday, 8th Mar. 1859.

'My dear Father Newman,—All of us, except Oakeley, were occupied *entirely* against the grain: nor, I think, is there *one* who would have dreamed of accepting the *Dublin Review* on the terms we did, except for our detestation of the *Rambler*, and our wish to serve the Cardinal in his war against it.

'For myself, the whole thing (as I plainly told him) was a greater nuisance than could well be supposed. I am occupied with matter which interests me extremely, and, for my own part, would not care to walk across the room if by merely doing so I could turn out a first-rate Quarterly. My whole wish (putting it roughly) was to try that the Cardinal should feel the converts would *help* him.

'We were all *delighted* to have a good excuse for retiring. I understood from Burns that your editorship was a fixed thing, and on that I wrote to the Cardinal.

'I have the most perfect conviction that, at best, ours would have been a wretched failure. No one has less right to be suspected of false modesty than I have; but I am about as competent to direct a Review as to dance on the tight rope, and Oakeley is not much better.

'I am perfectly sure, and never doubted for a moment, that nothing can make the *Dublin* even tolerable. The Cardinal is an omnipresent supreme inquisitor into every detail, and, even if he were responsible editor, if there is one man on earth more unfit than me for such a post, it is he,—abounding (as I think) in most admirable instincts, but not a reasonable being in any shape.

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'I am writing in a hurry, *currente calamo*, to save the post. I hope I have made myself intelligible.

'On public grounds I don't care one button for having a good *Review*, nor do I see who would be the better for one, in our miserable state of intellectual degradation. But I am perfectly certain that our only chance of having one, would be that you should throw aside scruples which are most misplaced, and simply take the editorship of the *Rambler*, working it into a regular *Quarterly*. The *Dublin* then must die, and I should with great delight dance at its funeral.

'On personal grounds it would be the most delightful thing to me in the world to have again a real exhibition of yourself.

'All this, of course, in confidence. But if you wish a quasi-official answer about our *Dublin* negotiations, such as you could quote, let me have the word, and I will send you one.

'Ever affectionately yours,
W. G. WARD.'

A postscript to this letter, written on the following day, urges that the *Rambler*, which Ward accuses of having advocated 'detestable principles,' should change its name under its new editor, and become a Quarterly. But Newman had no thought of so marked a disavowal of sympathy with the past of the *Rambler*.

'March 10th, 1859.

'My dear Ward,—I thank you for your very kind letters, but every post brings me fresh perplexity, and I have to make up my mind without delay.

'Your notion that I should change the name of the *Rambler* is the climax. Why, then it would be *altogether* new,—bran new; new in name, in size, in arrangement, in times of issue, in editor. What would it have old? I should merely be embarking in a new undertaking, as distasteful to me as it *possibly can be to you*, though from your tone you don't seem quite to realize this.

'My position is this. I have got Simpson simply to put the *Rambler into my hands* at our Bishop's request. He consents on the condition it is not censured in the Lent Pastorals. This is granted. I have gained my object; but what am I to do with the *Rambler* now that I have got it? *Damno auctus sum.* My preventing it to go on in the old hands is the condition of the Pastorals not noticing it.

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I think it important they should *not* notice it; important it should *not* go back into the old hands; but what am I to do with it? I can but do one of two things; stop it or get some one to go on with it.

'I *can* stop it,—but *dare* I? Is it fair to Simpson? Is it *safe* as regards a number of floating difficulties?

'But, if I do not stop it, who is to go on with a work which does not pay editor, writers, publisher? though, I suppose, in my hands it might cover expenses.

'Truly *damno auctus sum*, and I am in this position *because*, as in so many cases in my life, I have done (what I can never repent) what seemed to me at the moment my duty, without looking at consequences. I cannot help saying this, for it is my only consolation.

'So it is; I do not do things from any pleasure of mine; what bystanders may think my tastes are, in my view of it, my conscience.

'At this moment I am in a great fix. One thing you may be sure of,—I shall not make a Quarterly Review.

'However, *ad rem*. Please tell me what you mean by the detestable *principles* of the *Rambler*. I have disliked its *tone* as much as anyone could,—but what of its principles?[1]

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Both Simpson and Acton were earnest to overcome Newman's hesitation in accepting the editorship, and gave him a message from Döllinger to the effect that he should regard the cessation of the *Rambler* as an irreparable loss.

But Newman still hesitated. He found that Simpson expected a pledge that he should in some sense identify himself with the principles of the *Rambler* in the past. To this he would no more consent than to Ward's opposite proposal that he should change its name.

'I am sure you really think and feel,' he wrote, 'that the only pledge I have to give you when I take the *Rambler* is

[1] The following words by Mr. Simpson in a letter written about this time, and included in Newman's collection, may be read in connection with the foregoing correspondence:

'In talking with Ward he said the same of you that I said at Birmingham: "I feel more and more that there is scarcely a positive idea in my mind for which, or at least for whose seed, I am not entirely indebted to Newman." I was surprised and made him repeat it, which he did in even stronger terms than at first.'

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myself. I cannot let any pledge of principles or of manner of conducting it enter in any sort of shape into the arrangement. When you say in such kind terms: "I cannot fancy myself in opposition to one to whom I owe &c.," you surely do not mean to imply anything inconsistent with this.'

'Next morning, March 17th,' Newman writes in a note appended to the above, 'on receipt of this letter, Simpson at once put himself into the train and came down here. He left us next day,—the 18th. I believe I have no record of what passed between us.' It is clear, however, that this conversation finally decided the question of the editorship. On March 21 Newman communicated formally to Cardinal Wiseman the fact that he had accepted it. To his own Bishop he wrote two days later:

'March 23rd, 1859.

'From what Mr. Estcourt said to me, I please myself with the thought that you will hear with satisfaction that I am, for the present, editor of the *Rambler*; but it is the only sort of pleasure which I can feel in an arrangement which is in itself to me a most bitter penance.

'From the evening when your Lordship showed to me the Cardinal's letter hesitating about engaging to omit the *Rambler's* name from his Pastoral, on the ground that I had not expressly stated in my letter that Sir John Acton, as well as Mr. Simpson, would be excluded from the editorship, and I replied to you that I had surely said enough in saying that the magazine was in my hands, I felt that I should be forced into the editorship by the impossibility of finding any editor whose appointment would not lay me open with the Cardinal to the charge of evading my side of the arrangement.'

Newman's hope in accepting the editorship was gradually to modify what was offensive in the method and tone of the *Rambler* and eventually to make the Bishops more alive to the great importance of the aims which a Catholic Review ought to attempt to compass. In spite of the irksomeness of the work and of his sense of increasing difficulty in all work as he grew older, he felt that his new position might give him great opportunities.[1] 'His hand is getting so stiff,' writes Acton to Simpson, 'that he is looking out for an

[1] See his own words on this subject in the letter to Miss Bowles, p. 587.

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amanuensis. . . . I gather that he is in great spirits at having the *Rambler*, although he bitterly complains of his old age and the time he is going to devote to it. But he throws himself into it vigorously and has large plans.'

Newman's own high view of the functions and possibilities of a Catholic Review is indicated in a *Memorandum* written a year later in reference to Mr. Ward's programme in editing the *Dublin Review*. He gives as the chief objects of such a Review, 'to create a body of thought as against the false intellectualism of the age, to surround Catholicism with defences necessary for and demanded by the age, to take a Catholic view of and give a Catholic interpretation to the discoveries of the age.' He had not sufficient confidence in the possibility of carrying out this programme systematically as yet in view of the small appreciation among Catholics of its necessity, and their readiness to find fault, to have undertaken a Review at all except at the call of duty. But that call had come, and he meant to do his utmost to bring home to his readers the necessity of the undertaking, and to accomplish it with due regard to their traditional views and existing feelings.

In both sides of his view he had the sympathy of Döllinger, who was already an occasional contributor to the Review. Indeed, on one point he found Döllinger's caution and regard for existing opinion more scrupulous than his own. He urged Döllinger to reply to some strictures of Dr. Gillow of Ushaw on a communication he had sent to an earlier number of the *Rambler*, and, in doing so, to point out the disregard of history shown for the most part by the scholastic theologians. Döllinger, however, thought that the task was unwise and useless in the existing state of public opinion, and would only further prejudice the *Rambler*.

'It would be an easy task to expose Dr. Gillow,' he wrote, 'and yet, as far as my knowledge of the English Catholic clergy goes, I have no doubt that 49 among 50 would think my letter completely put down. At the same time, you have thrown out a bait in the *Rambler* to make me enter into the ticklish question of the historical ignorance prevailing in the common divinity of the Schools. . . . Now, some queries arise. (1) Is it at all prudent, advisable, to write

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. . . and to try to shake prejudices which seem so firmly rooted? (2) Has not Mozley's book on the Augustinian doctrine excited some sensation among Catholics? (3) Would not the position and influence of the *Rambler* get injured by publishing my strictures upon Gillow's pamphlet? I am firmly persuaded that the services which the *Rambler*, conducted as it now is, will render to the good cause, cannot be too highly rated.'

Newman's own more mature judgment acquiesced (as he states in a letter to Acton) in Döllinger's decision so far as the criticism of the scholastics was concerned. It was necessary before breaking new ground to win the public confidence in the *Rambler*. He looked ahead to a gradual work. The faults of tone and temper which had prejudiced Catholic readers against it must first be cured. Then with public sympathy in his favour he could attempt the urgently needed work of dealing with problems raised by current thought and historical criticism. He promised himself, moreover, to attack the problem of Biblical inspiration, as well as to write on Faith and Reason, in view of the present state of the controversy on both subjects. But in his first few numbers he must before all things avoid giving fresh offence.

In a memorandum dated May 24, 1882, he writes as follows on this subject:

'In the "Advertisement" (to the new series of the *Rambler*) not a word was said of any change of matter, drift, objects, tone, &c., of the *Rambler*, though my purpose was in fact to change what had in so many ways displeased me.

'But I had no wish to damage the fair fame of men who I believed were at bottom sincere Catholics, and I thought it unfair, ungenerous, impertinent, and cowardly to make in their behalf acts of confession and contrition, and to make a display of change of editorship, and (as if) so virtuous a change.

'In consequence I tried to make the old series of the magazine in keeping with the new; and, when faults were objected to in my first number I said to Mgr. Manning, with a reference to the *Great Eastern* which was then attempting to get down the river, that I too was striving to steer an unmanageable vessel through the shallows and narrows of the Thames, and that Catholic readers must be patient with me and give me time if I was to succeed eventually in my undertaking.'

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Patience was, however, not the order of the day. While Newman had his eyes chiefly on the great interests of the Church Universal, on the policy which would prove wisest in the long run for the Church in England, for educating Christians and making them able to understand the bearings of their own theology and hold their faith intelligently in a secularist civilisation, each of the parties he was dealing with seemed to be sensitive only to the class of considerations which immediately concerned themselves at the moment. By the Bishops the *Rambler* seems to have been regarded not as a periodical attempting valuable and necessary work, though betraying at times a one-sided and disrespectful spirit and tone, but rather as a wanton disturber of the peace which did no good and went out of its way to criticise them and weaken their authority. To Acton, and still more to Simpson, the flings at the Bishops were such a favourite indulgence that self-denial on this point seemed unattainable by them. The respect due alike to authority, to tradition, and to public feeling, though recognised by them in theory, was made light of in practice. To such as Faber and W. G. Ward, on the other hand, the intellectualism which coloured the *Rambler* appeared so opposed to the Catholic spirit that they were not disposed to dwell on its positive merits much more than were the Bishops themselves. Thus, while the Review had sympathy from such learned Catholic writers as the Bollandists, from the thinkers and scholars of Munich, from friends of Montalembert and Lacordaire in France, the prejudice against it in England was so general that even the May number which Newman edited aroused sharp criticism. He was not given the time he needed. The importance and difficulty of the work was not recognised. Dr. Gillow, Theological Professor at Ushaw, who had already criticised Döllinger's article, attacked one of the articles in the new number. Newman asked Dr. Ullathorne for a theological censor for the Review. The Bishop replied that the style of the *Rambler* made censorship practically impossible. He called at the Oratory to explain matters on May 22, and expressed his feeling that the old spirit had not left the *Rambler*. He said that the laity found it irritating, and

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were disturbed at the idea which its articles suggested, that people had doubts. He ended by expressing his hope that Newman would cease from being editor after the July number. And Newman acquiesced. Newman has left several accounts of this interview. The fullest is contained in the following letter to his friend, Mr. Healy Thompson, a recent convert and able writer:

'May 29th, 1859.

'My dear Thompson,—I must not convey a wrong impression. Our Bishop expressed his *wish*; it was not an act of *authority*. I have no intention of publishing to the world that it is his act. My only concern is that those whom it concerns should receive from me that explanation which I am bound to give them. . . .

'Your letter leads me to state the circumstances under which the catastrophe took place; and, since I have no time to write it twice, I wish you would let Simpson see this if he cares. What I mean is that, if I were he, I should fear my being annoyed too much. This has been the reason why I have not told him particulars; but, now that I take up my pen to tell them to you, there seems an impropriety in my keeping him in ignorance of them.

'Dr. Gillow of Ushaw wrote to me to say that there were "statements and principles" in the May *Rambler*, "which appeared to him very objectionable." He instanced one. A correspondence ensued in which he wrote with great friendliness and frankness. I on the other hand don't think I got the worst of it. I thought it a duty to show it to our Bishop. And, at the same time, I asked him, since he had distinctly told me before that all theological writings ought to have the Bishop's *imprimatur*, to appoint revisors for the *Rambler*. I felt strongly, (and I feel) that I should have been in a false position if, after his expressed wish and Dr. Gillow's letter, I had not done so.

'He answered that he would come and talk with me on the subject, adding that he found there was a general impression that the old spirit was not clean gone out of the *Rambler*.

'On Sunday last he came. He said first of all that he would not undertake the revision. (1) I ought to go to the Ordinary of Westminster in which diocese the *Rambler* was published. (2) that all the *Rambler*, or no part, should be revised, for the theological difficulties cropped up in half sentences. I did not quarrel with the justice of either

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remark, but he put me thereby, as I felt, in a most awkward dilemma, committed to the principle of revision over and above his express wish, (by my request to him) and bound, in a periodical which comes out every other month, on a fixed day, and which must be written in part *currente calamo* and at the last moment, to the slow machinery of a theological revision.

'He then went on to ask whether I had seen the criticism on the *Rambler* in the *Tablet* of the day previous. He said it mainly expressed his sentiments. The Catholics of England were a peaceable people; the Church was peace. Catholics never had a doubt; it pained them to know that things could be considered doubtful which they had ever implicitly believed. The *Rambler* was irritating.

'I stated my own view strongly. I said I thought I saw a side of things which the Bishops and clergy did not see.[1] It must be considered that England and Ireland were one country. The Irish laity must be considered as well as the English. The Holy Father had made them one by setting up the University. Looking at the educated laity as a whole, and in prospect, I could not say that I thought their state satisfactory. Why did I go to Ireland except with the hope of doing something towards the various objects for which I had consented to undertake the *Rambler*?

'He did not allow the weight of anything I said. I then said that, for no object of my own had I undertaken it. He said he knew it, and that everyone knew it; but he had conversed with various persons and they all agreed with him. It was the fault he found in Lucas, in spite of his excellencies, and he implied that an old Catholic was different.

'I said that it had been an extreme annoyance to me to undertake it, and it would be an enormous relief to me if I did not. And this, as he recollected, I had said to him already.

'He answered that he had been surprised that I had taken it. Then he abruptly said: Why not give it up? I said

[1] In another account he adds: 'He thought there were remains of the old spirit. It was irritating. Our laity were a *peaceable* set; the Church was *peace*. They had a deep faith; they did not like to hear that anyone doubted. It was Lucas's fault; *a contra*, how well Wallis got on with the *Tablet*!

'I said in answer that he saw one side, I another; that the Bishops &c., did not see the state of the laity, e.g. in Ireland, how unsettled, yet how docile.

'He said something like "Who are the laity?" I answered (not these *words*) that the Church would look foolish without them.'

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how could I do so without giving it back to the proprietors? I said this, thinking he would feel it a great objection to let it revert to them; but he answered quickly: "No difficulty at all if you give them fair notice; if you give it up in July you will give them fair notice."

'I then spoke of expense. I said I feared I should be out of pocket by having had it. He went off (not with any intention of evasion) to speak of the translation of Scripture; hoped I would take care not to involve myself, &c., &c.

'I then promised him I would give up the *Rambler* after July. There was no sort of unpleasantness of any kind in our conversation from beginning to end.

'It is impossible with the principles and feelings on which I have acted all through life that I could have acted otherwise. I never have resisted, nor can resist, the voice of a lawful Superior speaking in his own province. I should have been in an utterly false position if I had continued, without a revision, which my Bishop thought necessary, and which was impossible, a work, of the very object and principle of which my diocesan disapproved.

'Since then he has written kindly, saying that he sees "with pain and regret that I am overworking myself and straining the machine. No man can be ten men. Are you not consuming the fuel of years in months? &c., &c." Kind as this is, it means, I don't at all repent of what I have done, for "divergent occupations" as he calls them, "mixed" together, have or will have, "results."

'Ever yours, &c.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman's feelings on resigning the *Rambler* were a curious mixture. For the moment he experienced a sense of relief at being quit of a difficult task. Then supervened great sadness.

The first feeling is apparent in a letter to Mr. John Wallis, editor of the *Tablet*, who had expressed his regret that Newman should edit the *Rambler*, which had a bad name among Catholics, instead of starting a Review of his own.[1]

'The Oratory, Birmingham, May 24th, 1859.

'My dear Wallis,—Thank you for your valuable letter. I tell you in confidence that I give up the *Rambler* after next number. I only engaged to take it till Christmas, and our

[1] The text of Mr. Wallis's letter is given in the Appendix at p. 633, together with other letters relating to Newman's connection with the *Rambler* at this time.

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Bishop came up to me on Sunday and expressed a wish that I should give it up at once, which I am doing.

'What you say is good, true, and important, but does not apply. Nothing, except a command which it would be a duty to obey, would make me *set up* a review or a magazine —the idea of it! I have no love for the thing, and, at my time of life, I feel it a departure from that seemliness which ought to accompany all our actions.

'You will say, to *take* up and *continue* a review or magazine is still less seemly, but I suppose it would be allowable in a fire, old as one was, or dignified, to throw off one's coat, tuck up one's shirt sleeves, and work at the pump. And then, if a fireman came and said, "My good old boy, you are doing your best, but don't you see you are doing nothing but drowning all your friends in your ill-directed attempts," I should, with the best heart in the world, say, "I take your hint," and leave the management of the fire and its extinction to others.

'This does not apply in all its parts to the state of the case, but it will do something to show you why I have not any dream of undertaking a new magazine, why I attempted the *Rambler*, and how with the greatest possible joy I relinquish it.

'Ever yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Two months of reflection wrought a change in the feelings apparent in the last words of this letter.

The Bishop's action was in reality a great blow to Newman. It added one more to the list of tasks he had undertaken in hope, and which had been frustrated by those who failed to understand its importance. The brief chapter of his Editorship may be concluded by the following words on the subject, marked by sadness and resignation, in a letter, of July 17, to Henry Wilberforce:

'I did all I could to ascertain God's Will, and, that being the case, I am sure good will come of my taking it. I am of opinion that the Bishops only see one side of things, and I have a mission, as far as my own internal feelings go, against evils which I *see*. On the other hand, I have always preached that things which are *really* useful, still are done, according to God's Will, at *one time, not at another*; and that, if you attempt at a *wrong* time, what in *itself* is *right*, you perhaps become a heretic or schismatic. What I may aim at may be real and

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good, but it may be God's Will it should be done a hundred years later. What an illustration is poor Gioberti! He actually advocated the Italian Confederacy with the Pope at the head, in his book (I think) called "Il Primato." He pressed it unreasonably, and died, I fear, out of the Church When I am gone it will be seen perhaps that persons stopped me from doing a *work* which I *might* have done. God overrules all things. Of course it is discouraging to be out of joint with the time, and to be snubbed and stopped as soon as I begin to act.'

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CHAPTER XVII

THE 'RAMBLER' AND ROME (1859–1862)

NEWMAN'S editorship of the *Rambler* was, as we have seen, abandoned with hardly a trial. The Bishop—so it seemed to Newman's friends—thought nothing of the value of his work in such a position, everything of the defects of the Review and of his own difficulties. No doubt Newman's editorship was to the Episcopate a source of difficulty, for it became far harder for authority to interfere with the *Rambler* after it had gained Newman's official support.

'Perhaps,' Newman writes in the notes appended to the collected correspondence, 'the Cardinal, &c., were seized with a panic lest they had got out of the frying-pan into the fire. But so it was that my own brief editorship secured Acton and Simpson a trial of three years more, i.e. up to 1862.'

Newman's resignation was a great shock to all who knew of it. It seemed to some of the converts—men not at all in sympathy with Simpson himself—a sign of the failure of the ecclesiastical authorities to realise the intellectual needs of the hour. 'It seems to me,' wrote Mr. Thompson, 'that we must wait for a convert Bishop for such a periodical as the times demand.' 'I cannot but admire and acquiesce in your spirit,' wrote Henry Wilberforce to Newman, 'but I feel deeply that our Bishops do not understand England and the English. Either the Catholic laity will kick, or, what I rather fear, they will more and more fall below Protestants in intellectual training and have no influence on the public mind.'

Thompson asked Newman if he might consult Ward on the situation, and tell him what had occurred. 'I feel sure,' he wrote, 'that he would have no sympathy with padlocks.'

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Newman would not allow this. He wished the episode to be known to as few as possible. 'I have the utmost respect for Ward's opinion; but he is a prodigious blab,' he wrote.

Newman's feeling (as his own words show) was much the same as Wilberforce's and Thompson's as to the failure of the Bishops to grasp the situation. Though he was prompt in obedience, he felt a policy of repression on the part of the Episcopate to be disastrous. The peace which comes of stifling the normal development of thought in a community was a false peace. There remained one number of the *Rambler* to appear before his retirement from the position of editor. His thoughts were dwelling at this time on the short-sightedness and the unwisdom of ignoring the important functions often performed by the faithful laity in the history of the Church.[1] It is possible that this feeling helped to determine the subject of the article which he contributed to the number—an article which had unforeseen results. It was entitled 'On consulting the Faithful in matters of Doctrine,' and was written in justification and explanation of some words he had used in the previous number in connection with a question already raised by Mr. Nasmyth Stokes as to its being desirable that the Bishops should consult the opinion of the laity in taking decisions of importance in which they were specially concerned.[2]

[1] See his words on this subject in his letter to Dr. Ullathorne, p. 407.

[2] The following is the defence (in the May number) of Mr. Stokes by Newman to which reference is made in the text:

'Acknowledging, then, most fully the prerogatives of the episcopate, we do unfeignedly believe, both from the reasonableness of the matter and especially from the prudence, gentleness, and considerateness which belong to them personally, that their Lordships really desire to know the opinion of the laity on subjects in which the laity are especially concerned. If even in the preparation of a dogmatic definition the Faithful are consulted, as lately in the instance of the Immaculate Conception, it is at least as natural to anticipate such an act of kind feeling and sympathy in great practical questions, out of the condescension which belongs to those who are *forma facti gregis ex animo*. If our words or tone were disrespectful, we deeply grieve and apologise for such a fault; but surely we are not disrespectful in thinking and in having thought, that the Bishops would like to know the sentiments of an influential portion of the laity before they took any step which perhaps they could not recall. . . . It is our fervent prayer that their Lordships may live in the hearts of their people; of the poor as well as of the rich, of the rich as well as of the poor; of the clergy as well as of the

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In the article he took up wider ground—that of the functions of the laity in the past in preserving even dogmatic truths in the Church. He pointed out in it that in the years succeeding the Council of Nicæa the majority of the Bishops had been more or less tolerant of Arianism, while the faithful laity (together with their parish priests) had guarded the orthodox tradition. 'The episcopate . . .,' he wrote, 'did not, as a class or order of men, play a good part in the troubles consequent on the Council, and the laity did. The Catholic people in the length and breadth of Christendom were the obstinate champions of Catholic truth, and the Bishops were not.' And he used the phrase which was taken up by his critics, 'there was a temporary suspense of the functions of the *Ecclesia Docens*.' The average English Catholic reader at that time was little accustomed to a thoroughly historical treatment of such episodes. Theologians at Ushaw and elsewhere accused Newman of declaring that the teaching Church had proved fallible after the Council of Nicæa. And Dr. Brown, Bishop of Newport, formally delated the article to Rome as heretical. Newman's defence was quite unanswerable, and after it had been understood in Rome the matter was finally dropped—as we shall see later on. His reply was made public at a subsequent period.[1] In the first place his facts were historically accurate, as he had no difficulty in showing. In the second place there could be no real failure of the *Ecclesia Docens* while the decree of Nicæa against Arianism remained the official expression of its ruling on the side of orthodoxy. Nay, more; he had not maintained, as it was assumed, that even after the Council the *Coetus episcoporum* in its corporate capacity was heretical, but that Bishops as individuals failed to vindicate the orthodox doctrine. The fact that the bulk of the Bishops were for a time individually disloyal to the official

laity; of the laity as well as of the clergy; but whatever be our own anxious desire on the subject, we know that the desire of the Bishops themselves is far more intense, more generous, more heart-consuming, than can be the desire of any persons, however loyal to them, who are committed to their charge. Let them pardon, then, the incidental hastiness of manner or want of ceremony of the rude Jack tars of their vessel, as far as it occurred, in consideration of the zeal and energy with which they haul to the ropes and man the yards.'

[1] See *Arians of the Fourth Century* (4th ed.), p. 445.

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teaching of their own body was no more a denial of the infallibility of the *Ecclesia Docens* than the fact that a Pope might personally hold an unorthodox opinion would be a denial of the infallibility of his *ex cathedrâ* definitions—indeed, theologians of weight have made this very supposition as explaining the case of Honorius. But the essay had been impugned. The suspicions of Rome had been aroused in connection with an article by Newman himself, in the already suspected *Rambler*. Although Rome did not take official action in the matter, the Holy Father[1] was reported to be pained; and the rumours of the hour proved to have had the effect of shaking the public confidence in Newman. His position in the Catholic body was not again for a long time to come what it had hitherto been in this respect.

During the succeeding year—from July 1859 to July 1860—Newman continued to contribute to the *Rambler*. He consented also to be among its informal patrons on condition that Döllinger and Father de Buck should agree to hold a similar position. He was still eager that the Review should recover its good name and do a work worthy of the talents of its conductors. But he witnessed in their proceedings the reaction and consequent *impasse* which so often results from extreme courses. Dr. Ullathorne's interference with Newman's editorship had renewed the irritation of the *Rambler* writers. Moderation and consideration were to be looked for still less than before, and very reluctantly Newman felt himself gradually compelled to withdraw from a position in which he could be held in any sense responsible for the contents of the Review. Mr. Simpson, who was still an assistant editor, had an incurable love of irritating his readers. Had the English Bishops appreciated the value of the work the Review was attempting, and dealt with it in a spirit of greater sympathy, possibly enough the moderation of tone for which Newman was so anxious might have been achieved. But the fact leaked out that even Newman's editorship, undertaken in a spirit of entire loyalty to constituted authority, had come to an end owing to episcopal intervention. This rumour gave edge to the feeling of the younger writers, that, in matters intellectual,

[1] See Vol. II. p. 157.

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nothing would satisfy the Bishops but such a following of the beaten track as would help no mind that was alive to the urgent questions of the hour.

A fresh contributor now appeared on the scene in Mr. Wetherell, a clerk in the War Office and a convert, from whose talent Newman hoped much. He had not only talent, but something of the moderation of tone and style which Richard Simpson lacked. Mr. Wetherell eventually took a prominent part in the conduct of the *Rambler*. Newman urged Acton to get a regular staff, and suggested the names of Hope-Scott, Badeley, Ornsby, Renouf, and T. W. Allies. He continued to hope against hope that the Review might live down suspicion and do a useful work. But it must persuade, not irritate; it must have the approval of authority. There were (as his letters show) views which he shared with Acton and Simpson which nevertheless he dissuaded them from publishing. 'Avoid burning and contentious topics and conclusions,' he kept urging. The public mind had to be calmed before it could be broadened. Newman expressly told the editors that the only chance of regaining episcopal good will was that their Review should be non-theological. 'The great point is,' he wrote to Acton, 'to open men's minds, to educate them and make them logical. It does not matter what the subject-matter is. . . . If you make them think in politics, you will make them think in religion.' Any incidental theological matter must (he said) have the revision of a theologian. This might not prove wholly satisfactory from an intellectual standpoint if the censor should take up a narrow view; but, as a matter of discipline, it was essential.

To some extent the new editors acted on Newman's exhortation to caution. Baron d'Eckstein sent a theological article which seemed to violate the rules which Newman had laid down, and Mr. Wetherell and Mr. Simpson forwarded it in MS. for his judgment. Newman's reply brings out clearly the principles he was endeavouring to inculcate on the editors:

'Without departing from the respect I feel for the Baron d'Eckstein,' he writes, 'I was startled in the last degree with his paper, not as if I ventured to decide anything on the

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subjects which it treats which the Church has not decided, but for the very reason that he does venture. I mean that he inculcates as facts what another may consider the wildest fancies. . . .

'Considering the strong and zealous prepossessions of the mass of our educated class in England, I must hold that to run both against them and against Authority too, and that without attempting to prove, and simply asserting, one's opinions, does seem to me quite unjustifiable. The author states his theories as if they were dogmas; and, whether received views on certain points are right or wrong, they have a greater claim to be stated dogmatically than what is new, unproved, and idiosyncratic.'

Simpson did not, however, show equal caution in respect of his own writing, and Newman, in revising the proof of an article from his own pen on St. John Chrysostom, found on the back of it an article by Simpson on the most burning and contentious theological subject—toleration—containing a criticism of Gregory XVI.'s condemnation of Lamennais in the Encyclical *Mirari vos*.

Newman had always been too profound a thinker to maintain as tenable by a Catholic any abstract theory of unlimited toleration. But he deeply felt the necessity in our modern civilisation of the spirit of tolerance being very widely extended in practice. Nevertheless, from the point of view of theological reasoning the whole question required an expert's hand, and the public criticism of a Papal Encyclical by a layman was a serious matter. It was a breach of the conditions Newman had laid down for the continuance of his own contributions. He wrote at once to Simpson on October 24: 'If the new article on Toleration appears in the *Rambler* without a *bonâ fide* revision, I must ask you to be so good as not to publish mine on St. Chrysostom.' Simpson at once sent the Toleration article to Newman, begging him to revise it. Newman prevented its publication and stated his reasons in a letter to Acton:

'His [Simpson's] argument runs into the famous questions which he made so much excitement with several years ago, in the article about the future state of non-Catholics—I forget the exact title. And then, instead of supporting a novel (in theology) opinion by theologians,

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he brings in Schlegel, who is no more an authority on such a point than Beethoven, introducing him as laying down a thesis so evidently made for the convenience of present political action, and so wanting in simplicity, that I do not think a Protestant or Catholic philosopher could be found who would not ask for the proof of it rather than take it for granted as the basis of a system. The more desirous a person may be to recommend a principle which the times seem to require, the more careful he should be not so to advocate it as to prejudice people against it, and nothing more tends to prejudice the mind against truth than bad arguments. I say this in my defence, for, though done at the last minute, it is better I should do so than allow what I verily believe would have been an act simply irretrievable. . . .'

But the friendship between Newman and the *Rambler* was highly precarious. No sooner was cause of offence on one side apologised for than fresh cause was given on the other. It was now Newman's turn to offend, and seriously offend, Sir John Acton. A rumour was current that the *Dublin Review* was to be discontinued, and Newman urged Simpson and Acton to consider whether they should not change the name of the *Rambler* and allow it to take the vacant place of the Catholic Quarterly.

The report was promptly denied by Mr. Bagshawe, editor of the *Dublin Review*, in a letter to the *Tablet* and *Weekly Register*, in which he referred to Newman as though he were editor of the *Rambler*.

The following disclaimer from Newman himself appeared in the succeeding week:

'We are requested to state that the reference to Dr. Newman as editor of the *Rambler*, as contained in the recent letter of the respected editor of the *Dublin Review*, which has appeared in our columns, is founded on a misconception, as Dr. Newman has no part in conducting or superintending that able periodical.'

Newman had, as we have seen, kept his resignation a secret, and had expressly stipulated that W. G. Ward should not know of it. Hence the mistake of the *Dublin*, which was now largely under Ward's control. But in the incident he had a fresh reminder of the danger to himself of being

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identified with the *Rambler* in the public mind. It was a mere accident which had made him aware of the 'Toleration' article; and its appearance might have done him harm which it would have been hard to undo. He forthwith declined the responsibility involved in revising Simpson's article, and advised its withdrawal. The immediate result of his statement in the papers that he had 'no share in conducting or superintending' the *Rambler* was a great fall in its sale. Sir John Acton was excessively indignant, and at first believed Newman's letter to be a forgery which he was prepared to contradict.

Simpson immediately withdrew his article; but his letter to Newman on the occasion is sore and despondent:

'If,' he wrote, 'I am not to meddle with education because it is the question which the Bishops decide upon, the same rule will apply to politics, for they are certainly proscribing opinions and actions, as well as to this question of Toleration.

'So I frankly confess that I do not know what I am to write about. . . . What is not theological? where is that *indifferent* common ground on which I may expatiate when you deny altogether in your note the indifference of any secular function at all?

'Or do you mean to advise me not to write at all for the future in any Catholic publication?'

Acton was abroad at the time when Newman's letter to the *Tablet* appeared. On his return to England in February he saw Newman at the Oratory and remonstrated with him for appearing to cast off his former colleagues. He talked of giving up the Review altogether. Mr. Wetherell had for a time vacated the assistant-editorship through ill-health. Simpson was an injudicious editor; and Acton's own time was very much occupied. However, Newman dissuaded him from any such decisive step. But the sore rankled, and Acton still wrote to him despondently and with a remnant of resentful feeling months after the occurrence.

'June 29th, 1860.

'. . . The *Rambler* has really very little chance of going on successfully, in spite of the care taken to avoid offence. I cannot obtain proper assistance in carrying it on, and its position before the public has been destroyed by the circumstances to which I alluded.

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'The evil did not proceed from the fact of your retirement; and the reason evidently was that it was understood that you would continue to contribute. Accordingly both the September and the November numbers contained contributions from your pen, and the circulation continued to increase. The papers had published the fact of your retirement from the editorship long before the November number appeared. I remember that the *Tablet*, in attacking the politics of the September number, stated that you had nothing whatever to do with it, and that it was evident to everybody that it had not appeared under your auspices. Now the September number was the end of a volume, and the moment would have been favourable to withdraw subscriptions, yet they went on increasing. I then, in pursuance of your wishes, obtained the sanction of Döllinger's and de Buck's names, in conjunction with yours, and wrote to Gratry (as I do not know Maret, and had no opportunity of going to Paris) for the same purpose.

'At that juncture the letter appeared, announcing that you had no further connection whatever with the *Rambler*. My impression, I remember, at the time was that an unauthorized person had stated a direct untruth. The letter did not bear your signature, and I received no communication from you on the subject. I considered that I should be perfectly justified in contradicting the statement publicly in my own name, and deliberated for some time whether I should not do so. I did not do it simply because it seemed to me undignified. My agreement with you so far outweighed an anonymous assertion that I never doubted that I should be perfectly justified in giving that letter a direct negative.

'Everybody, except Mr. Bagshawe, had long known that you were not editor; so that this additional declaration signified in all men's eyes that you had found reason to renounce and abandon us altogether. The circulation accordingly fell off, as I have described. I had done all I had undertaken to do with you; Wetherell, in pursuance of your suggestion, had been prevailed upon to join me in the Editorship[1] and he was actively employed in getting up that number. I had proceeded to obtain theological supervision,

[1] '(Yes, but Simpson made himself the acting editor. vid. "I," "I" in his letters of Oct. 22nd & 25th.) J. H. N.'

'(When Simpson proposed that Thompson should be sub-editor during my editorship, his language and way showed that it was to be but a cover for his being sub-editor.) J. H. N.'

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but when your letter appeared in the papers, I considered it had become useless; and, when I saw you in the winter, I understood that it was all over. In our very short conversation I asked you in reply to what you said, whether you thought I had better go on or give up; and I went on because you advised it, but without any hope, especially after Wetherell's retirement. From that time I ceased trying to make arrangements to which you would no longer be a party. I ceased applying to you for assistance which you had external reasons for refusing; and I escaped the necessity of a censorship by admitting no theology except from persons who might themselves be our censors.

'This was a losing game. I do not even find my security in the gravity of our censors.[1] The four you proposed were to have been, besides yourself, Döllinger, de Buck and Gratry; that is, the author of the Essay on Consulting the Laity; the author of the Letter on the Jansenism of St. Augustine; de Buck, who sent for the present number a letter which I rejected after Simpson had translated it, in which he assumes that there is no dogmatic difference between the Schismatics[2] and the Church; and Gratry, who offered me a paper on the difference between the prevalent "Papisme" and "Catholicisme" of which he said that, if it appeared with his name, he should be obliged to leave the Oratory the same day.

'I beg of you, remembering the difficulties you encountered, to consider my position,[3] in the midst of a hostile and illiterate episcopate, an ignorant clergy, a prejudiced and divided laity, with the cliques at Brompton, York Place, Ushaw, always on the watch, obliged to sit in judgment as to the theology of the men you selected to be our patrons, deserted by the assistant you obtained for me with no auxiliary or adviser but Simpson. And this, after you had left us, with the opposition of the *Dublin Review*, of the *Tablet* in politics, and with the time-serving criticisms even of the Paper that has owed me the greatest services [the *Weekly Register*]; at a time, too, when the greatest and most difficult questions agitate the country and the Church.

'Under these circumstances, the appearance of your Paper on St. John Chrysostom and the kind note that came

[1] '(A board of censors cannot be said to "conduct" or "superintend." These were my words.) J. H. N.'

[2] '("Schismatics"? i.e. Greeks.) J. H. N.'

[3] '("his position"—Who gave it him? Who gave him the mission?) J. H. N.'

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with it encouraged me to hope that the rule you laid down last winter might be altogether reversed, and I ventured upon a renewed attempt to obtain your further aid. It seemed to me that nothing but the renewal of your regular connection with the Magazine could remove the impression that you have entirely given it up as unworthy of your support, and make up for the loss which ensued on the declaration of last November. On this part of the subject, however, I have no more to say, as the P.S. of your letter[1] gives me all the satisfaction and hope I can expect.

'I should understand the meaning of your antithesis of the foreign Toryism and English anti-Toryism of the review better, if you would be so good as to let me have your critique of the politics of the July number.'

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 1st, 1860.

'My dear Sir John,—I feel sure that if sacred duties had not called you from the country and occupied your mind and made it impossible for me to know your direction, or (if I had) to write to you, you would have had no difficulty in understanding what I felt imperatively bound to do last November.

'And now, if I were speaking to you, I think I could do what it would take much writing to do even imperfectly.

'I do not think you have now, or can have had in November, facts accurately before you. For instance, as to that on which your whole letter turns,—you say in it that in my Notice in the *Tablet*: "I announced that I had *no further connection whatever* with the *Rambler*." I will transcribe it and you will see I *said* no such thing. "We are requested to state that the reference to Dr. Newman as editor of the *Rambler* contained in the recent letter of the respected editor of the *Dublin Review*, which has appeared in our columns, is founded on a misconception, as Dr. Newman has *no part in conducting or superintending* that able periodical."

'I do not think you could have been as you say "perfectly justified in contradicting" this "statement publicly"; nor that "you had received no communication from me on" *this* "subject." There is nothing in it about "*no connection whatever*"; and I am quite unconscious that I ever was wanting in avowing to the proprietors of the *Rambler* that I would have as little to do with superintending as with editing it,

[1] '(i.e. my letter of June 20th.) J. H. N.'

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after a Bishop interfered. In my Notice I stated *that*, which I had said (already) to the proprietors, but as yet to no one publicly. No one feels more than I do that it is not fair that, in your position, you should have the *Rambler* on your hands; no one too can be more grateful to you for it than I am, as an English Catholic. The great problem is, the editor; what the *Rambler* says about the University as wanting a Rector applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to itself. I could say more in conversation.

'J. H. N.'

But in truth, like many eager advocates of a cause, Acton and Simpson had taken Newman's sympathy with their desire for thorough treatment of history and science, his grateful sense of their loyalty to himself and his wish that they should have fair play in urging their views, for a far more complete intellectual sympathy with them than really existed. And the true state of the case with reference to one important question was revealed in a somewhat startling manner a few months later on.

Mr. H. N. Oxenham wrote a letter in the *Rambler* for July 1860, under the signature of X. Y. Z., criticising the Seminary training of the clergy—the separation in boyhood of candidates for the priesthood from future laymen, the prevailing system of strict surveillance, the limitations imposed on the reading of the Seminarists with a view to preserving the ecclesiastical spirit. The letter was temperate in style, but it amounted to an attack on the whole Seminary system which the Council of Trent had established for the Catholic Church; which M. Olier had carried out at St. Sulpice with such brilliant success; which still fashioned the whole clergy not only in France, but in Italy and in Rome itself. Further, Mr. Oxenham invoked Newman's own advocacy (in the Dublin lectures) of general knowledge as the best preparation for professional knowledge, in support of his theory that the future priest should be early encouraged in a course of miscellaneous reading.

In point of fact, Newman was of opinion that *some* priests might with advantage have—as they had in Germany—a wider general education than the Seminaries afforded. Had it been proposed to draw out very fully the various considerations relevant to this question and submit them to the

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judgment of ecclesiastical authority, he would, as we may judge from his letters, have seen no objection to such a course. But for a lay writer to raise for free discussion, before a lay tribunal, the system which had been enjoined by an Ecumenical Council was, in his eyes, a grave offence. Such proceedings were to court Roman censure on the *Rambler*. Moreover, the failure of X. Y. Z. to recognise the far greater importance of securing holiness for the clergy than merely social gifts or intellectual training was another grave offence. Indeed, as we have seen, the great importance he attached to intellectual freedom (in its place) and to general culture had never implied a tendency to intellectualism. It was rather that he felt these weapons to be in their place quite essential to preserving the influence of the Church, and keeping secure the faith of the ablest Christian thinkers. He saw others identifying the superiority of goodness over intellectual excellence in the individual, with a disparagement of the *absolute necessity* of first-rate intellectual work within the Church which should deal satisfactorily with the religious problems of the age. But such work was not for the rank and file of priests who were (he held) a militia, and must have the training, narrow from one point of view, which would ensure their being holy and efficient. They had more often to attend to the needs of the poor than of the educated. They were not likely to be sufficiently gifted to constitute the intellectual bulwarks of the Church. Their opportunities and requirements did not call even for the general culture suitable for laymen living in the world. Thus Newman's personal views coincided with what, on such a subject, he would anyhow have accepted as the ruling of authority.

Choosing by a mere accident the signature H. O.—Oxenham's own initials—and quite ignorant that Oxenham was the author of the letter he criticised, Newman wrote to the *Rambler* on the points I have just specified. He protested against the provisions of an Ecumenical Council in a matter purely ecclesiastical being discussed among the readers of a lay Review; he parried X. Y. Z.'s extracts from his own lectures by quoting other extracts, with special reference to ecclesiastical training—in which he maintained that it is professedly narrow, and that 'what is supernatural need not

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be liberal nor need a hero be a gentleman,' and he reproduced portions of X. Y. Z.'s letter, with interpolated additions in square brackets to bring out clearly those implications of the letter which made it so unsuitable for publication.

It so happened that W. G. Ward and Dr. Herbert Vaughan—afterwards Cardinal Vaughan—had known Mr. Oxenham as a candidate for the priesthood at St. Edmund's College. They had regarded his personal views, which he freely expressed, as most seriously detrimental to the spirit of an ecclesiastical Seminary. W. G. Ward guessed the authorship of the X. Y. Z. letter, and therefore read into it a more fundamental attack on the whole priestly ideal than it conveyed to others. To his pen was ascribed a letter strongly attacking X. Y. Z. in the *Tablet*, published under the signature A. B. C., a letter the report of which had apparently been one of the reasons inducing Newman to write his own letter to the *Rambler*. When Mr. Oxenham read the reply to him in the *Rambler*, with his own initials at the end, he saw in it a personal attack on himself by one of his old opponents, Ward or Vaughan. That Newman could have written or could endorse the letter of H. O. seemed to him impossible. He consequently rejoined in a tone which caused the greatest amusement to Mr. Ward, who soon learnt that the letter was Newman's. Mr. Oxenham adopted the attitude of one who was chastising with superior intellectual culture the narrow-minded heresy-hunting fanaticism of H. O., and of setting him to rights in his unintelligent application of Dr. Newman's own views and words which H. O. had quoted. He began by characterising his method as that of 'insinuating that everyone is a heretic . . . whose opinions have the misfortune to differ from his own.' He accused him of using 'that favourite but most offensive weapon of weak and unscrupulous controversialists, viz., garbled and interpolated quotations'; he characterised H. O.'s citation from Newman as 'most luminous in itself but most infelicitous in his use of it'; and he 'turns with positive relief from H. O.'s declamatory onslaught' and 'rambling indictment' to another subject. The ludicrous mistake was more fatal to the prosecution of the controversy than could have been

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the most unanswerable arguments. W. G. Ward wrote to Newman and obtained his general view of the whole subject in a letter, and further asked and received his permission to read the letter publicly to the divinity students at St. Edmund's—the 'divines' as they were called. Newman felt the danger of being supposed to be in any way identified with an attack on the Seminary training, and was grateful to Ward for the publicity which he gave to his disclaimer, though he stipulated that Ward should state that such publicity was given at his own initiative. Newman's own views on the matter in debate are given in the following letter:

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. WARD.

'November 8th, 1860.

'My dear Ward,—I thank you much for the kind anxiety for my good name which has suggested your letter. It is curious. I was on the point of writing to you to express the disgust I felt at the malevolent unfairness, as it seemed to me, of the critique on your book in the *Guardian* of last week. I do not mention the matter for your sake, but to relieve the just pain which it caused me.

'As to the subject of your letter I will say this:

'(1) that certainly I have a very considerable degree of zeal for the general views which I have drawn out in various works on the subject of Catholic Education.

'(2) that those views, thus drawn out, have reference to the education of the Catholic gentry.

'(3) that I was called to draw them out and publish them by the duties which took me to Ireland, and that without that call I should not have written one word upon them.

'(4) that, as far as I am aware, I have not written anywhere one word in discussion of the education proper of the clergy.

'(5) that, if I have spoken of the necessity of any ecclesiastics being versed in secular learning, I have spoken of them, not as simple ecclesiastics, but as tutors, Deans, and guides of young laymen at places of education.

'Further, I will say as to the very matter which occasions your letter:

'(1) that I did not know that people generally ascribed to me the letter of H. O. in the *Rambler*, though I had heard of two persons who did so.

'(2) that I agree with every word of that letter.

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'(3) that, when I read it in the *Rambler*, I had no sort of suspicion who X. Y. Z. was, whom it criticizes.

'(4) that I consider X. Y. Z. ignoring an Ecumenical Council and writing without any explanation in the teeth of its provisions, is unutterably strange.

'(5) that his thinking that laymen may suggest their opinions and that unasked, and that, too, on a point of clerical discipline, is most extravagantly novel.

'(6) that the uneducated among the laity being the many, and the refined and accomplished and large-minded being the few, the notion is preposterous that the *clerus universus* should be trained on the model of the few, and not so as to meet the capacities and characteristics of the many.

'(7) that the scheme would work as badly, of making parish priests men of letters, as of making medical men physical philosophers, since no one would trust their capabilities for their special duties, and with good reason.[1]

'(8) that it would be as momentous a change to destroy the Seminaries as to abolish the celibacy of the Clergy.

'(9) that, as the rich man or the man in authority has his serious difficulties in going to heaven, so also has the learned.

'(10) that the more a man is educated, whether in theology or secular science, the holier he needs to be if he would be saved.[2]

'(11) that devotion and self-rule are worth all the intellectual cultivation in the world.

'(12) that in the case of most men literature and science and the habits they create, so far from ensuring these highest of gifts, indispose the mind towards their acquisition.

'My views of Secular Education are parts of myself. If they are shown to be against the faith, I shall have to ask for grace to alter them. I have no kind of suspicion that they are. Anyhow, I do not think there is aught in those views inconsistent with what I have been saying above, about the education of the body of the clergy, and the relation of moral to intellectual gifts; and further, I have already implied it in great measure, that is, in substance and incidentally, in one part or other of the very works in which I have advocated them.

'I am, &c.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

[1] (not sent to Ward.) 'N.B. I do not deny above the advantage of *learning as occupying the mind*. J. H. N.'

[2] (not sent to Ward.) 'N.B. i.e. comparing one degree of science with another. I don't deny e.g. that the *poorer* he is the holier he needs to be. J. H. N.'

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Newman's relations with the *Rambler* never recovered from the shock which the H. O. letter caused. The *Rambler* writers were themselves quite unprepared for his strong dissent from them. Ward himself wrote a long and vigorous attack on Oxenham in the *Rambler* of November, but Mr. Oxenham, after the *contretemps* already described, did not desire to take up his opponent's glove. He wrote briefly, declining further controversy, but declaring that Mr. Ward had travestied his views. Newman urged on Acton that the subject should be dropped. Acton replied: 'I never thought of writing on the subject at all, nor has X. Y. Z. any thought of replying. I have been very anxious that there should be no letter in direct reply to Mr. Ward's. If one man fights in a chariot and the other in a ship it is very difficult for them to get at each other.'

Indeed, Mr. Ward's mind had probably, at this time, less in common with such essays as were appearing in the *Rambler* than at any other period of his career. He was not living, as he did at Oxford, or again in his last years, in touch with the intellectual world. He was at this time absorbed in revising his theological lectures, which in his hands had been also instruments for directly helping in the spiritual and ascetic training of the future priests at St. Edmund's. He could find hardly anything congenial or even tolerable in Sir John Acton's magazine. He appears to have expressed his sentiments to Acton himself without circumlocution. In a letter which reached Newman by the same post as Acton's own reply, he says: 'I told Sir J. Acton almost the only time I ever saw him how earnestly I desired the downfall of the *Rambler*.'

Newman received from Oxenham through Mr. Wetherell a formal apology for his discourteous reply to H. O. 'He conceived himself to have conclusive proof when he wrote his published letter,' explained Mr. Wetherell, 'that you were not H. O. and he is extremely vexed at having answered in the manner in which he did. He has come to his present conclusion on the subject (that you *are* the author) mainly I believe from some comments made in a letter of yours to Mr. Ward lately read to the divines at St. Edmund's.' The Oratorian Fathers had throughout

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been anxious as to Newman's connection with the *Rambler* writers. And now Father Bittleston wrote under the signature B. B. in support of the H. O. letter. Acton (to whom Newman forwarded this communication for publication) replied that, but for Newman's recommendation, it was a letter he would not have thought of publishing, whereupon Newman withdrew it. But this further development deepened the cleft between Newman and the *Rambler*.

'This episode,' writes Newman in his notes on the correspondence, 'clenched what the introduction of the discussion about clerical education had wrought in my feelings about the *Rambler*. The number for September 1860 had seen my last contribution to it, Ancient Saints IV, and my letter in protest signed H. O.'

Newman's determination that he could not write for the *Rambler* carried with it deep sadness. It meant that at the moment he could see no field of usefulness for himself. Whether or no he might otherwise have reconsidered his decision, further events made it impossible. For a brief space indeed the Review appeared to be heeding his counsels a little more than heretofore. He wrote with sympathy of the March number and once again expressed his agreement with the principle to which Acton adhered, of absolute frankness in historical inquiry, and his conviction of its necessity. Acton was grateful. 'Your letter,' he replied, 'is a great encouragement to me, and would be a great consolation but for the desponding manner in which you speak of what you have done and are yet to do.' Then came the May number containing an attack by Simpson on St. Pius V. in the course of an article on Edmund Campion. This led Newman to protest once more, in his correspondence with Sir John Acton, against the *manner* of Simpson's writing, which made it impossible for the *Rambler* to recover its good name.

'I did not read R. Simpson's article on Campion,' he wrote to Acton on June 7, 'till a day or two ago,—and I am not surprised that Catholics should be excessively annoyed at it. If we will kick people's shins they will express dissatisfaction at our act. Now the article is very clever, very specious (be it true or not), but (1) it is a wanton digression from Campion,—it was not necessary for Campion's history. (2) It

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is an underhand hit at Antonelli, &c., and an Englishman is irritated when a writer hints dislike or disapprobation and will not speak out. Better say like a man that the Pope is surrounded by a clique who mislead him than insinuate it from the history of a past age. (3) It was an abrupt, unmeasured attack upon a Saint. To attack St. Pius so unceremoniously is parallel to the ungentlemanlikeness in worldly society of rude language to a man of rank, station, or learning; it offends common taste and propriety while it inflicts great pain, real suffering, upon such persons as are devout to the Saint. I don't wonder at a saying which I hear reported of a Dominican, that he would like to have the burning of the author.'

The *Rambler* had, as we have seen, been suspect in Rome before Newman's editorship began. Then an article of his own in its pages had been charged before the Roman tribunals with denying the infallibility of the Teaching Church. Then, after his retirement, had come the attacks on St. Pius V. and on the Seminary training formally sanctioned by a Pope in council. One more offence against Rome now followed and was fatal to the Review's prospect of continuance. The question of the Temporal Power of the Papacy proved to be the rock on which it was finally shipwrecked. The *Rambler*, though fairly cautious in its first allusions to the subject, finally took a line which ran counter to a feeling so deep and strong among Catholics, not only in England, but all over the world, that it seemed decisive against any rehabilitation of the Review in public opinion. But further, the Roman authorities also took decisive action and the fate of the Review was then and there sealed.

It is hardly necessary to recall in detail the bitter feeling in Rome in these years during which, bit by bit, the States of the Church were being seized by Victor Emmanuel, and, except for the partial defence afforded by the French troops, the Pontiff was alone and friendless.

Since the Restoration of Pius IX. the Papal States had been kept in order by French troops in Rome, and Austrian in the Legations. Cavour is generally believed to have come to an understanding with Napoleon III. at the Congress of Paris in 1856 that this anomalous state of things should be allowed to be an excuse for Sardinian ambition to aim at

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a United Italy under Piedmontese rule. The cession of Savoy and Nice to France was the price which Piedmont paid. The war between Italy and Austria was declared in 1859. A revolution at once broke out in the Legations, which were occupied by Austrian troops.

Under the plea of their disaffection and the 'will of the people,' which was supposed to be represented by the revolutionary Government which offered the Romagna to Piedmont, Cavour began his course of spoliation; and by the summer of 1860 the Papal territory was reduced to only the provinces of Frosinone and Velletri in addition to Rome itself.

The indignation and depression in Rome were profound. The most significant fact was that, while in 1848 nearly all the European Powers, in their dread of the revolution, helped to restore Pius IX. to his sovereignty, now, in his second peril, not a hand was raised. The sympathy of England, which had in 1848 been largely with the Holy See, was in 1860 strongly on the other side.

The feeling of indignant loyalty was intense throughout the Catholic world. The absolute union between Catholics and their Pontiff in defence of his rights was preached by many as the crusade of the hour. Newman largely shared in this feeling, and, when preaching his sermon a little later on 'The Pope and the Revolution,' he is remembered to have stamped his foot in impatient anger as he referred to the followers of Victor Emmanuel as 'sacrilegious robbers.' But even in such a crisis he kept his head, and preserved a balanced judgment. Although Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were robbers and indefensible, he considered the Temporal Power of the Papacy to be a very large and complex question. And he was indignant at attempts to utilise a deep and noble sentiment of loyalty in gaining currency for the extreme view of a few zealots—that its necessity was a dogma obligatory on Catholic belief. And he saw the upsetting effect of such a course on the most honest and sincere students of history.

To the group of letters concerning the Temporal Power Cardinal Newman has prefixed the following memorandum dated May 22, 1882:

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'I observe on the (following) letters thus :—

'No doubt I have expressed on various occasions an opinion favourable or not unfavourable to the suppression of the Pope's Temporal Power,—e.g. I wrote to Mr. Monteith to the effect that, as it had been created by a series of secular events, so we could not be surprised if, as it rose, so it was destined to fall. And I quoted to a young layman Lord Palmerston's words that, as Dr. Sumner made an excellent Archbishop, yet it did not follow that he would succeed as Prime Minister, so the Holy Father had far too much on his hands as Pastor of the Catholic Flock to acquit himself well as the Temporal Ruler of a territory over and above his special *ecclesiastical* training.

'But then I must add

'1. I had no thought of making him a *subject* to any secular power. I thought he might have Rome and a slice of territory to the sea, or at least an honorary sovereignty.

'2. What I especially was anxious about was that there should be no attempt to make the Temporal Power a doctrine *de fide*; and that for two reasons.

'(a) perhaps it was in God's Providence to cease to be.

'(b) it was not right to frighten, worry, irritate Catholics, by forcing on them as *de fide* what was not.

'3. I detested the underhand way of smuggling into addresses and the like, statements which the subscribers to them never intended. This had been done, among other instances, in the case of the *Academia*, and when I found the trick out I proposed to withdraw my name from the list of subscribers. In a similar instance a lay friend of mine of great influence either would not give his name to an address or withdrew it in consequence of finding out the trick.

'4. For my own feelings as to the Temporal Power itself, I would refer to . . . my Sermon in 1866 on the Pope and the Revolution (Occasional Sermons).

'5. What I have said in that Sermon I hold now. I have no reason to suppose that in so holding I have not the sanction of the Pope's opinion, but, being now a Cardinal, whatever might be my personal opinion, I should submit to him and act with him, should the question of the Temporal Power come into discussion.

'J. H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.'

Foremost among those who led the crusade for the Temporal Power in England was Provost Manning. At first he wrote on the subject with moderation, and Newman, in a

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letter to Acton, defended what he said; but later on his views took what Newman held to be a very extreme colour. Even in Rome itself they met with a not unmixed approval. And the first draft of his lectures on the subject had to be remodelled to escape theological censure.[1]

However, the most unqualified defence of the Temporal Power was welcome to Cardinal Antonelli, who was a statesman and not a theologian. And the Pope himself expressed his pleasure at the lectures. W. G. Ward was, in earlier years, no believer in the Temporal Power. But his principle of following the Pope's own wishes on all points led him to maintain its necessity later on, and he and Manning united together against what they regarded as the undisciplined disloyalty of the *Rambler* on this subject. Newman felt their tone of dogmatism to be incompatible with the freedom of opinion which is lawful on points not defined by the Church. It is most instructive to reflect that Manning's own view on the question many years later was no more favourable to the Temporal Power than Newman's earlier view which Manning had censured as wanting in loyalty.[2]

The attitude of England was of the most critical importance to Rome; and the Liberal Government was understood to side with the Sardinians. The *Rambler* was avowedly Liberal in its politics, and Sir John Acton sat on the Liberal side in Parliament. Cardinal Antonelli brought pressure on the *Rambler* in June 1861, not only to champion the Temporal Power unreservedly, but to dissociate itself altogether from the Liberal party.

Sir John Acton forthwith wrote to inform Newman of the state of affairs:

'June 19th, 1861.

'Manning made an appointment to meet me yesterday and we had a very long conversation. He told me he had seen the Cardinal in consequence of a letter written to him by Cardinal Antonelli with the Pope's cognisance, connecting the support given to Government by Catholic Members with things that have appeared in the *Rambler*.

[1] See *Life of Manning*, ii. 153.
[2] *Ibid.* ii. 610.

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'The upshot was that a censure was impending from Rome; that he was anxious I should disengage myself from the *Rambler* in time to escape it, and should give him a promise that, whatever the wish of the Holy Father might be, should also be mine. . . .

'Manning's personal kindness was extreme. He gave me distinctly to understand that it was an official communication. The only diversion I can see is the chance of becoming a Quarterly, as I hear that Ward and his friends talk of starting a new Review, and that the Cardinal abandons the *Dublin* in its decline.'

Newman in a moment saw the gravity of the situation. He thought, as we shall see, that Cardinal Antonelli was exceeding his powers. On the other hand, a censure from Rome was a most serious threat, and he was not sorry to second Manning's suggestion that Acton had better wash his hands of the *Rambler* and turn to work more serious and less attended by anxiety. He did not wish him indeed to desert Simpson, but now the suspension of the *Rambler*, which he had opposed a year earlier, did seem almost inevitable.

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'Rednal: June 20th, 1861.

'I am not the fit person, nor perhaps would you wish me, to give any opinion on Manning's proposal. If I were you, nothing would bully me into giving up the Government if I felt I ought to go with them. The case of Simpson is far more delicate. It is impossible you can leave him to bear the brunt of responsibilities which you share,—but what Manning aims at, I suppose, is the suppression of the *Rambler*. I confess I should not be sorry at your literary undertakings (if such is to be your course) taking a less ephemeral shape than the pages of a magazine. Gibbon, in the beginning of his autobiography, refers to Aldenham,—might it not become more classical (and somewhat dearer to a Catholic) than Lausanne? Gladstone, in the dedication of one of his early works to Lord Lyttelton, talks of his writing in the classical groves of Hagley; yet what is the history of Henry II. to the *opus magnum* which might be identified with Aldenham? My own feeling is that the *Rambler* is impossible.

'The patrons of a new Quarterly will find it a difficult task. There cannot be life without independence.'

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Acton, however, was thoroughly angry. He remembered that Newman had expressed his wish that the *Rambler* should continue when he had in the previous year spoken of bringing it to an end. He considered that he had fully acted up to his promise of moderation. He could not retire to Aldenham and write a *magnum opus* without bringing the Review to an end altogether.

In Newman's mind, on the other hand, the situation had been entirely changed by recent events. However little he liked Cardinal Antonelli's interference, it had clearly been intimated by Manning that all representatives of ecclesiastical authority were against the continuance of the Review, and that a censure was impending from Rome itself. This was decisive against prolonging its life, and he wrote in that sense to Acton:

'Of course you are the judge, but I am sincerely sorry that you feel it a duty to maintain the *Rambler*. It seems to me that a man who opposes legitimate authority is in a false position. Cardinal Antonelli does *not* seem to be a legitimate authority, but Propaganda and the Cardinal Archbishop are. If they do not allow the *Rambler* to speak against the Temporal Power they seem to me tyrannical,—but they have the right to disallow it, and a magazine with a censure upon it from authority continues at an enormous disadvantage. It does not seem to me courage to run counter to constituted superiors,—*they* have the responsibility and to them we must leave it.'

But while thus sadly counselling Acton to give up the *Rambler*, Newman was determined to clear himself from all suspicion of sympathy with the extreme line on the Temporal Power which the authorities appeared to be taking.

Wiseman, who had been speaking strongly in a Pastoral on the subject with a view to uniting loyal Catholic writers under himself and Manning, founded at this time the 'Academia of the Catholic Religion.' Manning was its presiding genius. Newman was naturally asked to join, and had consented. He was disposed, however, from the first to regard the Academia as a party project with which he could have little sympathy, and an exaggerated attitude in its proceedings on the Temporal Power would be decisive that his suspicions were correct. He wrote as follows to Manning:

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'*Confidential.* June 21st, 1861.

'My dear Manning,—I find the Cardinal Archbishop (for Cardinal Antonelli is out of my field of sight) is taking strong measures on the question of the Temporal Power.

'You will not, I know, fancy that I am capable of writing anything in the shape of a threat, but I am obliged to write this, else you will say when the event took place, "you should have given me a hint beforehand; *why* did you not tell me?"

'I ought then to say what I am resolved on; but this is for you, not for the Cardinal.

'Should His Eminence put out any matter bearing on the same question in the same way *in his Inaugural Address of the 29th*, I certainly will not remain a member of the Academia.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

DR. MANNING TO DR. NEWMAN.

'June 22nd, 1861.

'I am only anxious that you should not act in haste nor without precise reasons. Against anything you do upon reasons and with deliberation, it is not for me to be importunate.

'But as yet I do not know what are Cardinal Antonelli's words or requisitions. Nor can I believe that they in any way touch you.[1]

'However, the list of the Academia is not yet known. Would you think it well to wait awhile till you see its character before you join it? Not to join it is easy enough. To withdraw afterwards has many circumstances of ill.'

In the then state of public feeling, to hesitate or even to discriminate on this subject was to be in some degree a marked man. It is difficult for those who are most familiar with Manning's own completely changed view on the Temporal Power in later years to realise the intolerant spirit in which this question was treated by him and others in the 'sixties. To argue, or even to express any qualifications in defending the Pope's civil sovereignty, to recognise drawbacks in the old machinery of government exclusively by ecclesiastics, was to be stamped as 'disloyal.' There are

[1] (Note on the margin of copy by J. H. N. 'How could I fancy they did? J. H. N.)'

This correspondence was private. But the line taken by Newman became generally known or suspected.

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many still among us who remember the tension of feeling at that time—how it would be whispered that A B was 'not sound' on the Temporal Power, and he would be looked upon askance in consequence by many excellent men. At this time of excitement the 'endemic gossip' of London, as Newman called it, would take no account of balanced views. A man was 'for' or 'against.' Thus, when Newman had pledged himself by letter against an extreme line on the subject, and when opponents of the Temporal Power claimed his unreserved sympathy, the direction of the wind of gossip was decided. Such rumours as were current, being baseless, would no doubt eventually die away. But while they lasted their consequences were very trying. And Newman, who in 1859 had had, in his irksome task of editing the *Rambler*, the great support of knowing that he was trusted by everyone, now became gradually conscious of a growing want of confidence in him. The Temporal Power question completed what the delation of his *Rambler* article had begun. He came to be, to use his own phrase, 'under a cloud,' a man suspected in many quarters as not thoroughly orthodox. At the end of September 1861, Simpson, who was still communicating with Newman as to the future of the *Rambler*, enclosed a letter from Mr. Burns, the publisher, objecting to Newman's connection with any Review as injurious to its prospects of success. 'The great objection to Newman,' Mr. Burns wrote, 'is his . . . for one reason or another, unpopularity.'

There can be no doubt that Newman felt this development acutely. Possibly enough he exaggerated its extent and its import. But the sense that a 'cloud' was over him which only deepened later on, began at this time. That he, with his passionate loyalty to the Holy See, with his high ideal of obedience to his Bishop, should be regarded as a half-sympathiser with Garibaldi, as one who entertained, in Manning's phrase, 'low views' on the Papal prerogative, and was 'critical of Catholic devotion,' and a supporter of the disloyal and disaffected, was a keen trial. And as such charges were not formally preferred he could not formally reply to them. They were made or withdrawn as occasion made it most convenient. And perhaps Manning's occasional

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disavowal of all hostility to him angered him more than its avowal—so at least I interpret the Latin words which conclude a letter I shall shortly cite.[1]

Meanwhile his letter to Acton, counselling the termination of the *Rambler* in deference to the impending censure of ecclesiastical authority, led to an important correspondence on the position of a Catholic Review, and its duties both to ecclesiastical authority and to public opinion.

SIR JOHN ACTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'July 2nd, 1861.

'I am so much startled by your letter that you must not consider this as an answer to it. There is something in your view of the importance belonging to the decrees of authority, for which I was not at all prepared, and which I must take time to consider. My own notion was that, having excluded theology from the *Rambler*, nothing remained over which the ecclesiastical power possessed jurisdiction. In political life we should not be deterred, I suppose, by the threat or fear of even excommunication, from doing what we should deem our duty, if no such consideration had presented itself. . . .'

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 5th, 1861.

'My dear Sir John,—I don't like writing in a hurry when I ought to write with care,—but then I don't like to delay. So I must do my best.

'I did not mean to differ from you (nor do I) in any principle, but in a fact. The *Rambler* certainly does seem to me ever nibbling at theological questions. It seems to me in its discussions to come under the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical power; and, therefore, I think the ecclesiastical power ought to be deferred to.

'If it advocated homeopathy or the broad gauge,—and the Bishops of England said anything in discouragement of such conduct, I do not see how it could be bound to defer to the Bishops.

'If it said that the classics ought to be taught to laymen, and the Bishops said that Prudentius was far better poetry than Virgil, and, in order to the cultivation of poetical taste, insisted on the *Rambler* being silent in its praises of Virgil, I do not see that the *Rambler* need be silent.

[1] See p. 579.

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'But this is not the fact. The Bishops have a direct jurisdiction in the education of the clergy for the ministry,—they act under an Ecumenical Council. To discuss the question of the education of the clergy does seem to be entering on a question under their jurisdiction. This the *Rambler* has done. It has not itself given judgment, but it has discussed at length, through its correspondents, the question. I cannot tell you how this discussion has annoyed me, not only for the sake of the *Rambler*, but in itself.

'The Articles on Campion again,—no one surely can say that a Life of Campion was *obliged* to come out with the statement or insinuation that St. Pius preferred to maintain untenable claims to retaining England in the Church; no reader surely but was surprised that it came into the narration. Such matters should not be dealt a back-handed blow,—it was not a history of St. Pius or of his times,—even then, a Saint surely is not to be approached as a common man. If the Ecclesiastical Power makes Saints, it requires that they, as well as their images, should receive the 'debitum honorem et venerationem.' The historical character of St. Pius, as it seems to me, was treated very much as if, in showing a church, the sacristan were to take an axe and knock off a piece of the altar, and then, when called to account, were to say that the altar was about to be removed as it was in the way, and he was only, by his act, beginning the intended reforms.

'*Rednal, July 6th.*—Then again, in the article on Ward's philosophy, I think the reviewer spoke of the highest ecclesiastical courts of the Church having for two centuries impeded in Italy the advance of science or something of the kind. Now, however true this may be, was it necessary to say it thus? and was it not anyhow an *attack* upon the said courts? I don't see that those courts went beyond their *powers* in the bare fact of their impeding science. They thought science interfered with religion, and no one can say that they had not a *prima facie* case in their favour. And they had the community (I suppose) with them. But whether this be so or not, is not the point. What I would insist on is that it is not wonderful, if a writer in the *Rambler* attacks those courts, the representatives of those courts will attack him,—and, (without saying that the *prima facie* view of the matter in the eyes of the public will be in their favour, if he is writing *ex professo* on the subject and they come in his way) yet I think if a writer, reviewing Ward, has a sudden side blow at them, the good sense of the public will

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side with *them*, if they in turn inflict some severe stroke upon their assailant.

'I am saying all this by way of explaining what I meant by saying that the *Rambler* now is in a false position if authority speaks against it. It has been sufficiently theological and ecclesiastical to impress the world with the idea that it comes under an ecclesiastical censor, and if it caught it for tilting against Inquisitors, Ecumenical Councils, and Saints, the world would be apt to say: "serve him right!" This is how it appears to me.

'And further, I must, though it will pain you, speak out. I *despair* of Simpson being other than he is. He will always be clever, amusing, brilliant, and *suggestive*. He will always be flicking his whip at Bishops, cutting them in tender places, throwing stones at Sacred Congregations, and, as he rides along the high road, discharging peashooters at Cardinals who happen by bad luck to look out of the window. I fear I must say I despair of any periodical in which he has a part. I grieve to say it, but I have not said it till the whole world says it. I have, I assure you, defended him to others, and it is not many weeks, I may almost say days, since I was accused of "solidarity with the *Rambler*." But what is the good of going on hoping against hope to the loss of union among ourselves, and the injuring of great interests? For me, I am bound to state my convictions when I have them; and I have them now.

'You will act with true sincerity of intention and with full deliberation, whatever conclusion you come to about the *Rambler*, but I don't think Protestants ought to say that an independent organ of opinion is silenced, but one that loved to assail, and to go out of his way to assail, what was authoritative and venerable.

'Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

SIR JOHN ACTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'July 8th, 1861.

'I only write a few lines to thank you for your kindness in the letter I have just received. The question is too serious for me to answer you at once, and I am very glad to have the objections which may be made to the *Rambler* being put before my eyes with so much authority, and at the same time with so much confidence and indulgence.

'At first sight it strikes me that you deny any difference of principle, but that you consider, as a matter of fact, that

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we do place ourselves under ecclesiastical jurisdiction by our subjects or modes of discussion, and of this you give three instances.

'With reference to the first, the Seminary question, you speak so very strongly that I do not wish to say anything. I never liked the prolongation of the dispute, but it seemed to me that the dangerous opinions were on the side against X. Y. Z., and I thought it absolutely my duty not to allow them to remain uncontradicted.

'But you say that the treatment of Pius V. gave ecclesiastical authority the right to intervene. This really seems to me once more a question of principle. Has the Church a right to censure me because I say of a canonized saint that on some occasion he committed an error of judgment, or even a mortal sin? Their biographies are full of such things, at least, all the older lives. Sanctity surely does not mean perfection nor absolute wisdom; and in this case not the holiness but the wisdom of the Saint was impugned. If you put it as others do, on the fact of his being a Pope, I should recall the language Baronius and Raynaldus use of certain Popes. The proceedings of Pius involved the whole question of the conduct and martyrdom of Campion and the others who laboured and suffered in the same field. I cannot see how it was irrelevant; or why, if one speaks of it, one is bound to assume that the Pope was in the right because he was a Saint. Surely a question of policy, so old as this, is not one on which an opinion can justify interference, or even the imputation of nibbling at theological questions.

'The third point is the treatment of Science by the Church in certain times. Here you say that the fact might be as stated in the Article, and yet the statement of the fact would give Rome a right to condemn us. If that were so it would justify the very attacks against which we are most anxious to defend the Church. I do not believe you will really say that these things can be put in the same category as subjects for Rome to pronounce on with papers on Original Sin or Consulting the Laity.

'The public feeling will be perhaps with the censors against the censured, but that public feeling is the very object of our indirect attacks. It does not admit the authority of science, or the sanctity of truth for its own sake, or the freedom of the various sciences pursuing their own ends primarily, and bearing testimony or paying tribute to religion only very remotely, as philology does, or medicine

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And this error, I have always thought, is to be met, not by dispute, but *ambulando*, by walking in the face of it, an operation which must necessarily be always disagreeable till people get to understand and get used to it, when the victory is at once gained. And, therefore, it is in the nature of the *Rambler* that each number should offend[1] some people, until all its readers are its partizans. And for these reasons, taking the *historical* examples which you give, I still do not see that a condemnation on such grounds as these would require to be deferred to. But I am speaking agonistically all this time, not positively, only your arguments have not yet impressed me as strongly as your authority.

'I do not forget what you write to me. Long ago you wrote that it was not so important that people should be brought round to particular opinions, as that they should be taught to think logically. I do not believe that I have altogether neglected this advice. I have never been very zealous for particular views, but care above almost everything for one or two principles or general opinions. I cannot bear that Protestants should say the Church cannot be reconciled with the truths or precepts of science, or that Catholics should fear the legitimate and natural progress of the scientific spirit. These two errors seem to me almost identical, and, if one is more dangerous than the other, I think it is the last; so that it comes more naturally to me to be zealous against the Catholic mistake than against the Protestant.

'But the weapon against both is the same, the encouragement of the true scientific spirit and disinterested love of truth. I have nowhere seen this principle seriously adopted on the Continent by any Catholic periodical, or by any group of Catholics; and I really think it a merit of the *Rambler*, not that it does this successfully, but that it sees it and attempts to practise it. Yet I cannot conceive how such a course can be pursued without a collision with Rome, or how it can avoid being beset with difficulties in such a society as ours. I am sure I can conscientiously say I have striven not to give offence or to insult what is venerable, but I believe I cannot always avoid the appearance of it.

'Do not these principles suffice to explain our position and attitude without the hypothesis of error and failure in

[1] '(N.B. "offend" i.e. they are obliged to "offend" people by sly hits, and insinuations, and mockery; for this was the charge.)' From the margin of the copy by J. H. N.

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the pursuit of them? I always feel that I am deliberately and systematically further removed from the prevailing sentiments of good and serious Catholics than Simpson is with all his imprudence.[1] To some extent also this divergence in principle makes it difficult for me to judge of his improprieties in points of detail and execution; Wetherell would be invaluable in this respect, but we have very bad accounts of him.

'You will think it very hard I have taken your time up with such long letters. I thought at first I should be very short. But you will forgive me on account of the great emergency. Your imputed solidarity with the *Rambler* is very distressing when I consider how much my mind has been troubled with the idea of your disagreement and disapprobation. Would it were otherwise. I wish I had in private the full enjoyment of that with which you are reproached, and that I had an opportunity at the same time of setting the public right on the matter. The story[2] goes that you have sent to the *Atlantis* a paper on the classics at which I should make a very wry face in swallowing it; but the *Atlantis* never appears and the world has forgotten it.

'The Academia held its first meeting at the Cardinal's. A long paper of his was read, of which everybody says that it is quite in his old style and proves great vigour. Unfortunately *it is* in his old style, only a repetition, and without any power or depth. He seems to think that Catholic science has only a great victory to gain,—not great problems to solve.'

Dr. Newman to Sir John Acton.

'July 16th, 1861.

'My dear Sir John,—It is very difficult to bring out one's full meaning even to one's own satisfaction. Nor was I passing a judgment, but merely putting before you considerations on one of two sides of an argument. Not that I had not a distinct opinion of my own; but a person need not have lived to my age to feel an intense distrust of his own opinion in matters of conduct.

[1] 'Well, it *is* Simpson's 'imprudence,"—i.e. flippancy, crudity, irreverence, which *is* the fault, and which makes him *impossible*. In my letter of (I think) July 5th, I said to him that I showed my real interest in the *Rambler* by allowing my name to be so connected with it in public opinion as it was, though I did not agree with it, and thus suffered unjustly. J. H. N.'

[2] '*Mendacium* from first to last. J. H. N.'

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'What I meant to convey in my last was this:

'Putting aside the ground of *principle*, in which I think we agree, I wished to consider *expedience*; and I think the words which I used,—"public opinion," "a false position"—showed it.

'I put aside also the question of *fact* on which we did not agree.

'The Holy See and Roman Church do not commonly act, as it seems to me, without public opinion on their side. A man *may* be in a false position towards ecclesiastical authorities with public opinion for him, as in the case of Luther, I suppose, in Germany; but the inconveniences of his false position will be immensely increased to him if, in his antagonism, public opinion, as is likely, is against him.

'Now I can't help thinking that, if Cardinal Antonelli influenced our Cardinal or Propaganda to act against the *Rambler*, people would not weigh the rights and the wrongs either of the act or of the question which led to it. They would not be startled at the question of the Temporal Power ceasing to be an open question; they would not say "Ecclesiastical Authority is extravagating into history or philosophy; the *Rambler* has a right to discuss the history of the 16th century, to criticize the acts of the Sacred Congregations, to have an opinion on Popes' Briefs, and to represent to the Bishops that the want of due clerical education is a lay grievance." And why? because they would say, "the *Rambler* has practically put itself in the wrong by abrupt assertions or by insinuations and sly hits, on serious, momentous, sacred subjects"; because numbers of religious people are provoked and sore about it; that it has been a cause of offence, an element of unsettlement, and that it is but just and a satisfaction that, at last, so lively a critic has caught it.

'As to "its treatment of Pius V. giving ecclesiastical authority the right to interfere," are you sure I used the word "right"? If so, I have qualified it with the words "in public opinion." In one place I even inserted those words after writing, since they were the turning point; what I meant to say was, people will not enquire as to the strict matter of principle, but "the *Rambler* deserved it" will, in their judgment, cover everything.

'Again, "Has the Church a *right* to censure me because I say a canonized Saint *committed an error* or a *mortal sin*? Their biographies are full of such things." This is quite beside my point. I said that Propaganda or the Cardinal

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would find the Catholic public on their side *hic et nunc*, if they showed their disapproval of a sudden unceremonious attack upon a Saint which was not imperatively required by the subject which was under discussion. We don't write books *in order* to attack Saints. If the necessity of criticism lies plump in our way and cannot be turned, then we do it, but not with glee. This is what public opinion, (and, as *I* think, public good sense) would say.

'And so, as to the case of the Sacred Congregations, I waived the question of deciding the line between what was secular and what ecclesiastical matter. At least to hit an ecclesiastic is, in public opinion, to hit ecclesiastical matter. Thus the *Rambler began*; it has had a hit at ecclesiastical authorities; and, if the blow is returned, the public will not think it surprising or a shame. I am explaining the argument I used.

'I did not speak against the *continuance* of the controversy about Seminaries, but the *commencing* it. This you do not notice.

'As to the question about the mode of managing or changing public opinion, it is too large a subject to go into.

'I am, &c.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

For a moment in August Newman seems to have hoped that things were improving—though his letter has in it the note of sadness of which I have already spoken:

'Rednal: August 21st, 1861.

'My dear Sir John,—I have been put on the sick list and told to wander about. This I did for a time with great satisfaction, for perfect detachment from all kinds of duties and occupations is an unspeakable relief. I am a good deal better and have returned here from a feeling that it was a shame being on the world when we had so pleasant a place for idleness. The truth is I have been in constant hot water of one sort or degree or another for full thirty years,—and it has, at length, boiled me. I wish it may serve in part for a purgatory.

'I have no definite ailment, but anxiety, or whatever better name can be given to it, is sucking life out of me.

'From what you say I trust the storm is blowing over the *Rambler*. It pleases me to find that they are using you in the Academy. Manning, I am sure, is, of all men, most desirous to keep all Catholics together. For myself, I have

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not got over that message from Cardinal Antonelli,—and shall be suspicious of the Academy in consequence,—for if the Pope's Foreign Secretary can interfere with one, I suppose he can with the other; but it is a good sign that Manning is free to exercise his own tolerant nature as regards yourself. . . .

'Ever yours most sincerely in Christ,
J. H. N.'

Any hope implied in this letter was only passing. In October Newman renewed in writing to Simpson his exhortation to suspend publication. 'Some months ago,' he wrote on October 2, '. . . I expressed my deliberate opinion about the *Rambler*. I thought it was in a false position which it never could get out of; and was sure to be stopped or to come to an end in one way or another. Accordingly I said that it would be best for the proprietors to stop it themselves—and at once, because, if not, others would do so for them either peremptorily or indirectly and gradually. I have had no reason up to this day to change this view of the matter.' Simpson at first refused to take this advice. He proposed to publish an Apologia with a full narrative of the history of the magazine, and its treatment by the authorities, but Newman could not acquiesce.

'If,' he wrote, 'such an exposition of its past history as you propose be necessary to its new position, this is a strong evidence how false that (new) position is,—the grave scandal which it would involve being some kind of measure of the unsuitableness of continuing the publication.

'You ask: "Will the falseness of our position be retrieved by this move?" My own judgment is that it will be mending evil with evil, and place you in a position still more seriously false, and opening the way to positions falser still.

'You speak of "freedom of the press," "declaration of independence," "independent opposition," "declaration of war," and "association of rights." These phrases sound to me like the electioneering cries of some Protestant candidate for the representation.'

Simpson and Acton, however, did not defer to Newman's judgment. On the contrary, an article appeared in November strongly criticising Manning's extreme advocacy of the

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Temporal Power, and Manning believed that Newman had a share in its composition.

It was now certain that the *Rambler* would not be allowed to continue its existence as a Catholic Review, approved or even tolerated by the Episcopate. The alternative before its conductors was either to acquiesce in Newman's verdict and simply suspend publication, or to make some change in name and form which might possibly secure it a fresh start and fair trial. Acton and Simpson chose the latter course.

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JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1862.
From a Photograph.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE 'HOME AND FOREIGN REVIEW' (1862–1864)

IN 1862 the conductors of the *Rambler* proposed to turn their Review into a Quarterly, to be called *The Home and Foreign Review*. Sir John Acton was to be editor, assisted by Mr. Wetherell. The staff was to be the same as that of the *Rambler*.[1]

Newman adhered to his opinion that the *Rambler* had better simply stop. He did not advise or support its continuance as a Quarterly under the title of the *Home and Foreign Review*. But when its continuance was a settled thing, he responded to its conductors with kindliness and interest in hopes of keeping it on useful lines.

W. G. Ward, who had been earnestly hoping for the termination of the *Rambler*, did not at all like the news that a new Quarterly was to rise from its ashes. And Simpson, who took a malicious pleasure, as he said, in making Ward's 'hair stand on end' by startling and unwelcome news, assured him that the new Review had the full sympathy of Newman. Ward, greatly distressed, wrote to Newman proposing a visit that he might talk over the situation. There is a touch of sad irony in Newman's reply:

'The Oratory: April 22nd, 1862.

'My dear Ward,—I shall be glad to see you at any time and so far as I know shall be here or at Rednal for months.

[1] The financial situation of the *Rambler* had become so grave that Acton, at the suggestion of Dr. Russell of Maynooth, actually contemplated approaching Manning and Ward with a view to amalgamating the new Quarterly *Rambler* or *Home and Foreign Review* with the *Dublin*. The *Dublin*, however, was still under the Cardinal's supervision, and Newman, when consulted on the proposal, wrote that he did not see how 'a free Catholic Review, (be such a publication right or wrong) could have relations with a Cardinal who is not free but bound by special oaths.'

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'If things are to go as they have gone, I should anticipate that our conversation would have this result,—viz. you would begin by stating that I held something very different from, or the reverse of, what I really hold. I should undeceive you, and you would confess you were mistaken. Then we should branch off to some independent subject of theology, and you would be pleased to find that I agreed with you when others did not. You would leave; and then, in a few weeks, you would write me word that it pained you bitterly to think that we were diverging from each other in theological opinion more and more. If I then wrote to inquire what you *could* mean, you would answer that you really could not, at the moment, recollect the grounds on which you had been led to say so,—but you would not withdraw it.

'Thus I have to endure, in spite of your real affection for me, a never-dying misgiving on your part that I am in some substantial matter at variance with you; while I for my part sincerely think that on *no* subject is there any substantial difference between us as far as theology is concerned,

'Ever yours affectly.

J. H. N.'

I have no record of what passed at W. G. Ward's visit. The new Quarterly made its appearance in July. A fortnight before its publication Acton wrote to Newman as to the nature of its contents, of which he hoped he would approve, with the exception of a statement of the fact that Paul III. had a son.

'There is only one thing in the new Quarterly, so far as it is ready, in which I am afraid of your disagreement. Paul III, Farnese, had a son Pierluigi, and a number of grandchildren. The Jesuit, Prat, in his life of Ribadeneira, speaks of all of these, always calling them the Pope's nephews, and the Pope his uncle. Now I feel very strongly that this ought to be gibbeted, and I cannot avoid at least pointing out the wilful lie it involves.'

Newman endorses his letter with the following note:

'I answered to this that he quite mistook me. 1. Everyone knows the *fact*. 2. What I objected to was not the grave natural statement of facts, but (as Simpson did), the lugging in such a fact as a foot-note by the bye in a treatise on Conic Sections.'

Newman read the first numbers of the *Home and Foreign* with great interest. He was filled with admiration for the

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immense labour and research which it displayed. As far as we can judge from his letters, he still sympathised with many of its aims. The Bishops regarded the fact that Acton was one of its editors as establishing its identity with the *Rambler*, and they opposed it from the first. Newman regretted their attitude. To Mrs. Froude he wrote: 'I am very sorry that the Bishops have set themselves against the ablest publication we have, though I can't quite trust its conductors. Such a policy is imprudent and unhappy. That's my opinion.' The Review at once commanded attention in the world of letters. Max Müller spoke of it in 1863 as 'one of the best edited of our quarterlies.' Matthew Arnold commended the knowledge and play of thought within its pages. Its reputation was a valuable asset to English Catholicism. Still the episcopal opposition, however unfortunate, was a fact to reckon with, and, moreover, the writers were unsuccessful, in Newman's opinion, in achieving what he regarded as a thoroughly satisfactory tone. Therefore his sympathy with the Review was qualified. When, however, the Cardinal publicly criticised the Review, he was against suspending its publication: to stop what existed was a different matter from refraining to bring it into existence. He advised an answer to the Cardinal written in a very loyal and zealous spirit which should win over right-minded men to the side of the Review.

Newman availed himself of the occasion to write to Sir John Acton on the situation which had arisen, and on the future prospects of the Review:

'I think,' he wrote, 'that you cannot prudently stop the Review. I take it for granted the Cardinal does not bid you do so; and you should not on your own responsibility. Such a course would be a smothering of feelings and opinions which exist, which are allowable in a Catholic, which it is healthy to out with, which it is dangerous or injurious to bottle up. If these opinions imply uncatholic instincts, let this be shown; else we cannot be sure that what happens to be called an instinct is anything more than the sentiment of a particular school in the Church. If you stopped the Review, there would first be a triumph among the Cardinal's friends; this would create a chronic irritation among your friends, and this again a vague uneasy helpless suspicion on the part of his.

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'It is better then that your Review should go on; but, if so, it is plain that it, for a time, will be under a cloud. This ever must be the case when a Superior finds fault; the question is what are the persons so blamed to do under the circumstances.

'It seems to me that they must resolve gradually to work their way through the cloud that lies on them, by doing undeniable good service to the Catholic cause. . . . They need not sacrifice their own views; they need not flatter this or that person if they do real hard work for the Church; *this* will insure for them the opportunity of speaking with effect. . . .

'What you have to do, at the moment, in your reply to the Cardinal, is to give us an augury and pledge of your future course. There is no position, there are no circumstances, in which there is not the right thing to do if we have the skill to find it out. There is no move on the part of others towards us, but leaves room for a true counter-move on our part against them. There is no such thing as a checkmate except through our own fault. I can fancy a counter-statement to the Cardinal which for its naturalness and straightforwardness would win all candid minds. Such a statement would obliterate what has been amiss in the past and reassure Catholics as to the future. You would put yourselves in the right, and your ill-wishers in the wrong.'

The published reply to the Cardinal did not in the event entirely satisfy Newman, as we see in the following letter to Wetherell, dated October 6:

'Everyone, I think, must be struck with the excellence of its tone. It is both generous and candid, manly, modest, and moderate as regards the *Rambler*. It is clear, moreover, in its exposition of its principles, and in explaining the *Rambler's* position in the Catholic community. And it is well written. . . .

'I am disposed to except from these remarks the wording of the paragraph pp. 514, 515, beginning: "Learning," &c. I fear it will be read thus:

'"Among the writers of this eminent but short-sighted school, of course we reckon our illustrious Cardinal. Without derogating from the great merits which we have above ascribed to him, we take this opportunity of insinuating that in his controversial writings he has never been more than a 'brilliant rhetorician.' His knowledge is that of a 'dilettante.'

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He has attempted too 'wide' a range, and in consequence is always 'superficial.' No 'single writer,' be he who he may, could possibly write on 'Scripture, history, and physical science,' as he has done in his Roman Lectures, with more than a 'shallow versatility,' &c., &c." I heartily trust no one else will so interpret this paragraph; but I do not think it unlikely. If so, you must be prepared with your answer.

'If I go on to mention what seem to me the deficiencies of the article, it is because it may be useful to you to know the impression it made on a "Lector re vera benevolus."

'I wish it had more *definiteness* and more *warmth*; definiteness to satisfy, and warmth to win.

'1. What I specially mean by "definiteness" is a direct answering to the charges brought against the Conductors of the *Rambler*. The Cardinal, e.g., says that "the journal has shewn an absence of all reserve and reverence in its treatment of *persons* and things deemed sacred." Are "sacred persons," e.g. Saints, one of what the article calls "principles" of religion, or "interests"? Again; "It has grazed even the very edges of the most perilous abysses of *error*." What answer to this is it to say that the conductors of the *Rambler* have ever felt it their duty to keep to *truth* of principle in matters of science, and to *right* in the principles of government? and so on.

'People are likely to say that the article has not met the Cardinal's imputations.

'2. What I mean by want of "warmth" is this,—that theologians and ascetic writers tell us that the perfection of a Christian lies in never pleading his own cause, *except when accused of error of faith*, for such error is dishonourable to God. Now the Cardinal has accused the *Rambler* of treachery to the cause of truth. I think it is the duty of one who has occasion to notice this charge made against him *to be indignant*. To unite this with due respect towards the accuser, of course, requires skill, but it admits of being done, and has not been done.

'I fear this will leave an (unjust) imputation on the minds of ill-natured readers that the writer of the article did not care much about the Cardinal's charge, and is not too much in earnest.

'These two defects will prevent the article, good as it is, from destroying *suspicion*. Perhaps you will say that suspicion cannot be destroyed.'

But, after writing the above letter, Newman read an article in the same number containing certain comments on

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the Book of Genesis which seemed to him to be exactly in the old offensive style of the *Rambler*. Many of his friends were scandalised at it, and at the same time he received letters in which fears were expressed that the atmosphere of Edgbaston school was being perverted by the German rationalism of the *Home and Foreign Review*. He at once drew out a strong criticism of the article, which he sent to Wetherell's friend and his own, Mr. Thomas Arnold.[1] This

[1] The following are some samples of the criticisms passed by Newman on particular passages in the article:

p. 457. 'Six great phases of development stand forth';—'made up of two elements called evening and morning, or conception and birth'; 'after comes a seventh of rest, when the productivity of the forces of the universe,' &c.

'Evening and morning' means 'conception and birth'; how does he know it? 'The first is called the one day, *because* all the others are, as it were, branches of it.' Does he know it from Scripture, from the Fathers, from what he calls (p. 452) 'the religions of confusion,' from modern criticism? is it stated dogmatically, or as a speculation? I wish he had told us.

p. 457. 'The seven primeval Angels in the *later Jewish tradition* appear as the seven angels who were created in the beginning. From the Jews the first Christians received this tradition; and in Hermes we find the six creative days as six young men, the Angels of God, who were first created.' 'Of these the first created, . . . Clement without hesitation identifies them with the days of Moses.' Now what does all this mean? 'The *later* Jewish tradition';—is it true? then the six or seven days of creation are six or seven Angels. Is this interpretation of a dogmatic character? On the other hand, is it *not* true? . . . In a word, does Moses mean by the seven days seven angels, or does he not? What is it all about? It looks as if the writer thought they were just as much days as they were Angels, and just as much Angels as they were days; and not so much either, as they were 'forces'; but why does he not speak out?

p. 464. '*To the Hebrew mind*, there were always two parts of a new creation.' Does this mean to the inspired mind of Moses and the Prophets? Observe, I am determining nothing about inspiration; I only want the writer to speak out; not to insinuate, but to say or not say.

p. 464. 'Thus every creative act of God, after the first creation of heaven and earth out of nothing, *is* a renewal through destruction.' *Is*; as a matter of fact, or *is* 'to the Hebrew mind'?

p. 468. 'The inadequacy, &c., would naturally *bring again before the mind*'; 'the old doctrine of a divine sacrifice *would* rise up again,' &c. Now here I repeat, is he resolving the development of religion into *the natural action* of the 'Hebrew mind' or not? *Cui bono*, since anyhow that development was directly from God? Is it to account for difficult facts? what are the facts? what are we at? We are not told our premisses, or our conclusions, what is fact, what is theory; what is the drift of the whole, whether to answer objections or to insinuate prognostications. Sometimes he says: 'would,' as 'would' expresses conjecture, does 'is' express fact? No; for 'is' is sometimes 'is to the

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criticism he asked Arnold to forward to Mr. Wetherell together with the letter on his reply to Wiseman :

'Deal: Oct. 12th, 1862.

'Of course you have at least cast your eyes over the new number of the *Home & Foreign*. I am so put out with one article that I cannot talk of the others. . . .

'It is the article on Döllinger's work, and a theological discussion is lugged in without any occasion on the first chapter of Genesis. Alas, why will not reviewers leave that chapter alone? It is not contemporary literature. The Review is not a retrospective one. A grave, *ex professo*, comment indeed, a learned, argumentative discussion upon it, this will always be worth reading; but . . . the article in question does not attempt such a process. If I must describe it I should call it a speculation edged with an insinuation, or an insinuation hoisted on a speculation.

'We are bound to interpret all Scripture by the unanimous consent of the Fathers. Again, we have certain traditionary or popular ideas, true or mistaken, about the right interpretation of this chapter in particular. Is a reviewer justified in coming out with an interpretation, certainly not the popular one, nor professing to be patristic, nor claiming to be that of the author reviewed, nor appealing to any author or authors whatever, nor based on any careful body of proof and making for itself a probable case; but consisting of a multitude of categorical assertions, hazy in their drift, and of a conclusion, not asserted, but insinuated?

'For myself, I am not scandalized at such "views," as I should call them; but *incredulus odi*. You will think my (enclosed) remarks fierce, but I have a life-long disgust at speculations, as opposed to carefully argued theories or doctrines.'

Hebrew mind.' Well then, what *is* conjectural, what objective, what subjective? what human, what divine?

p. 470. 'This is the *idea* of the first chapters of Genesis.' Divine idea, or Hebrew idea, or modern, philosophical idea? or a mystification?

p. 470. 'They constitute a religious document, not a treatise on astronomy, &c.' Why will he not speak out? Does the first chapter admit of an interpretation expressing the facts of the history of creation or does it not? Insinuation always makes people angry. Is he or is he not insinuating that these portions of Scripture do not directly come from God? Surely so grave a subject should be treated logically and methodically, not made matter for a showy sketch or an ingenious argument.

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But just at the moment when this article in the October number was so greatly exercising Newman's mind the long-expected blow from the hand of ecclesiastical authority fell.

The Bishops, as I have said, declined to recognise any distinction between the defunct *Rambler* and the Review which had arisen from its ashes. In October 1862 the whole bench, with one exception, formally censured the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign* in their Pastorals. And most of them made it clear that they had taken action in accordance with instructions from Propaganda. Newman's direct concern was with the action taken by his own Bishop. Bishop Ullathorne, in addition to the remarks in his Pastoral, published a circular letter to his clergy containing a detailed censure of some of Mr. Simpson's articles. The Bishop considered that various statements of Simpson's were equivalent to certain doctrines condemned by the Church. Newman had not yet read the articles referred to, but he considered that the Bishop was acting strictly within his rights. Whether the condemned doctrines were really taught by Simpson or not, they *were* condemned. And if the Bishop found the doctrines on the writings in question, whether he was accurate in his estimate or not, he had a right to act on his own judgment. Newman at once wrote to the Bishop a carefully worded letter of submission:

'Ramsgate: Oct. 24th, 1862.

'My dear Lord,—Your letter to your clergy has been sent to me here. Every Catholic must, I am sure, be grateful to your Lordship for having, in so clear and direct a way, stated the grounds of the grave animadversions which you have felt it incumbent on you, by virtue of your sacred office, to make on the *Rambler* and *Home & Foreign Review*.

'I hope I need not assure your Lordship that I concur with all my heart in your condemnation of the doctrines which you find in those publications, and of the Articles containing them.

'It follows that I must consider it, as I do, to be the simple duty of the writers of them, and of all concerned in them, first to repudiate the doctrines in question, and secondly to withdraw the statements in which they are conveyed.

'I write to you, as one of your clergy, on the spur of the moment, what comes first into my mind without consulting anyone. If there is anything more which it would be a

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consolation for you to receive from me, I hope you will tell me.

'I hope it is not wrong to say that your letter affects me altogether differently from that of His Eminence on the same subject.

'I am, &c.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To this welcome expression of adhesion Dr. Ullathorne thus replied:

'Birmingham: Oct. 25th, 1862.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—Amongst the letters I have received on the subject of my Letter to the Clergy, none, nor all together, have given me so much gratification as the one you have so kindly written to me.

'Not that your words tell me more than I knew of you before; but because it gives me the means of putting out the last spark of any mischief that idle people may have occasioned by the use of their idle tongues.

'The essential part of your letter I shall take good care shall be seen by the authorities at Rome. I do not, of course, intend to put it formally before them, but I will take care it will be read to them in a non-official way.

'And I thank you both for strengthening me by expressing your adhesion to my letter, and equally for furnishing, beyond intention, precisely such an expression of your sentiments as will enable me to confirm all that I have said at Rome.

'Praying Almighty God to bless you,

'I remain, &c.,
W. B. ULLATHORNE.'

With his strong opinion as to the rights of ecclesiastical authority Newman felt that the Bishops' censure created a very grave situation, and it was necessary, in view of his past close association with the *Rambler*, to make his act of submission widely known.

He wrote to friends representing various shades of opinion dissociating himself from the *Home and Foreign*. How acute his feeling of depression was at the time we see in the following letter to Ambrose St. John, to whom alone he could, without fear of being misunderstood, express the morbid thoughts which such moments of sadness brought with them:

'I wrote to Bellasis and Ward, and I am going to-day to write to Ornsby, Acton, and Arnold. Don't think I am

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overdoing it,—but the Bishop's charges against the *H. & F.* are *precise*, which the Cardinal's were not, and I cannot allow myself to seem indifferent to the chance of people connecting me with them. How one's time and one's energy are frittered away in these explanations! . . . Well, we shall be brought through!

'I have ever been brought through,—I said I should when the Achilli matter began; but here my own anticipation *then* of what was likely to happen *now* appals me. It appals me to think that I should so rightly have guessed what was to take place at the end of another ten years. I then said that, as when I was 20 I was cut off from the rising talent of the University by my failure in the Schools, as, when 30, I was cut off from distinction in the governing body by being deprived of my tutorship, as, when 40, I was virtually cast out of the Church of England by the affair of No. 90, as, when 50, I was cast out of what may be called society by the disgrace of the Achilli sentence, so, when I should arrive at 60 years, I should be cast out of the good books of Catholics and especially of ecclesiastical authorities. This appals me in this way,—viz. what is to happen if I live to be seventy? Am I to lose all of you and to be left desolate? or is our house to be burned to the ground? or am I to be smitten with some afflicting disorder? These are the questions which come before me, and don't be angry with me for mentioning them, for it is a great relief to me to speak and a pain to be silent. Well, I suppose it is all intended to keep me from being too happy. How happy should I be if let alone,—how fond of living! On the other hand certainly, I have been carried marvellously through all those troubles which have come to me hitherto, and so I believe I shall be to the end. . . .

'Now be kind enough to say a Hail Mary for me instead of quarrelling with me for saying all this, and believe me,

'Ever yours most affectly.,

J. H. N.

'P.S.—So Brodie is gone and Dr. English, and our Provost's eldest son whom we used to see riding on a pony at Littlemore.'

The Bishops felt that it was unsatisfactory to censure so able a periodical without setting up some substitute for it which would command the respect of the intellectual public. And therefore in this same month the *Dublin Review* was formally placed by Manning under W. G. Ward's editorship. True to old habit, Ward forthwith communicated his acceptance of the editorship to Newman:

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'Freshwater: 16th October (1862).

'My dear F. Newman,—I am desirous that you should not hear for the first time from anyone but myself that I have had the impudence to accept the editorship of the *Dublin*. It is certainly a new phenomenon to have the editor of a quarterly profoundly ignorant of history, politics, and literature. . . . But it was really a [Marcus] Curtius affair, and the only apparent alternative was the Tories seizing it and making it a political organ. I think even my editorship is better than that. I am very desirous to avoid . . . all appearance of *cliquiness*, and my notion is when I go back to town to call on as many different kinds of people as I can and see what their notions are and what they can (and will) do for me. My absurd difficulty about riding . . . will prevent my being in Birmingham more than thirty-six hours, but I should be greatly obliged if you would give me some talk for part of that time. . . . I wish I could hope there was any chance of persuading you to write. The smallest contribution would be most gratefully received, whether grave or gay, lively or severe. . . .

'Ever affectionately yours,
W. G. WARD.'

This letter is endorsed by Newman with the following extract from his reply: 'I could not write for the *Dublin* without writing also for the *Home and Foreign*, and I mean to keep clear of these controversies, not that I can in this way stop the evil tongues of men great and small, but reports die away and acts remain.'

Some further correspondence followed, and it was at this time that Dr. Ullathorne's circular letter of censure on the *Rambler* was issued. Newman at once intimated to Ward his acceptance of it:

'October 24th, 1862.

'My dear Ward,—Since I wrote to you, I have received and read Dr. Ullathorne's letter about the *Rambler* and the *Home & Foreign*, and I consider it a far more intelligible document than the Cardinal's. As to the latter, its handle is a question of fact personal to His Eminence, not one of principle; viz. whether the *Home & Foreign* had correctly reported His Eminence's share in the Letter of the Bishops to the Pope. Apropos of this, it proceeds to charge the *Rambler* with approaching the abyss of error and contradicting Catholic instincts, charges so vague as to leave no definite impression at least on my own mind.

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'For instance, I suppose an Augustinian or a Dominican would consider Father O'Reilly's views on grace as opposed to Catholic instincts; and, I must allow, with a good deal of plausibility. Three-fourths of the Catholics of England would consider the exclusion or the adoption of Gothic architecture to be an indisputable Catholic instinct. I am far indeed from denying the existence of such instincts, but I do not feel them to be the intelligible basis of a censure.

'Dr. Ullathorne, on the other hand, speaks with a manly distinctness. He pronounces that the conductors of the *Home & Foreign* hold that the fundamental principles of the understanding, assumed before all reasoning, are provisional and not absolute; that the existence of God is directly demonstrated, not by reason, but by revelation; that faith, as theologically contrasted with reason, is one of its modes of operation; that revelation, before reception, is to be tested by the innate principles of the mind; that faith does not embrace the visible phenomena of Our Lord's death and resurrection &c. &c.

'This is speaking like a Bishop; and the Conductors of the Review are bound simply to repudiate the statements which convey these doctrines, if they are to be considered good Catholics, and are to have any interest taken in them.

'I am &c.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Before Ward's visit to Birmingham, however, Newman wrote him the following words of caution:

'You will easily understand things having taken such a turn since you first wrote to me that I have some anxiety lest the world should infer any change in me of view or of conduct, as regards pending controversies, from the coincidence of our Bishop's letter and your visit.[1] This leads me to say beforehand that, under no circumstances should I connect my name with the *Dublin Review*. I will add that I have suffered already so much from gossip about sayings of mine that I hope you will kindly allow me, when we meet, to keep clear of theological subjects.

'Nothing can prove what I have suffered in this way more clearly than the fact of the vague, deep suspicions which

[1] [Note by Cardinal Newman. June 16, 1882.] '"Our Bishop's *letter* and your *visit*." I suppose this implies that Cardinal Wiseman thought I had recanted, and that he had wished to clench it by a formal reconciliation of me with Ward, and my taking my place among the writers in the *Dublin*. Hence I warn him that when he comes to me, I shall "keep clear of theological [redacted]

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you have had of me now for eight years; and of the strange relief which you express in your last letter on finding me on the present occasion at once deferring to a definite judgment pronounced on definite grounds by the competent ecclesiastical authority. Why, if that authority in like manner pronounced certain writings of your own,—say your two Essays,—*de facto* to contain certain doctrines which had already been condemned at Rome as erroneous, I should not argue, but concur in the condemnation. I should do the like, of course, if the writings were my own.

'If I ever write on the subjects in question, I should say neither what Simpson has said, nor what you have said; but anyhow the true judgment about me lies, not with clubs or with coteries, but in my own acts, and with those who come after us.'

Newman has left the following memorandum referring to his conversation with Ward on the occasion of his visit:

'[Ward said] that he aimed at making the *Dublin* like the old *British Critic*, in which *every* article had a direct religious, i.e. controversial drift. On thinking this over I wrote to him to say that the parallel was a dangerous one. The *British Critic* was the work of a crisis, the exponent of only five years and those most momentous ones. Our views were ever enlarging and changing,—there was a running controversy with the old *Dublin*. It was a game; it was a drama; and then for the writers,—himself and Oakeley and Dalgairns were, indeed, to be writers in his new *Dublin*, but the *British Critic* had in addition the two Mozleys, Church, and myself.

'Observe, he addresses the new *Dublin* to English Catholics, who he says are a pious, unintellectual body. In like manner he considered *my* intention in the *Rambler* was to intellectualize the pious but unliterary body of Catholics. How odd! I know well he rises to another, higher, and more intelligible object,—viz. to create a body of thought as against the false intellectualism of the age, to surround Catholicism with defences necessary for and demanded by the age, to take a Catholic view of the theories, and give a Catholic interpretation to the discoveries of the age, &c. &c. &c.

'J. H. N.'

The new form and direction given to the *Dublin* by Ward's formally taking over the editorship was a cause of

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considerable fresh anxiety to Newman and his friends. It became all the more urgently desirable that the *Home and Foreign* should achieve that moderation of attitude which would make it acceptable to the majority of Catholics and tolerable to the Episcopate. Newman's great friend Mr. Monsell, the intimate friend of Montalembert, felt strongly on the subject. He expressed his fears lest Acton's extreme line might cause the *Dublin* to become the only recognised Catholic organ. He had seen the evil consequences of the excesses of the *Univers* in France. He thought it all-important that some periodical should exist in England such as was the *Correspondant* in France, which represented the moderate views of such men as Dupanloup, Lacordaire, and Montalembert himself. Yet Acton's attitude seemed unfavourable to any such hope being realised by his own Review. The censure of Dr. Ullathorne seemed clearly to call for some act of submission or retractation, yet none seemed to be forthcoming.

The Review in the event made no retractation. But one of its conductors did make a step in the required direction. Mr. Simpson published a pamphlet in which he avowed with some chivalry that he was responsible for the most obnoxious articles in the *Rambler*.

But now arose a fresh difficulty. Newman read Simpson's pamphlet. He came to the conclusion that the Bishop had misunderstood that writer's original articles. He did not indeed approve of the tone of his writings. He thought it possible that to the average Catholic as to the Bishops they would be upsetting and objectionable. He adhered to the position that they were lawfully censured. But he came to think that his own letter of submission had been taken as implying intellectual agreement with the Bishop as to the nature and tendency of Simpson's views. This impression was confirmed by a conversation with Dr. Ullathorne on December 26, of which he has left the following record :

'December 26th, 1862.

'The Bishop has just now been here.

'He asked had I seen Simpson's Pamphlet in answer to his own Circular? It had very little in it that required an answer. It was hastily written. He should notice what he

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said on Original Sin, because he was told that there was a party of divines, of much consideration, who sided with Simpson. In his new Letter he should bring out what the tone of the *Rambler* was and of the *Home & Foreign*. Two letters signed D. N. and N. N. (I think) would form the staple of it, and the recent Article in the *Home & Foreign* on Genesis; that the system was one of Pantheism mixed up with the Catechism, &c., that Science was exalted against Religion; that an Hegelian transcendentalism was professed or implied; that political conscience is made at variance with moral; that Simpson was not the worst of the party; that he had wished to knock under and take Manning for his director, but there was a more subtle mind at the bottom; that various young men had left Sir John Acton and given out loose, half-infidel opinions; not for twenty years should we see the fruit of it if it went on; that Mr. (mentioning by name a country gentleman) had written to some Bishop saying: "Do get some one to answer the questions authoritatively and fully, for Dr. —— was here, trying to refute some young men, and they had the better of it; that it was parallel to the case in the Establishment; that some Protestant clergyman had seen the Bishop's Notice against the *Rambler* stuck up at Ushaw, and had said that he was very glad of it, or the like.

'I cannot recollect the order of conversation, but I said, among other things, that doubtless such wild opinions as he mentioned should be answered, but the question was how *best to do it*. I also said, as to Original Sin, that, at the time that Simpson's Article appeared in (say) 1856, it took me quite by surprise to find that one of our first divines (and quite impartial and distinct from party) had questioned whether anything was decided on (e.g. the state of the heathen hereafter).

'When I said that the thing was "how best to do it," he assented, and seemed to *take* it. I think he soon began to say that Manning had proposed that the *Rambler* should be put on the Index, but that Cardinal Barnabo answered that this had never been done in the case of a periodical. The Bishop himself had recommended Cardinal Barnabo to leave the matter to the English Episcopate, for Rome had enough to do without it; and, since no Englishman would yield without *reasons* given, in the authoritative censure *reasons* should be given. Accordingly he had given *reasons*, which passages &c. in the *Rambler* were to be condemned; that foreign prelates kept writing: "Why do you allow all this?"

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that, though he gave *reasons*, it could not be expected that *he* should write long treatises.

'As to original sin, the passages in Simpson which he noticed, had been distinctly pointed out to the Bishops by Propaganda.

'He got rather awkward, for I listened unsympathetically. He talked a great deal, very kindly; and went away excusing himself for teasing me with such matters.

'J. H. N.'

Newman forthwith wrote to the Bishop to make his position clear, and sent the draft of his letter to W. G. Ward for his criticisms:

DR. NEWMAN TO W. G. WARD.

'December 28th, 1862.

'. . . I find it necessary to prevent the Bishop mistaking my letter of October. I think he misunderstands and has misrepresented Simpson. I do not wish myself to be involved in the sin of calumny, and, if he writes a *second* letter thinking that I agree with the *matter* of the first, I shall have some uneasiness on my conscience.

'Now I send the enclosed to you *because* I suppose you will not agree with it. I want to know *how it strikes* a candid and acute opponent. . . . The Bishop may, for what I know, think that to go any way with Simpson is to be an implicit Pantheist. I cannot help this. . . . I *must* say something; I must hazard being misunderstood. I can but do my best.

'J. H. N.'

The enclosed draft letter to the Bishop ran as follows:

'. . . No one can disapprove or dislike the tone and form of Mr. Simpson's writings more than I do; but I should not be honest if I did not add that my chief concern at them has arisen from his having dealt so unworthily with questions which are real and great, and which demand, not only free discussion, but a grave and comprehensive treatment.

'I know, indeed, how difficult it is for a man to express, with whatever caution, his sense of the shallowness of the polemics with which we ordinarily meet the intellectual difficulties of the day, without being unjust to himself in his manner of doing so; and had I undertaken the task myself, doubtless I too should have incurred the imputation of rashness and inaccuracy in my attempts. I have ever, therefore, made allowances for Mr. Simpson, while I was

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making (now for four years) continual protests against him; for a certain sympathy with his intentions has been at the root of my pain at his performances.

'Such a sympathy with him was also the cause of my writing to your Lordship without delay, on the appearance of your public Letter in October. I felt that, in a measure, Mr. Simpson's dissatisfaction with the present mode of handling subjects of controversy was my own; and I wished at once to submit what was so near my heart and intellect to the judgment of the Church. I recognised her voice in that letter, supported as it was by the other English Bishops and Propaganda.

'That voice had not been articulate in the Address of the Cardinal, who, on the gravest of events to both clergy and laity, since I have been a priest, viz., an authoritative interposition in matter of doctrine, thought it enough to hover over the subjects of offence, which we had a claim to be told about distinctly if told about at all. Your Lordship, on the contrary, spoke out like a Bishop, clearly, distinctly; stating what it was you condemned and why; your grounds of condemnation being these;—that it was opposed to definite recognised truth, and was coincident with definite condemned error.

'Upon so unequivocal an utterance as this it became me, of all men first, to set an example of submission. No good ever came of resisting the appointed Pastors of the flock. It is they who are the guardians of doctrine; they who have to give an account of souls; they who are answerable if the Church suffers. I will never be so rash as not to leave them their responsibility, pure and simple, having this duty only in regard to it, viz. to help them with my prayers. When I became a Catholic, I sent a message to Dr. Baggs, that, at the word of the Bishops, I would put into the fire my then outcoming book on Development of Doctrine; and now, had I been writing on those subjects which most deeply interest and distress me, I think I should have been equally ready to suppress my own convictions at the bidding of the Church.

'Your Lordship told me three or four years ago that "the Church was peace and that the Catholics of England were a peaceable body." You spoke, I considered, of the country-gentlemen, and of your own generation; I, who took the opposite view, was thinking of active minds and the generation to come. I felt at that time that I had good reason for what I advanced, and, in what you said in conversation on Friday, I now find a confirmation of them. I earnestly pray that

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the ecclesiastical policy, which in one shape or other has been pursued toward the Anglo-Saxon race during the last three hundred years, may be in the long run as successful as it has been absolute and peremptory.

'J. H. N.'

Newman beforehand had promised to destroy what Ward might write to him in confidence on the situation, and Ward wrote urging him to be more explicit with Dr. Ullathorne, and to make it clear that his submission to the Bishop's judgment did not involve concurrence in it.

'December 30th, 1862.

'My dear Ward,—Thank you very much for your letter. From the nature of it I think I am released from my promise to burn it; and, therefore, unless you forbid me, I shall keep it.

'I would rather be misunderstood than seem pugnacious, so I cannot repent of my October letter to the Bishop. However, as to my projected one, I at once wrote another,—more direct. On comparing it with the draft which I sent you, I recollected (what you could not know) that good part of that draft was an *explanation* of the text of my October letter to the Bishop and could not be dispensed with as being necessary to reconcile the two together.

'This has led me to do no more than alter my first draft. . . . I fear it will not go far enough for you; but I cannot *preach* to my Bishop, and this you seem to think essential.

'How could you ever dream that his Circular Letter could suddenly convert me?

'As to my indirectness, I leave the true judgment on me to others. The cause of it, according to my internal consciousness, is this: that I say as far as I see, and I don't see any of those further conclusions which others draw from me. And, as those conclusions differ from each other, as yours and Simpson's, it would appear to be somewhat difficult to be real and true if I attempted to say more than I actually say. Such sayings then are not hints on my part of something I see beyond, but ultimate points of vision.

'J. H. N.'

The following sentence was added to the letter actually sent to the Bishop of Birmingham after the arrival of Ward's criticism:

'Judgment of my own I did not pretend to give, and could not give for this simple reason, that I had not read the

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writings which you condemned, and that because I had neither time nor taste for such tough reading. What I did give, and that freely, was my submission.'

The Bishop of Birmingham, in his reply to Newman, showed him that no false impression had in fact been created by his original letter of submission.

'What I really understood to be the spirit of your letter to me on occasion of my letter to the clergy was that, whilst you adhere to the general decision, you gave no judgment of your own as to the subjects under consideration. You could not be supposed to do so, writing on the spur of the moment, without examining the Articles commented upon, even if you had been so inclined. I observed the caution with which the letter was penned. But I did take your letter as evidence that you had no solidarity with the *Rambler* or Review of recent years. I knew that from other sources; but I was much rejoiced to have that evidence in my hands, because of the many reports everywhere spread that the writers claimed your sympathy and support, and because their occasional allusions were supposed to point to you in a special manner.

'Your reputation is very dear to me, as to all good Catholics. . . . When I received your letter I sent a copy, all but three lines of it, to Monsignore Talbot, requesting him to read it to the Pope in confirmation of what I had previously said to His Holiness, to Cardinal Barnabo, and to any other Cardinal or other important person whom he might, in prudence, think it desirable to show it to, as well as useful. Mgr. Talbot wrote me back that he had done so, and that he was gratified in believing it would remove the remainder of whatever cloud might have been hanging about.'

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. WARD.

'January 3rd, 1863.

'My dear Ward,—I enclose my letter to the Bishop and a copy of his answer as far as it bears on my immediate subject. . . .

'Do not fear I should show your letter to me to the Bishop. I wished to keep it for my own edification. However, as you seem to wish it, I have burned it.

'I think we quite understand each other *in re* Preachments *versus* Hints. But not as regards Rogers' reference to what I used to say to him, which was about *economical half-speakings*, a very different matter; and these I have given up since I was a Catholic.

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'I have kept the last page of your letter without burning it, since it had nothing to do with the Bishop.

'J. H. N.'

On the same date as the above letter Newman wrote the following memorandum:

'I have destroyed Ward's letter of December 29th as I promised him, and as he wished me in his letter of a day or two afterwards.

'The points in it, as regards myself, were,—that I never spoke out intelligibly; that in the letter I sent him in October I made him think that the Bishop's published letter had really made me change my opinion about Simpson;[1] —no wonder that the Bishop misunderstood my letter to him of the same date;—that I must distinctly draw out, as in a contrasted view, the difference between external submission, and internal assent; that my present draft of a letter to the Bishop, which I had sent to him (Ward) to criticize, would simply shoot over the Bishop's head; that he had had the other day a long talk with Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford) about me on the subject of why Catholics did not understand me; and he (Ward) said it was, among other reasons, because I did not speak out.'

Newman still endeavoured to prevent collisions between the *Dublin* and the *Home and Foreign*, earnestly desirous that variety of opinion should be tolerated. When the January *Home and Foreign* appeared, Newman wrote to Ward pleading for a *modus vivendi* between the two Reviews.

'The Number is full of thought and labour,' he wrote. 'I look with astonishment at the 63 Notices of Books. Why should there not be place for both of you; if *it* would eschew, not only theology but theologising; and the *Dublin* would, as it means to do, confine itself to religion?'

W. G. Ward on his side made a last attempt to bring himself to see with the eyes of the man who had been to him for so many years of his early life an almost infallible guide:

'If at any time,' he wrote, 'when Acton is staying with you, you think that any kind of better understanding could be come to between the two reviews, I shall be most happy

[1] Newman appends the following words of Devoti the theologian: 'Episcopus damnat libros sed ejus leges errori subesse possunt.'

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to come down for the day to meet him with you and talk the thing over most explicitly.[1] And I must also add in passing that I think the article on Irish University education is in excellent spirit, and that there is little or nothing to complain of in that on "St. Francis Xavier." I believe Simpson is far fonder of theologising than of theology. "Do come and have a walk with me," he once wrote to me, "that I may make your hair stand on end," which, to do him justice, he usually contrives to do.'

'*Confidential.* The Oratory: January 16th, 1863.

'My dear Ward,—I smile when you say: "when Acton is staying with you." I suppose I see him three or four times a year for half an hour. He has, I believe, never slept here. Twice, I think, he has dined; once, four or five years ago, when he came with Bellasis to talk about the prospective school, and once since. When will you learn to know me as I am, and not in the haze of London rumours and gossip? I have the highest opinion of him, but I never have had an opportunity of being intimate with him. . . .

'I think the Review *will* prosper, if it is conducted with the energy and diligence which are visible in the present number, and I hope it will.

'J. H. N.'

Newman's letters in the succeeding months differ greatly in tone from one another. In some he is indignant at the absolutism of the ecclesiastical authorities; in others he is indignant at the 'Protestant smack' he detected in some of the *Home and Foreign* articles. In some he expresses sympathy with the aims of Acton and Simpson, and enthusiasm at the value of their researches; in others he resents being at all identified with their tone or policy.

But the deep and unalterable consistency of Newman's views as represented in these letters is the more remarkable for these variations in feeling. He never wavers on any of the following points: the great need for the intellectual work Simpson and Acton are attempting; the false position involved in so attempting it as to alienate Catholic opinion and arouse episcopal opposition; the defects of tone and manner, the absence of a loyal Catholic spirit, not unfrequently apparent in the *Rambler*; the duty of submitting to

[1] Two letters of Newman—one to Ward, the other to Acton, on points of difference between them, will be found in the Appendix at p. 637.

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ecclesiastical censure (1) by withdrawing censured passages, (2) by disowning heterodox doctrines which lawful authority considers to be contained in such passages.

Newman has placed in the *Home and Foreign* collection his rough draft of a very important letter written to a friend on the culminating point in the controversy between the Bishops and Propaganda on the one hand and Acton and Simpson on the other. This letter is the only one which expresses fully his feeling towards the various parties concerned, and brings out his attitude in its full consistency. He sharply criticises Simpson, and holds that Rome was amply justified in rebuking him sternly and peremptorily. But on the other hand he deeply deplores the effect on an important intellectual movement of the status of England as a missionary country under Propaganda. The *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*—Propaganda as it is popularly called—had its normal work *in partibus infidelium* where Catholic missionaries were preaching the Gospel and struggling for their lives. In such circumstances intellectual movements were naturally not thought of or provided for in its constitution. Propaganda was a quasi-military power. But the prompt decisions of such a military power, though they ensure discipline, may be far from adequate to the needs of a delicate and important controversy. Propaganda might be justified in condemning Simpson's excesses. Nevertheless Simpson, in spite of such excesses, was trying to bring out important and valuable thoughts which the Bishop and Propaganda (whose authority he invoked) had not rightly understood. Newman seems to have felt that the Bishop made use of Propaganda to stop an important movement which naturally lay within the province of really learned theological tribunals. These tribunals were non-existent for a missionary country like England, and he deplored the result. He saw that the same course was being pursued as had tried him so greatly when he had edited the *Rambler* himself and his own article had been delated to Rome. Disadvantages attending on the then state of things have been since recognised by Pius X., and English Catholics are in our own time under the normal constitution of the Church. But in the years we are dealing with it was otherwise. Newman's

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letter is so lucid in its analysis of the various interests concerned that it must be given in full:

'Other persons besides A. B. think that Dr. Ullathorne is hard upon Simpson, and misunderstands him. However, to put the case as most favourable to Simpson, Dr. Ullathorne is as likely to understand him as the run of Catholics; and as he offends *Dr. Ullathorne*, so he may scandalise and mislead *them*. The question is, what is the *effect* of his writings? The *Rambler* is essentially a popular work, as being a periodical. It addresses, not the few and learned, but the many. Moreover, the Articles themselves were in no slight measure of a controversial cast. The attack on the Temporal Power, that on St. Pius's policy towards England, were not wrought out from premisses to conclusion, but views thrown out, and expressed in terms which were not defined or explained. This, of course, is an evil connected with the periodical press; and the Church is not slow to meet it with a vigour corresponding to that which that new description of literature exhibits.

'And this leads me to say secondly, that I believe the very passages of Simpson, which our Bishop censured, were specified by Propaganda. Moreover I think I am right in saying that the Acts of Propaganda are the Pope's in an intimate manner,—a privilege which the other Sacred Congregations do not share. It gives great weight to the words of the Bishop of Birmingham, that the substance of them has the direct sanction of the Holy See.

'Nor have I any difficulty in receiving them as such. It has ever, I believe, been the course of proceeding at Rome, to meet rude actions by a rude retort; and, when speculators are fast or flippant, to be rough and ready in dealing with them;—the point in question being, not the logical rights and wrongs of the matter, but the existing treatise or document *in concreto*. The Pope is not a Philosopher, but a Ruler. "He strangles while they prate."

'I am disposed then to think that Mr. Simpson has no cause to complain, though he has been hardly treated. Why did he begin? Why did he fling about ill-sounding words on sacred and delicate subjects? I should address him in the words of the Apostle, "Quare non magis injuriam accipitis? quare non magis fraudem patimini?" I think he might have written a better pamphlet.

'I will tell you what seems to me to be the real grievance;—viz. that in this generation the Bishops should pass such grave matters, (to use the Oxford term in taking

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D.D. degrees) by *cumulation*. The wisdom of the Church has provided many courts for theological questions, one higher than another. I suppose, in the Middle Ages, (which have a manliness and boldness, of which now there is so great a lack) a question was first debated in a University, then in one University against another, or by one Order of Friars against another;—then perhaps it came before a theological faculty; then it went to the Metropolitan; and so, by various stages and through many examinations and judgments, it came before the Holy See. But now, what do the Bishops do? All courts are superseded because the whole English-speaking Catholic population all over the world is under Propaganda, an arbitrary, military power. Propaganda is our only Court of Appeal; but to it the Bishops go, and secure it and commit it, before they move one step in the matter which calls for interference. And how is Propaganda to know anything about an English controversy, since it talks Italian? by extempore translation (I do not speak at random) or the *ex parte* assertion of some narrow-minded Bishop, though he may be saintly too. And who is Propaganda? virtually, one sharp man of business, who works day and night, and despatches his work quick off, to the East and the West; a high dignitary indeed, perhaps an Archbishop, but after all little more than a clerk, or (according to his name) a Secretary, and two or three clerks under him. In this age at least, *Quantula sapientia regimur*.

'Well, if all this could be said of any human institution, I should feel very indignant, but it is the very sense and certainty I have of the Church being divine, which at once makes it easy to bear. All this will be over-ruled; it may lead to much temporary mischief, but it will be over-ruled. And we do not make things better by disobedience. We may be able indeed to complicate matters, and to delay the necessary reforms; but our part is obedience. If we are but patient, all will come right. I should say all this without any reserve to my own Bishop, if he gave me the opportunity; for, I think, to do so is a duty of loyalty. But I do not expect any Bishop will try to find out what I, or anyone who sees what I do, think on the matter; and therefore I leave it to God. The logic of facts will be the best and most thorough teacher as He shall dispose. Meanwhile, it is a grave consideration, that in England, as things are, upon theological questions the Pope and the individual Catholic meet each other face to face, without media, in collision, without the safeguard of springs or cushions, with a jar; and

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the quasi-military power of Propaganda has the jurisdiction and the control of the intellect.

'And this is what I have to say, and you will say that it is enough, in re Simpson.

'As to your question about your continuing your contributions to the *Home and Foreign*, I should be very glad that such as you should do so; but *at the same time* I think you ought, and have a right, to bargain that there should not be the smack of Protestantism in the Review, which is unmistakeable in the Article you remark upon. It was a smack of something or other—what I should call a tone,—which ruined the *Rambler*; not its doctrines, but a tone in stating or alluding to them; and a Protestant smack will be fatal to the *Home and Foreign*. The Article may be the writing of a free-thinking Catholic, but it is more like a Protestant's. The distinction between Catholic and Christian "morality" which you notice, is unintelligible till explained; and it is *not* explained, but left, though enemies will be sure to explain it in their own way. Then, he speaks of "so-called orthodoxy," which is very suspicious. Pusey got himself into a scrape thirty-five years ago by speaking of "orthodoxism." This, however, is worse, as suggesting that "so-called" has been inserted by the editor to improve matters. Then, what he says page 87 of "*Christianity* being the pure and living truth," but in particular ages it is "mingled with foreign ingredients," and "distorted through impure glasses," is most suspicious, till *explained*; and it is not explained, but offered neat deliberately to the jealous criticism of the whole Catholic body, who are fast enough to criticize what even does not need explanation; "essential truth," "human ideas"; it is as if they wished to ruin their own work. It keeps up the tradition of the Genesis Article in the foregoing number; nor is it, as you observe, a sufficient answer to say that it is "communicated."

'If then you continue to write for it, you really must insist on this ambiguous, uncomfortable style of writing simply coming to an end. I know how great are an editor's difficulties, but articles in a tone like this will merely serve to write up the *Dublin* by contrast. I am not speaking against the author of it; who, if he is a Protestant, is a candid and dispassionate as well as an able man, but against its appearance, as it stands, in a Catholic Review. It is intolerable.'

At this moment came an event which appeared at first to mark the triumph of the learned Catholics of Germany

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from whom Acton drew his inspiration, but led soon afterwards to their downfall. The Liberal movement in theology on the Continent, outlined by Acton in the impressive paragraph quoted in an earlier chapter, had in the last three years grown steadily in influence in Germany, and when, in August 1863, Dr. Döllinger, Dr. Alzog the historian, and Abbot Haneburg issued invitations to many Catholic scholars and theologians to a Congress to be held at Munich in the following month, the response was large and influential. The Congress held its meetings at the Benedictine Monastery at Munich. The Pope telegraphed his blessing. The Archbishop of Bamberg and the Bishop of Augsburg were there and gave toasts at the final banquet. Fired by the solemnity of the occasion, Döllinger in his Presidential address gave fairly plain expression to his views as to the intellectual shortcomings of the scholastic method. His words were grave and measured, but their drift was unmistakable.

Its avowed object was to give a certain direction to the work of Catholic thinkers and writers. A programme was set before the Congress for treating dogmatic questions on lines more and more removed from the traditional scholastic theology. Dr. Döllinger paid a tribute indeed to the 'completeness and comprehensiveness' of the scholastics, and to their advance in this respect on the early Fathers. But their Aristotelian starting-point imposed limitations. 'Their analytical processes could not construct a system corresponding to the harmony and wealth of revealed truth; and without the elements of Biblical criticism and dogmatic history they possessed only one of the eyes of theology.' Since the Reformation a theology had been growing up in various countries more suited to modern needs. Our own Stapleton was hailed as the most eminent champion against the reformers. The hope for the future in Germany (the address went on to explain) was religious union; and that could only be attained by Catholic divines taking a certain line which was definitely indicated. Scholastic theology was to be regarded as a thing of the past. Catholic doctrine must be presented in its organic completeness, and in its connection with the religious life, 'rigidly separating that which is permanent and essential from whatever is accidental, transitory, and [illegible].'

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Catholics must recognise and claim the distorted truths which the 'separated communities' preserve, thus appealing to those outside the Catholic society by what is truest or best in the opinions they already hold. The genuine theologian must reason boldly and thoroughly, and 'not take to flight if the process of his reasoning threatens to demolish some truth which he had deemed unassailable.' Hypothesis and opinion are constantly being broken down as knowledge advances, but defined dogma must ever remain; though even defined dogma needs intellectual power for its exposition. 'Definitions need to be impregnated by the thought of the preacher and divine, and while they become bright gems in the hands of a true theologian, they may be converted into lustreless pebbles by the manipulations of a rude and mechanical mind.' Development, expressed both in modification of opinion and in the increased realisation of the true meaning of dogma, is to be the order of the day; and above all things the attempt to give to the opinions of a school the authority of dogma is to be opposed.

Such was the substance of this memorable address. And there was much in it with which all active Catholic thinkers sympathised. It was delivered to an audience including adherents of many schools; and in great part it bore an interpretation which all could accept. Heinrich and Scheeben were there, representing the Ultramontanes of Mayence, and they did not repudiate it. But they did publicly disclaim agreement with the extreme interpretation of it which a section of thinkers adopted; and it was naturally judged in Rome by the known views of its deliverer and supporters. If it contained much which was acceptable to all Catholic thinkers of insight, as to the necessity of vivifying scientific theology, and bringing it up to date, uniting it with the exposition of the religious life, separating dogma from opinion, it appeared to some of those present that the element of discipline and the element of authority were ignored. One necessary element of Catholic progress—intellectual life—was advocated; the other, equally indispensable to orderly advance—authority—was reduced to a minimum. The decisions of the Roman Congregations, and the conclusions of the united Theological School, must be in

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some sense landmarks, and the intent of the address, as viewed by many, was to emancipate Catholic thought altogether from their control. Again, it might be well to supplement the Scholastics; but Rome could not set aside the writings of the great Doctors, portions of which had passed into the very definitions of the Church, and many of which were indissolubly blended with its undying tradition. Opinion might change; but there were theological opinions which carried the greatest weight, and could not be treated as having no special authority from the universal and prolonged sanction of the Church. Advance and Reform were good, but Revolution was bad. The current teaching might become gradually modified by the efforts of individuals—this had happened often enough in the history of the Church. But that official Catholic teaching and public writing in Germany should break off avowedly and suddenly from a body of doctrine which, even if not true in every particular, was as a whole, the outcome of an unbroken growth,—its roots in the Apostolic age, its branches among the dogmas of all times,—was a proposal which could not be passed over with neutrality.

But this very prospect, that in the hands of the most Liberal representatives of the Munich school Dr. Döllinger's principles would lead to a complete breach with traditional methods, was just what rejoiced the hearts of the English Liberal thinkers of whom I have spoken.

The *Home and Foreign* looked for great results. It noted the 'rare significance' of Döllinger's address, and added that 'in conjunction with the circumstances in which it was delivered, it forms an epoch in the ecclesiastical history of Germany.' Its influence, if it was unchecked, would not be confined to Germany. 'If it comes to bear fruit,' the Review continued, 'it will bear it for the whole Catholic world.'[1]

But the very enthusiasm aroused by the address was the signal for its censure. The Munich school had many enemies who suspected its orthodoxy. Froschammer had given it a bad name. And the jealous defenders of scholasticism were powerful in Rome. Pius IX. addressed a Brief to the

[1] The above paragraphs are slightly abridged from the account of the Congress in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival.*

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Archbishop of Munich, dated December 21. In it he praised the intentions of those who summoned and attended the Congress and hoped for good results. But the Brief emphatically asserted the claims of scholastic theology and the Roman Congregations, as having authority even over the speculations of Catholic men of science. It was generally accepted as a censure of just that very interpretation of Döllinger's address which the *Home and Foreign* had expressed and hailed with satisfaction.

The editors, therefore, indicated their submission by suspending publication. In an article entitled 'Conflicts with Rome' they maintained that a Review was in a false position which pursued lines opposed to so authoritative a declaration; nevertheless they appealed to time and the future to justify the line the Review had advocated.

Newman wrote expressing his regret at its disappearance. He gave no judgment as to whether the Munich Brief constituted a sufficient reason for Acton's step. Newman himself felt perfectly able to accept the Brief in its letter. But he spoke of his dread of the application of parts of the Brief. He saw that it might be susceptible of an interpretation which would make the principles of the *Home and Foreign*, quite apart from its excesses, out of harmony with the wishes of the Pope.

The original draft of his letter to Acton (kept for future publication) ran as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: March 18th, 1864.

'My dear Sir John,—I am grieved at your news. The Review seemed to me improving, number after number, both in religious character and literary excellence. It had gained a high place among the periodicals of the day, and in a singularly short time. Protestants prophesied that it was too able to be allowed to last. I wished it to take its place, not only in the Protestant world, but in our Bishop's confidence. There was no extravagance in this wish; no inconsistency between my submitting to my own Bishop's judgment when it began, and hoping for a reversal of that judgment as it proceeded.

'You are the best judge whether you have grounds for bringing it to an end. Blennerhassett sent me the Brief from Döllinger about a week ago; I set about formally

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analysing it; but have been interrupted by the hundred matters of the day, and as yet have got a very little way into it. I observed in it, of course, the three points which you mention; and they affected me in this way;—I had no difficulty in following them in the letter and in their principle, but I dreaded their application. . . . I suppose they mean more than they say. I differ from you accordingly in the ground of my apprehension, but of course there is a great deal to apprehend still. I can never say that you are wrong in anticipating that they are intended to be used against you; and that the more easily, because we are under (what seems to me to be) the military *régime* of Propaganda.

'Good may arise out of the Review being brought to an end, which at first sight does not present itself to our view. There is life and increasing life in the English Catholic body,—clergy and laity—and, if there is life, there must be a reaction. I don't think that active and honest minds can remain content under a dull tyranny. It seems impossible to conceive that they can remain quiet under the supremacy of Manning and Ward.

'For yourself, I congratulate you with all my heart for your release from occupations which are unworthy of you. You have life before you; you will see many things before you die.

'Ever yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.'

The April number of the *Home and Foreign* was the last, and though Sir John Acton and Mr. Wetherell continued for a time to urge their line of thought in the *North British Review*, all connection of Newman with their efforts was from this time onwards at an end.

Newman set himself to examine the Munich Brief, of which he has left a careful analysis. He came to the conclusion that its directions made it impossible for him to deal as a Catholic writer with the controversies raised by the positive sciences. Silence on such subjects was his only course for the time. He writes as follows:

'I thought it was commonly said that Galileo's fault was that he meddled with *theology*, and that, if he had confined himself to *scientific conclusions* he would have been let alone; but surely the language of the brief . . . is as if even

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men of science must keep *theological* conclusions before them in treating of *science*. Well, I am not likely to investigate in science—but I certainly could not write a word upon the special controversies and difficulties of the day with a view to defend religion from free-thinking physicists without allowing them freedom of logic in their own science. So that, if I understand this brief, it is simply a providential intimation to every religious man, that, at this moment, we are simply to be silent, while scientific investigation proceeds —and say not a word on questions of interpretation of scripture &c. &c., when perplexed persons ask us—and I am not sure that it will not prove to be the best way.'[1]

[1] The full text of Newman's analysis of the Munich Brief is given in the Appendix (see p. 641). He evidently refers to the Brief and to its effect on his own line of action in the *Apologia* at p. 263.

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CHAPTER XIX

SAD DAYS (1859–1864)

THE years reviewed in the last three chapters—1859 to 1864—may be called the low-water mark of Newman's life-story. His letters and diaries show that they were years of great sadness and despondency. His vivid and excessive realisation of advancing age made him regard his career as practically over—yet almost every work he had undertaken so far, as a Catholic, had proved a failure. Whether or no qualities in his own temperament of which he was unconscious were in part responsible for those failures, his own view of the case was one which induced intense sadness and perhaps occasionally a touch of bitterness.

After all the strain and stress of the Achilli trial, he had lost two precious years—when life was already in its decline—before Dr. Cullen would allow him to start the Catholic University. Then the University had not realised any of his desires. He had not succeeded in making it a centre for the education of English Catholics. It had not even attracted the representative Irish Catholics. He had not been given a free hand in its management, and the promised bishopric, which would have given him comparative independence, and power to work in his own way, had been withdrawn.

Then had come the translation of the Scriptures. Infinite toil and much money had been wasted. It had fallen through (it seemed to him) owing to the simple inattention of Cardinal Wiseman. And such indifference was a greater trial than hostility. That the hierarchy should so readily allow the scheme to fall to the ground showed how little value they had really set on it! The task had been assigned to him with a 'flourish of trumpets' and with the most

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JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (about 1863).
From a Photograph.

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flattering recognition of his eminence and of the importance of such an enterprise in his hands. Then it had simply dropped out of the Cardinal's mind, and the other Bishops had allowed it to drop. In both these cases he seems to have felt that his name had been advertised before the world,—in one case as a political weapon against the Queen's Colleges, in the other as a testimony that the English Catholic body could hold its own in scholarship,—yet that the advertisement did not correspond to any real feeling as to the value of the work assigned to him. Education, knowledge, candid and discriminating thought on the problems of the day,—these great and necessary weapons for the influence of the Church on the world were, he thought, little valued by those whose influence was just then in the ascendant. The heart of religion indeed was sound—it was not a time of bad Popes like John XXII. or Alexander VI., or of secret infidelity as was the thirteenth century, or of a clergy whose lives were immoral or unholy. This he gratefully remarked even in his darkest days. But the things demanded of him by the 'dominant party' (as he called it) were in his eyes unimportant, the things neglected of vital moment. He felt that he was expected to effect showy conversions among the titled and learned, to preach sermons which should be talked of by the newspapers. There was little sense of the value of those solid acquirements which contribute to the true and lasting power of Catholicism. Catholics were proud of his name, but few at that time understood his aims. With sad and rather bitter irony he wrote in his private journal that he was treated as 'some wild incomprehensible beast, a spectacle for Dr. Wiseman to exhibit to strangers, as himself being the hunter who captured it.' Alike in his work for the University and in the *Prolegomena* to his edition of the Scriptures, he felt that he had the opportunity of contributing to the great enterprise he had at heart for fitting English Catholics to realise the strength of the Church and to use that strength. Both works were a natural occasion for promoting a philosophy or apologetic persuasive to his contemporaries and undertaken in the name of the Church Catholic, exhibiting those great arguments which had won him by their majesty and strength. This

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was a great necessity for the age in which the Church alone could ultimately prove an effective champion of Christianity in face of advancing free-thought. This task was, moreover, the indispensable preliminary (humanly speaking) to a really large wave of stable conversions among educated men. But it was a time when a great struggle absorbed the Church authorities, which left them little leisure to give attention to intellectual problems. As I read the symptoms of Newman's disappointment on the one hand, and on the other his eloquent tributes at the very same time to the Catholic Church as the one satisfying representative of religion, I see two sides to the same picture. 'What can possibly bear the shock that is coming upon religion generally but the Catholic Church,' he writes to Mr. A. J. Hanmer in July 1862, 'and how many on the other hand will be found to be "homines bonæ voluntatis," willing to place their souls under her protection?' Again, he writes to Mr. Albert Smith on January 8, 1864: 'I have been in the fullest peace and enjoyment ever since I became a Catholic and have found a power of truth and divine strength in [our] ordinances which exists I believe nowhere else.' It was his experience of the helpfulness of the Catholic religion, his sense of the unique mission of the Catholic Church and the cogency of its appeal, which made his disappointment so keen when Catholics failed to present that appeal effectively; while he did not feel that he was allowed the freedom necessary to do his own part in this great work. In Ireland he had indeed in his published lectures accomplished something in the desired direction, but really in spite rather than by favour of his superiors. The *Prolegomena* had simply to be abandoned. Then, when with the same object he had undertaken the editorship of the *Rambler*, even his best friend among the Bishops, Dr. Ullathorne, had been so little alive to the value of the work as at once to ask him to resign. Immediately afterwards, his own article was delated to Rome, and he was reminded that he was in the hands of a power which might crush him. Dr. Ullathorne's action was comparatively slight, but it told of an irresistible force behind it. 'It was like the pat of a lion's paw,' he wrote to a friend. He knew that original thought, if not clearly seen to be essentia

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for the welfare of religion, is readily suspected of heterodoxy. The cry of dangerous intellectualism, of heretical leanings, had been successfully raised against the *Rambler*. He feared the cry would now pass on to his own writings and rob him of all authority. Ward at St. Edmund's and Faber at the Oratory were urging the 'one thing needful,' the saintliness and unworldliness of the early Christians. Who felt with them more keenly on this point than Newman himself? Who had more keenly opposed intellectualism and false Liberalism now for thirty years? But Newman could not forget that the writings of Tatian, of Justin, of Irenæus, and their successors had been an absolute necessity as a complement to the saintly lives of the early Christian confessors themselves, in order to preserve the hold of the Church on the educated classes, when Christianity was making its way, not only to the simple and illiterate, but to the learned and thoughtful. Rationalism could only be purged of its excesses by a wise exercise of the reason. And now a similar work to that of the early apologists and Fathers was equally essential. Perhaps it was even more essential, for the prevailing inadequate treatment of theology and philosophy claiming in the name of orthodoxy to satisfy the intellect, presented some dangers which did not exist prior to all theological science. Again, modern research was bringing with it lines of thought, supported by weighty evidence, which called for the fullest and frankest treatment. Yet even so tentative an effort at historical frankness as his own article in the *Rambler*, on 'Consulting the Faithful,' was suspected. How could Catholics in such circumstances take a place among the scientific historians of the day and plead the cause of the Church with success? He recognised the principal cause of this state of things in the anti-Christian Liberalism of the day, which drove so many of his co-religionists to be suspicious of all freedom of thought. Yet the fact, however explicable, remained both disastrous to the influence of the Church from one point of view, and an insuperable obstacle to his attempting the work for which his gifts especially fitted him. In reply to a friend who in 1864 spoke of setting on foot an historical Review, he wrote: 'nothing would be better than a historical Review, but who

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would bear it? Unless one doctored all one's facts one would be thought a bad Catholic. The truth is, there is a keen conflict going on just now between two parties, one in the Church and one out of it. And at such seasons extreme views alone are in favour and a man who is not extravagant is thought treacherous. I sometimes think of King Lear's daughters and consider that they after all may be found the truest who are in speech more measured.' He had lamented, in writing to Mr. Capes ten years earlier, the destruction of the theological schools which had resulted from the modern persecution of the Church. In his letters he wistfully looks back at the free debates of the mediæval schools, which had kept Catholic thought so fully alive to the problems of the day. The strict discipline of the time in which he lived, the military rule of Propaganda, might be valuable for the promotion of *esprit de corps*, for organisation and united action; it might be a wholesome spiritual discipline, just because it was so trying; but it made impossible that task of educating Catholics in breadth of mind which he felt to be specially his own, and of attracting the deep thinkers at a moment of religious and intellectual unrest, by the presence of such comprehensive thought and learning in the Catholic body as would satisfy the needs of the hour. His mission seemed at an end. Each enterprise in which he had thought that he saw God's hand guiding him had led to nothing.

This is the view of the situation presented in most of his writings at this time. Yet he had another thought—that the work in question was full of difficulty; that while Catholic principles were (he held) the only ones on which it could be accomplished with success, still he might well shrink from the presumption of volunteering in so hard an enterprise without a clear indication that he was called to it; whereas external signs now seemed to point the other way. Occasionally then he went back to the thought contained in his Memorandum on the Munich Brief, that it may be best, amid the bewildering and ever-changing outlook of advancing science, for a time to leave the intellectual questions of the day alone altogether and stand in the old paths.[1] One of the prayers he wrote and

[1] See *Apologia*, p. 263.

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recited in these years was against a false originality. But on this supposition equally, scope was denied him for the work he had most at heart. Whether the policy of the authorities was wise or unwise, its effect on his own usefulness was the same.

Old age was imminent and failure seemed to dog his steps. His works had for some years had little sale, nor did they recover their position until the 'Apologia' made him once again a popular English writer. Doubt had been thrown on his whole-hearted loyalty in the matter of the Temporal Power, the burning question of the hour. Silenced, and in many quarters mistrusted, he ceased to write. He devoted himself to his school and taught the boys to recite. Those in power had put him 'on the shelf,' he said. At moments as he watched the play of contemporary events he was critical, or his sense of humour was touched. 'They put me on the shelf,' he said, 'but they can't prevent me from peeping out from it.' On the whole, however, his feeling was one of sadness and failure. He was reduced to inactivity. He accepted the fact as God's Will, but it tried him sorely.

'All through my life,' he wrote to Henry Wilberforce in July 1859, 'I have been plucked. My first book—the Arians—was plucked by Rose and Lyall. My Church of the Fathers, instead of being part of the Magazine, appeared among the *Correspondence*. *Qualis ab incepto*; but I assure you it has made me feel that my occupation was gone when the Bishop put his extinguisher on the *Rambler*. I never meant to have kept it for long—but it is one thing to set a thing off, another to be made throw it away.

'I have thought I should take to re-editing my Lectures on Justification, my Essay on Miracles, and my Translation of St. Athanasius, which I have always intended to do. But at present I shall lie fallow—I have always wished to do so—proposed *this* year for it and most unwillingly I took to the *Rambler*, and now you see I have a sort of providential sanction of my original intention.

'It is some time since I have wished to set my house in order. To look over all my papers, burn, arrange, and the like. To have done this will be an amazing comfort to me, for at present everything is in confusion, and I feel like a

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person who has been long out in the dust and rain, and whose hat, coat and shoes show it.'

And while the bulk of English Catholics living apart from the world of thought failed to appreciate his work and see its urgency, while political circumstances made it little valued in Rome, the Protestant world was becoming more and more alive to the necessity of strong defences against the increasing tendency among educated minds to religious negation. Newman's University Sermons, written as an antidote to this tendency, of which he had foreseen the growth, were being understood and used by those outside the Church. Thus he was to some extent perforce thrown on them for intellectual sympathy. His thoughts went back wistfully to old friends and to the great work he had done at Oxford.

The period of gloom of which I am speaking began with his enforced resignation of the editorship of the *Rambler* in 1859 and lasted till Kingsley's attack on him in 1864. It was undoubtedly aggravated by a touch of morbidness brought on by ill-health. His state of mind in those years is recorded in a journal which he began to keep at this time—one of the literary treasures he has left—written as in the sight of God, with an utter simplicity and sincerity. And letters to many intimate friends—which betray a mixture of extreme candour with a certain incidental reserve—supplement what is therein set down.

The first entry was written shortly after his failure as editor of the *Rambler*:

'*December 15th*, 1859.—"Nemo mittens manum suam ad aratrum, et respiciens retro, aptus est regno Dei." I am writing on my knees and in God's sight. May He be gracious unto me! As years go on, I have less sensible devotion and inward life. I wonder whether it is, or rather whether it is not, so with all men, viewed as apart from the grace of God. The greater part of our devotion in youth, our faith, hope, cheerfulness, perseverance, is natural—or, if not natural, it is from a *εὐφυία* which does not resist grace and requires very little grace to illuminate. The same grace goes much further in youth as encountering less opposition—that is, in the virtues which I have mentioned. The Greek poet, himself an old man, speaks (in the Chorus of

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the "Œd. Col.") of the unamiable state of the aged. Old men are in soul as stiff, as lean, as bloodless as their bodies, except so far as grace penetrates and softens them. And it requires a flooding of grace to do this. I more and more wonder at *old* saints. St. Aloysius or St. Francis Xavier or St. Carlo, are nothing to St. Philip. O! Philip, gain me some little portion of thy fervour. I live more and more in the past, and in hopes that the past may revive in the future. My God, when shall I learn that I have so parted with the world, that, though I may wish to make friends with it, it will not make friends with me?

'When I was young, I thought that with all my heart I gave up the world for Thee. As far as will, purpose, intention go, I think I did. I mean, I deliberately put the world aside. I prayed earnestly that I might not rise to any ecclesiastical dignity. When I was going up for my B.A. examination, I prayed fervently and again and again that I might not gain honors, if they would do me spiritual harm. When I was older and in Anglican orders, I prayed absolutely and without condition against rising in the church. I put the wish generally into verse about 30 years ago. "Deny me wealth; far, far remove the lure of power or name; Hope thrives in straits, in weakness, Love, and Faith in this world's shame." Nor was this poetry only, but my habitual purpose. I think so, O Lord, but Thou knowest. I knew what I was saying, and how it is Thy way to grant, to fulfil such petitions, and to take men at their word. What could I desire better than that Thou shouldest so take me? Yet I am not at all sure that grace had much to do with my wish. I know perfectly well, and thankfully confess to Thee, O my God, that Thy wonderful grace turned me right round when I was more like a devil than a wicked boy, at the age of fifteen, and gave me what by Thy continual aids I never lost. Thou didst change my heart, and in part my whole mental complexion at that time, and I never should have had the thought of such prayers, as those which I have been speaking of above, but for that great work of Thine in my boyhood. Still those prayers were immediately prompted, as I think, in great measure by natural rashness, generosity, cheerfulness, sanguine temperament, and unselfishness, though not, I trust, without Thy grace. I trust they were good and pleasing to Thee,—but I much doubt if I, my present self, just as I am, were set down in those past years, 1820 or 1822 or 1829, if they could be brought back, whether I now should make those good prayers and bold resolves, unless, that is, I

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had some *vast* and *extraordinary* grant of grace from Thy Heavenly treasure-house. And that, I repeat, because I think, as death comes on, his cold breath is felt on soul as on body, and that, viewed naturally, my soul is half dead now, whereas then it was in the freshness and fervour of youth. And this may be the ground of the grave warning of the inspired writer, "Memento Creatoris tui in diebus juventutis tuae, antequam veniat tempus afflictionis . . . antequam tenebrescat sol," &c. And I say the same of my state of mind at a later date, in the year 1834 and following years, when I spoke so much of self-denial, mortification, fasting, &c., down to 1845 when I became a Catholic. It is a time past and gone,—it relates to a work done and over. "Quis mihi tribuat, ut sim juxta menses pristinos, secundum dies, quibus Deus custodiebat me? Quando splendebat lucerna ejus super caput meum, et ad lumen ejus ambulabam *in tenebris*? Sicut fui in diebus adolescentiae meae, quando secreto Deus erat in tabernaculo meo?"

'But O, my dear Lord, Thou canst make it otherwise. Time and place are not hindrances to Thee. Thou canst give me grace according to my day. "Sicut dies juventutis tuae" (Thou hast said to me in that chapter which has been so dear to me from my youth,) "ita et senectus tua." Thy hand is not straitened that it cannot save. "Domine, opus tuum in medio annorum vivifica illud; in medio annorum nostrorum facies." It is plain that what I feel, Thy servants have from the earliest times felt before me; Job, Moses, and Habacuc felt as I feel thousands of years ago, and I am able to plead with Thee in their never-dying words.

'O my God, not as a matter of sentiment, not as a matter of literary exhibition, do I put this down. O rid me of this frightful *cowardice*, for this is at the bottom of all my ills. When I was young, I was bold, because I was ignorant—now I have lost my boldness, because I have advanced in experience. I am able to count the cost, better than I did, of being brave for Thy sake, and therefore I shrink from sacrifices. Here is a second reason, over and above the deadness of my soul, why I have so little faith or love in me.'

The next entry is dated January 8, 1860:

'When I last wrote, I had something to say, but I lost my thread, and got on a different line of thought, far away from what I had intended,—and now I will recover it if I can. Circumstances have brought a special temptation upon me of late. I have now been exerting myself, labouring.

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toiling, ever since I was a Catholic, not I trust *ultimately* for any person on earth, but for God above, but still with a great desire to please those who put me to labour. After the supreme judgment of God, I have desired, though in a different order, their praise. But not only have I not got it, but I have been treated, in various ways, only with slight and unkindness. Because I have not pushed myself forward, because I have not dreamed of saying: "See what I am doing and have done"—because I have not retailed gossip, flattered great people, and sided with this or that party, I am nobody. I have no friend at Rome, I have laboured in England, to be misrepresented, backbitten and scorned. I have laboured in Ireland, with a door ever shut in my face. I seem to have had many failures, and what I did well was not understood. I do not think I am saying this in any bitterness.

'"Not understood"—this is the point. I have seen great wants which had to be supplied among Catholics—especially as regards education,—and of course those who laboured under those wants, did not know their state,—and did not see or understand the want at all—or what was the supply of the want—and felt no thankfulness at all, and no consideration towards a person who was doing something towards the supply, but rather thought him restless, or crotchetty, or in some way or other what he should not be. This has naturally made me shrink into myself, or rather it has made me think of turning more to God, if it has not actually turned me. It has made me feel that in the Blessed Sacrament is my great consolation, and that, while I have Him Who lives in the Church, the separate members of the Church, my Superiors, though they may claim my obedience, have no claim on my admiration, and offer nothing for my inward trust. I have expressed this feeling, or rather implied it, in one of my Dublin Sermons, preached in 1856. (Occasional Sermons, pp. 64, 65, p. 57 edition 4).

'So far well—or not ill—but it so happens that, contemporaneously with this neglect on the part of those for whom I laboured, there has been a drawing towards me on the part of Protestants. Those very books and labours of mine, which Catholics did not understand, Protestants did. Moreover, by a coincidence, things I had written years ago, as a Protestant, and the worth or force of which were not understood by Protestants then, are bearing fruit among Protestants now. Hence some sympathy is showing itself towards me on the part of certain persons, who have deliberately beat me down

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and buried me for the last ten years. And accordingly I have been attracted by that sympathy to desire more of that sympathy, feeling lonely, and fretting under, not so much the coldness towards me, (though that in part) as the ignorance, narrowness of mind, and self-conceit of those, whose faith and virtue and goodness, nevertheless, I at the same time recognised. And thus I certainly am under the temptation of looking out for, if not courting, Protestant praise.

'And now I am coming to the meaning of the text with which I began on Dec. 15th. "No man putting his hand to the plough, &c." I am tempted to look back. Not so, O Lord, with Thy grace, not so! What I had meant to say then, to ask of Thee then, I ask of Thee now. What a shame that I should fear to ask it. I have asked it often in time past, I think, long before I was a Catholic. Yes, I have referred to it above, as in the words above thirty years ago. "Deny me wealth," &c. It has been my lifelong prayer, and Thou hast granted it, that I should be set aside in this world. Now then let me make it over again. O Lord, bless what I write and prosper it,—let it do much good, let it have much success; but let no praise come to me on that account in my lifetime. Let me go on living, let me die, as I have hitherto lived. Long before I knew St. Philip, I wished "nesciri." Let me more and more learn from Thy grace "sperni," and "spernere me sperni."

'Yet one or two things tease me, and O Lord, help me,—and Philip help me. (1) Let not the contempt which comes on *me*, injure the future of my Oratory—about which I am anxious, though I ought to put it, and do put it simply into Thy Hands, O Lord. (2) And again, O teach me, (for it is a subject which tries me very much just now, which I have prayed about, and have said Masses about), teach me how to employ myself most profitably, most to Thy glory, in such years as remain to me; for my apparent ill-success discourages me much. O my God, I seem to have wasted these years that I have been a Catholic. What I wrote as a Protestant has had far greater power, force, meaning, success, than my Catholic works, and this troubles me a great deal.'

Newman's friends wondered at his silence. The *Rambler* articles had seemed little enough, but they were eagerly looked for. And in 1861 they ceased to appear. James Laird Patterson wrote to Father William Neville to ask the cause of Newman's silence. There is deep pathos underlying the humour of Newman's reply:

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'March 27th, 1862.

'My dear William,—You may send the following "Heads of a Discourse" to Patterson.

'Yours ever affectly
J. H. NEWMAN.

'*For Patterson.*

'Seven reasons for not writing more books.

'I do not write

'(1) because in matters of controversy I am a *miles emeritus, rude donatus.*

'(2) because no one serves on Parliamentary Committees after he is sixty.

'(3) because Rigaud's steam engine which was hard to start was hard to stop.

'(4) because Hannibal's elephants never could learn the goose-step.

'(5) because Garibaldi's chaplains in ordinary never do write.

'(6) because books that do not sell do not pay.

'(7) because just now I am teaching little boys nonsense verses.

'"Nos indamnatos, homines Romanos, miserunt in carcerem; et nunc occulte nos ejiciunt? Non ita; sed veniant, et ipsi nos ejiciant."'

Rumours of Newman's despondency could not but get about in general society. They were taken as meaning that he was thinking of returning to the Anglican Church. And this idea was confirmed by the tittle-tattle respecting Newman's supposed sympathy with the invaders of the Papal States, which was taken as a symptom of general dissatisfaction on his part with the Church of his adoption. Frederick Rogers was given to understand by an old friend of Newman's that he felt as though his life had come to an end in 1845.[1] Reports gradually magnified in the telling, and in July 1862 it was openly stated in the *Stamford Morning Advertiser*—the paragraph being also reproduced in the *Globe* newspaper—that he had left the 'Brompton Oratory' and was going to return to the Church of England. It was perhaps fortunate that at this moment of sadness a public

[1] See *Memoir of Lord Blachford*, p. 249.

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challenge should thus be made which brought into relief the limitations in his own sense of disappointment. However much he chafed, feeling that he was useless when he longed to do a great work, such a feeling did not even tend to diminish his abiding joy and satisfaction in the Catholic religion. It related not to the Catholic religion as such, but to circumstances of time and place. His indignant denial addressed to the *Globe* placed this side of the picture for ever and unmistakably on record:

'Sir,—A friend has sent me word of a paragraph about me which appeared in your paper of yesterday, to the effect that "I have left, or am about to leave, my Oratory, of which I have, for several years, been the head, as a preliminary, in the expectation of my private friends, to my return to the Church of England." I consider that you have transferred this statement into your columns from those of a contemporary in order to give me the opportunity of denying it, if I am able to do so. Accordingly I lose not an hour in addressing these lines to you, which I shall be obliged by your giving at once to the public.

'The paragraph is utterly unfounded in every portion of it.

'1. For the last thirteen years I have been head of the Birmingham Oratory. I am head still; and I have no reason to suppose I shall cease to be head, unless advancing years should incapacitate me for the duties of my station.

'2. On the other hand, from the time I founded the London Oratory now at Brompton, twelve years ago, I have had no jurisdiction over it whatever; and so far from being its head, it so happens that I have not been within its walls for the last seven years.

'3. I have not had one moment's wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold, and ever have held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ; and I have ever had, and have still, an unclouded faith in her creed in all its articles; a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline, and teaching; and an eager longing, and a hope against hope, that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness.

'4. This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention, and never had any intention, of leaving the Catholic Church and becoming a Protestant again, would be superfluous, except that Protestants

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are always on the look-out for some loophole or evasion in a Catholic's statement of fact. Therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess *ex animo* with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No! "The net is broken and we are delivered." I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in my old age I left "the land flowing with milk and honey" for the city of confusion and the house of bondage.

'I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Of this communication to the *Globe*, and of the view which led him to adopt the tone which marks it, we find an explanation in the following characteristic letter to Mr. Ornsby, dated July 23. Speaking of the rumours which led to the *Globe* paragraph, he writes:

'Catholics seem to me to have begun them, by their silly and mischievous mis-statements about me. It was said, I had preached in favour of Garibaldi, had subscribed to the Garibaldi fund, &c. Then Protestants, who have always shown a great readiness to take up the vaguest whisper of such an insinuation, boldly proclaimed that I was coming back to them. You do not know to what an extent this went, especially during the last two years. It is more than two years since a convert wrote to me to say that he was unsettled, and, as his defence, suggested that I was unsettled too. In spite of various strong written denials on my part, as far back as 1859, the report became invested with most plausibly minute details, and assumed a very positive tone. People were kept back from the Church by the distinct assurance I was becoming a Protestant. One Protestant clergyman, in position, wrote to me to smooth the way for return,—and, when in answer I begged him to lay aside the thought as inconsistent with what I might call the "rerum natura," for my mind was so constituted as to make it impossible, I only got a second letter telling me he hoped I should overcome my "pride" which was the obstacle to my confession of a change. One person, a country gentleman, at length wrote to a county paper, saying that it was

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notorious that I had given up all definite religion, and was living in Paris.

'At length appeared the paragraph in the *Stamford Morning Advertiser*. No common denial would have put down the far-spread impression. I took a course which would destroy it, and, as I think, which alone would be able to destroy it. It is little or nothing to me that people should think me angry, rude, insulting, &c. &c. No common language would have done the work. I had to use language which was unmistakeably my own, and could not have been dictated to me. And I had to show that the obstacle to my return lay, not merely in my reason, but in my feelings also, in my dislikings, aversion, and moral alienation to Protestantism. I have said as strong things before, but they have been forgotten. I have done the work now, as I flatter myself, at least for some years to come, and I may not be alive by the time that a new denial might have been necessary.'

Early in 1863 we find in his journal the following memoranda which have the same note of sadness as the earlier ones:

'*January 21st*, 1863.—When I wrote my first lines in this book, I meant to have continued similar remarks from time to time; but I found I had a great unwillingness to do so. I have not read what I then wrote since I wrote it, and I recollect nothing about it, except that it had to do with the *Rambler*. This morning, when I woke, the feeling that I was cumbering the ground came on me so strongly, that I could not get myself to go to my shower-bath. I said, what is the good of trying to preserve or increase strength, when nothing comes of it? what is the good of living for nothing? . . . Of course one's earlier years are (humanly speaking) best, and again events are softened by distance—and I look back on my years at Oxford and Littlemore with tenderness. And it was the time in which I had a remarkable mission—but how am I changed even in look! Till the affair of No. 90 and my going to Littlemore, I had my mouth half open, and commonly a smile on my face,—and from that time onwards my mouth has been closed and contracted, and the muscles are so set now, that I cannot but look grave and forbidding. Even as early as 1847, when I was going through the Vatican with Dalgairns, stopping before a statue of Fate which was very striking and stern and melancholy, he said: "Who *can* it be like? I know the face so well."

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Presently he added: "Why, it is you!" Now, I am so conscious of my own stern look that I hardly like to see people. It began when I set my face towards Rome; and since I made the great sacrifice, to which God called me, He has rewarded me in a thousand ways,—O how many! but he has marked my course with almost unintermittent mortification. Few indeed successes has it been His Blessed Will to give me through life. I doubt whether I can point to any joyful event of this world besides my scholarship at Trinity and my fellowship at Oriel,—but since I have been a Catholic, I seem to myself to have had nothing but failure, personally.

. . . . . .

'I am noticing all this opposition and distrust, not on their own account, for St. Philip had them abundantly, but because they have (to all appearance) succeeded in destroying my influence and my usefulness. Persons who would naturally look towards me, converts who would naturally come to me, inquirers who would naturally consult me, are stopped by some light or unkind word said against me. I am *passé*, in decay, I am untrustworthy; I am strange; odd; I have my own ways and cannot get on with others; something or other is said in disparagement. . . .

'I should be very ungrateful if I did not bear in mind what God has vouchsafed to do by me. First to introduce the Oratory into England, and to found this Oratory,—and therefore I have not mentioned the great trials which we have had inside our walls, by death, secession, and in other ways,—for they have been the trials incidental to a new foundation, and have not interfered with its success. Secondly, to found the London Oratory, which has been the instrument of so much good,—thirdly, to found the Catholic University,—and fourthly, to found our Oratory school. This is another matter altogether. They are works of my name; what I am speaking of is what belongs to my own person;—things, which I ought to have been especially suited to do, and have not done, not done any one of them. . . .

'Rogers the other day asked Ward why it was that Catholics understood me so little? i.e. I suppose, why they thought so little of me. And the *Saturday Review*, writing apropos of my letter to the *Globe* of last summer, said that I had disappointed friends and enemies, since I had been a Catholic, by doing nothing. The reason is conveyed in the remark of Marshall of Brighton to Fr. Ambrose last week; "Why, he has made no converts, as Manning and Faber have." Here is the real secret of my "doing nothing."

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The only thing of course which it is worth producing, is *fruit*,—but with the Cardinal, immediate show is fruit, and conversions the sole fruit. At Propaganda, conversions, and nothing else, are the proof of doing anything. Everywhere with Catholics, to make converts, is doing something; and not to make them is "doing nothing." And further still, in the estimate of Propaganda, of the Cardinal, and of Catholics generally, they must be splendid conversions of great men, noble men, learned men, not simply of the poor. It must be recollected that at Rome they have had visions of the whole of England coming over to the Church, and that their notion of instrumentality of this conversion *en masse* is the conversion of persons of rank. "Il governo" is all in all in their ideas. Such an idea is perhaps even conveyed in our Brief, which sends us to the upper classes. . . .

'But I am altogether different,—my objects, my theory of acting, my powers, go in a different direction, and one not understood or contemplated at Rome or elsewhere. . . . To me conversions were not the first thing, but the edification [building up] of Catholics. So much have I fixed upon the latter as my object, that up to this time the world persists in saying that I recommend Protestants not to become Catholics. And, when I have given as my true opinion, that I am afraid to make hasty converts of educated men, lest they should not have counted the cost, and should have difficulties after they have entered the Church, I do but imply the same thing, that the Church must be prepared for converts, as well as converts prepared for the Church. How can this be understood at Rome? What do they know there of the state of English Catholics? of the minds of English Protestants? What do they know of the antagonism of Protestantism and Catholicism in England? The Cardinal might know something, were he not so one-sided, so slow to throw himself into other minds, so sanguine, so controversial and unphilosophical in his attitude of mind, so desirous to make himself agreeable to the authorities at Rome. And Catholics in England, from their very blindness, cannot see that they are blind. To aim then at improving the condition, the status, of the Catholic body, by a careful survey of their argumentative basis, of their position relatively to the philosophy and the character of the day, by giving them juster views, by enlarging and refining their minds, in one word, by education, is (in their view) more than a superfluity or a hobby, it is an insult. It implies that they are deficient in material points. Now from first to last, education, in this large sense of the

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word, has been my line, and, over and above the disappointment it has caused as putting conversions comparatively in the background, and the offence it has given by insisting that there was room for improvement among Catholics, it has seriously annoyed the governing body here and at Rome:—at Rome on the side of the philosophy of polemics. I should wish to attempt to meet the great infidel &c. questions of the day, but both Propaganda and the Episcopate, doing nothing themselves, look with extreme jealousy on anyone who attempts it. . . . And last of all, since from first to last, these have been the two objects of the *Rambler*, to raise the status of Catholics, first by education, secondly by a philosophical basis of argument,—and the *Rambler* has attempted it injudiciously, intemperately, and erroneously, at least at times,—I come in for the odium of all *their* (the *Rambler*) faults, and that the more because for a little while I was the editor of the *Rambler* and, when such, shared in my measure in the imperfections of the preceding and succeeding editors. The consequence is, that, so far from being thought engaged in any good work, I am simply discouraged and regarded suspiciously by the governing powers, as doing an actual harm.

'One circumstance there is, peculiar to the time, to give a special intensity to this feeling of suspicion. At present the Temporal Power is the all-important point at Rome. I, thinking that they would be obliged to rely more on reason, a truer defence, than on the sword, if they had it not, was lukewarm on the point; and this lukewarmness has been exaggerated into a supposed complicity with Garibaldi! The Cardinal some years ago said that I had put myself on the shelf. But the position I occupy at the moment is, in his mind, a less harmless one.'

Newman's depression only deepened as the year 1863 advanced. This year saw the final failure of the *Home and Foreign* to approve itself to the Catholic body; then came the Munich Brief, which, as he expressed it, 'tied his hands' as a controversialist. In his 'Apologia' indeed he tells us he was thankful for clear direction in a matter of difficulty. And he often refers to the double feeling which he experienced in being released from most urgent yet most difficult tasks. The momentary relief was proportionate to the anxiety and difficulty of the work he had contemplated; yet the permanent effect on him was that of far deeper despondency,

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arising from the sense of his inactivity and uselessness. The same double phenomenon was apparent as we have seen at the moment when his editorship of the *Rambler* was suspended. We shall see it also later when his scheme for an intellectual work on the same lines at Oxford was checked. In each case he felt for an instant relieved at what brought, nevertheless, permanent and deep disappointment. He had now little hope for the future to relieve his sad thoughts of the past ten years. His mind went back with affection—as I have said—to old days and old Oxford friends, and he renewed old intimacies, while to his Catholic correspondents he wrote of the dreariness of the prospect.

Two letters to an intimate friend, a Catholic, exhibit his pessimism as to the future, and one to Keble his wistful retrospect.

Dr. Newman to Miss E. Bowles.[1]

'May 19th, 1863.

'Don't think about *me*. God uses his instruments as he will. "Hunc humiliat et hunc exaltat." To myself I feel as full of thought and life as ever I was,—but a certain invisible chain impedes me, or bar stops me, when I attempt to do anything,—and the only reason why I do not *enjoy* the happiness of being out of conflict is because I feel to myself I could do much in it. But in fact I could not do much in it. I should come into collision with everyone I met,—I should be treading on everyone's toes. From the very first an effort has been successfully made to separate all converts from me, and they are the only persons who would be likely to move aside of me without jostling. . . . I know what the Cardinal said to Father Faber, and what Father Faber said to the world, viz.; "That I had put myself on the shelf, and there was no help for it."

'But now to go to the root of the matter. This country is under Propaganda. . . . If I know myself, no one can have been more loyal to the Holy See than I am. I love the Pope personally into the bargain. But Propaganda is a quasi-military power, extraordinary, for missionary countries, rough and ready. It does not understand an intellectual movement. It likes quick results, scalps from beaten foes by the hundred. Our Bishop once, on his return from Rome,

[1] Miss Bowles was a sister to Newman's colleague at Littlemore—Frederick Bowles.

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said pointedly to me what I am sure came as a quasi-message from Propaganda, that at Rome "they liked good news."

'True, the words were said with an implied antithesis,—for I had lately been to Rome to complain. I suppose the issue of the Achilli matter must have made them despise me at Rome,—but, whatever the cause of it was, two years after, Propaganda, without saying a word to me, appointed three Bishops to examine and report to it whether the Rule of the Birmingham Oratory could be, on a certain point, suspended to advantage. . . . Our Fathers prevailed on me to go to Rome about it. When I got there I found to my great relief and gratitude that, at the last moment, the dear Pope, when the matter necessarily came before him, simply asked: "Has Dr. Newman been consulted?" and would not give his assent to the act. Then, when I saw him, he asked me why I wished to get him to make me head or general of the two Oratories, of which not even a dream had come into our minds here, more than that of making you a Father General of us;—showing what hidden tales against me were going on. When we saw Mgr. Barnabo, he was very cross, and asked me why I had come to Rome, when, if I had remained quiet at home, the Pope would, as it turned out, have acted for us. When Monsell went to Rome shortly after, he came back with the remark that I had no friend at Rome. It was true;—but what had I *done*? *this* I had not done, and there was the rub, I had not preached sermons, made speeches, fussed about, and reported all my proceedings to Propaganda. I had been working away very hard in Ireland at the University, and saying nothing about it.

'Well, immediately my Dublin engagement was over, at the Cardinal's and our Bishop's direct solicitation, I interposed in the *Rambler* matter, and found myself in consequence, to my surprise and disgust, compelled to take the editorship on myself. I not only made the best of it, but I really determined to make it my *work*. All those questions of the day which make so much noise now,—Faith and Reason, Inspiration, &c., &c.,—would have been, according to my ability, worked out or fairly opened. Of course I required elbow-room,—but this was impossible. Our good Bishop, who has ever acted as a true friend, came after the publication of the first number, and advised me to give up the editorship. He said I had caused dissatisfaction. I only edited two numbers; but I wrote enough to cause one of our Bishops formally to denounce one of my articles to Propaganda. What did Propaganda know of the niceties of the English language?

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yet a message came (not a formal one) asking explanations. . . . As what was said to me was very indirect and required no answer, I kept silence, and the whole matter was hushed up. I suppose so, for I have heard no more of it, but I suppose it might (*pel bisogno*) be revived in time.

'Don't you see that this, if nothing else, puts a great obex to my writing? This age of the Church is peculiar,—in former times, primitive or medieval, there was not the extreme centralization which now is in use. If a private theologian said anything free, another answered him. If the controversy grew, then it went to a Bishop, a theological faculty, or to some foreign University. The Holy See was but the Court of ultimate appeal. *Now*, if I, as a private priest, put anything into print, Propaganda answers me at once. How can I fight with such a chain on my arm? It is like the Persians driven to fight under the lash. There was true private judgment in the primitive and medieval schools,—there are no schools now, no private judgment (in the religious sense of the phrase), no freedom, that is, of opinion. That is, no exercise of the intellect. No, the system goes on by the tradition of the intellect of former times. This is a way of things which, in God's own time, will work its own cure, of necessity; nor need we fret under a state of things, much as we may feel it, which is incomparably less painful than the state of the Church before Hildebrand, and again in the fifteenth century.

'I am only speaking of it in its bearing on myself. There was some talk, when the Bishop put in his plea against me, of calling me to Rome. Call me to Rome—what does that mean? It means to sever an old man from his home, to subject him to intercourse with persons whose languages are strange to him,—to food, and to fashions, which are almost starvation on one hand, and involve restless days and nights on the other—it means to oblige him to dance attendance on Propaganda week after week, and month after month—it means his death. (It was the punishment on Dr. Baines, 1840–41, to keep him at the door of Propaganda for a year.)

'This is the prospect which I cannot but feel probable, did I say anything, which one Bishop in England chose to speak against and report. Others have been killed before me. Lucas went of his own accord indeed,—but when he got there, oh! how much did he, as a loyal son of the Church and the Holy See as ever was, what did he suffer because Dr. Cullen was against him? He wandered (as Dr. Cullen *said* in a letter he published in a sort of triumph), he wandered from

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church to church without a friend, and hardly got an audience from the Pope. And I too should go from St. Philip to Our Lady, and to St. Peter and St. Paul, and to St. Laurence and to St. Cecilia, and, if it happened to me, as to Lucas, should come back to die.

'We are not better than our Fathers. Think of St. Joseph Calasanctius, or of Blessed Paul of the Cross, or of St. Alfonso,—or of my own St. Philip, how they were misunderstood by the authorities at Rome. The Cardinal Vicar called Philip, to his face and in public an ambitious party man, and suspended his faculties. It is by bearing these things that we gain merit, but has one a right to *bring it on one?*'

Another letter to the same correspondent—written three days after the celebration of the Feast of St. Philip Neri—pursues further the subject of his literary inactivity:

'May 29th, 1863.

'I should have acknowledged your parcel of lamps, which I was very glad to see, and your own contributions to its luminousness, had not St. Philip come in the way, and given us a great deal of pleasant trouble, yet engrossing and absorbing, however pleasant, as is befitting, when the Master of a house comes to visit it. I was half tempted to ask you to come down to pay your homage to him, but doubted how far you were at liberty to do so, even had you leisure.

. . . . . .

'Sometimes I seem to myself inconsistent, in professing to love retirement, yet seeming impatient at doing so little; yet I trust I am not so in any very serious way. In my letter to the Bishop of Oxford, on occasion of No. 90, I said that I had come forward because no one else had done so, and that I rejoiced to return to that privacy which I valued more than anything else. When I became a Catholic, I considered I never should even write again, except on definite unexciting subjects, such as history and philosophy and criticism; and, if on controversial subjects, still not on theology proper. And when I came here, where I have been for 14 years, I deliberately gave myself to a life of obscurity, which in my heart I love best. And so it has been, and so it is now, that the routine work of each day is in fact more than enough for my thoughts and my time. I have no leisure. I have had to superintend the successive enlargements of our Church, to get the Library in order, to devote a good deal of pains to our music, and a great deal more to our accounts. Then, there was my Dublin engagement, and

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now there is the school. Just now too I am Sacristan, so hard up are we for hands. Things seem ordered for me without my having a will in the matter.

'And I am not only content, but really pleased that so things are. Yet there are those considerations which from time to time trouble me. First, lest my being where I am is my own doing in any measure, for then I say: "Perhaps I am hiding my talent in a napkin." Next, people say to me: "Why are you not doing more? How much you could do"; and then, since I think I could do a great deal if I were let to it, I become uneasy. And lastly, willing as I am to observe St. Philip's dear rule that we "should despise being despised"; yet when I find that scorn and contempt become the means of my Oratory being injured, as they have before now, then I get impatient.'

Dr. Newman to Mr. Keble.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: August 15th, 1863.

'My dearest Keble,—I returned from abroad last night, and, among the letters on my table waiting my arrival, found yours. I answer it before any of the others.

'Thank you very much for it, and for the books which accompany it, which I value first for your dear sake, next for their venerable and excellent subject. I am pleased too that you should tell me about your wife and brother,—but how odd it seems to me that you should speak of yourself and of him as old! Did you ever read Mrs. Sheridan's Tale of Nourjahad? such I think is the name. I have not read it since a boy. I am like one of the Seven Sleepers awakened when you so write to me, considering all my recollection of Hursley and of Bisley, which remain photographed on my mind, are of twenty-five years ago, or thirty. I cannot think of little Tom but as of the boy I carried pick-a-back when he was tired in getting up from the steep valley to the table land of Bisley. And I recollect your father and your dear sister and your wife as you cannot recollect them,—at least the latter two—for in my case their images are undimmed by the changes which years bring upon us all. My great delight is to take up your Poetry Lectures,—I only love them too well, considering my age, and that their subject is not simply a religious one. But what do *you* mean by saying that you are "as if dying"? I have heard nothing of your being unwell; and I trust you will live long, and every year more and more to the glory of God.

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'I have not been abroad for pleasure till now, since I went with dear Hurrell. I went to St. Germains near Paris to see the Wilberforces. Then my dear and faithful friend who went with me,—Ambrose St. John—insisted I should cut across to Treves, the place of sojourn of St. Athanasius, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome. Then I went down the Moselle and up the Rhine, which was all new to me; and we came back by Aix la Chapelle. I had a bad accident there, with (thank God and my Guardian Angel) no harm whatever. I had a bag in one hand and cloaks in the other, and turning round sharp at the top of a staircase, was sent down two flights headlong—but thank God I got nothing but a slight strain of the arm. Since then I have been stopping at Ostend to recruit.

'I have said all this, knowing it will interest you. Never have I doubted for one moment your affection for me, never have I been hurt at your silence. I interpreted it easily, —it was not the silence of others. It was not the silence of men, nor the forgetfulness of men, who can recollect about me and talk about me enough, when there is something to be said to my disparagement. You are always with me a thought of reverence and love, and there is nothing I love better than you, and Isaac, and Copeland, and many others I could name, except Him Whom I ought to love best of all and supremely. May He Himself, Who is the over-abundant compensation for all losses, give me His own Presence, and then I shall want nothing and desiderate nothing, but none *but* He, *can* make up for the loss of those old familiar faces which haunt me continually.

'Ever yours most affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Such were his oft-recurring moods of despondency and sadness, of wistful contemplation of old days and old friends which would never be again all they once were. But there were other moods, at this very time of sadness, when the deeper, truer self was realised as he turned his thoughts to the surpassing value of the life of the soul which the Catholic Church satisfied so completely for him. For a moment at least the 'blessed vision of peace' shone out again, clear and unmistakable. Let us turn then from the fret and irritation apparent in his journal, and from the wistful melancholy which appears in such a letter as I have just cited, to the following lines written just at the time

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we are surveying in this chapter. They tell us how at the very moment when he felt most that he had renounced 'the tender memories of the past, the hopes of coming years,' his truest self was deeply conscious of compensation a hundredfold:

'*The Two Worlds.*

'Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine
In glory and in grace;
This gaudy world grows pale before
The beauty of Thy face.

'Till Thou art seen it seems to be
A sort of fairy ground,
Where suns unsetting light the sky,
And flowers and fruit abound.

'But when Thy keener, purer beam
Is poured upon our sight,
It loses all its power to charm,
And what was day is night.

'Its noblest toils are then the scourge
Which made Thy Blood to flow;
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns
Which circle round Thy brow.

'And thus, when we renounce for Thee
Its restless aims and fears,
The tender memories of the past,
The hopes of coming years,

'Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above;
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceased to love.'

Apart from such sacred thoughts and feelings as these lines record, Newman's sad thoughts of a happy past which had gone for ever, and of present uselessness, were occasionally relieved by a feeling which the very clearness of his insight brought with it—that, little as his contemporaries understood his views and aims, those views would triumph in the future. The Oxford Movement had appeared a failure at the time. He had been repudiated by Oxford in the persons

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of the Heads of Houses, by the Church of England in the persons of its Bishops. Now Tractarianism was emerging again, and it promised to be an immense power in the land. Similarly, his views as to the necessities of Catholic education and thought would, he believed, be understood and acted upon when he was gone. In both cases his own personal suffering was the price he paid for future victory. This view of the case is set forth in a letter to the learned Jesuit Father Harper:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Feby. 18/64.

'My dear Fr. Harper,—I thank you with all my heart for your kind letter, and I shall keep it as a pledge of what you say, that there are many, though I am removed from them, who do not forget me, nor the special need which a person of my age has of their religious thoughts and good prayers.

'When I say that I am "unpopular" and "down," I state what is a simple fact, but not at all in the way of complaint or regret.

'It is impossible that the thought of me should remain so steadily on the minds of the religious parties who do not agree with me, if I were not still doing work. I accept it as a token that I am still feared, because I am still abused. And, to take the case of Oxford itself, I have within this week been shown the following most astonishing extract from the letter of an *Ultra-liberal* resident there of high name. In quoting it, I must beg you not to show it about, as it was written in the confidence of private friendship. "We are all becoming High Church again as fast as we can, a fact which it is difficult for the country to understand. It is so nevertheless. England will awake one morning, astonished to find itself Tractarian."

'But further than this, let me say to you, (what I trust I may say without taking a liberty in speaking so personally about myself,) that I take this long penance of slander and unpopularity, which has been on me for thirty years, nay rather I have taken it almost from the time when that thirty years began,—and have said so indeed more or less clearly in print,—as the price I pay for the victory, or at least the great extension, of those principles which are so near my heart;—and, I think, while I live, I shall go on paying it, because I trust, that, soon after my life, those principles will extend.

'Very sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

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The brighter side of his life in these years was found in two things—his friendships and the success of the Oratory school.

Two letters to Mr. Serjeant Bellasis in 1861, though they speak unmistakably of Newman's sadness at this time, show also the relief which the sympathy of friends brought to him. Apart from Oxford intimates, few, if any, gave him this sympathy in a more acceptable form than Edward Bellasis, of whose gladdening presence and friendship he more than once used the adjective 'sunny.' In the first letter we see Newman's close attention to the vocation of boys, a question which the school made so practical for him—and incidentally we see also that the school itself already promised to be a success.

'The Bristol Hotel, East Cliff, Brighton: August 5th, 1861.

'My dear Bellasis,—I little thought I should answer your letter from this place, where I have not been close upon 30 years. I delayed first from the importance of your question; then from wishing to talk to Mrs. Wootten on the subject, and lastly because I was not well. On Friday next I go to London for final advice and directions—meanwhile, I have had a very able opinion in London, and am assured in the strongest terms that there is nothing at all seriously the matter with me—but that the sorrows (for though not great ones, they have been various and continual) of thirty years have at last told upon my nerves—and that I want rest. In truth, though I have lived in the midst of blessings and comforts of all kinds, I have had, all through my life, nothing but disappointments, and "gutta cavat lapidem."

'If the school succeeds, it will be a great encouragement—and it promises to do so. And I ought to be very thankful, but I feel like the patriarch, when he was told that Joseph, his son, was yet alive, and I believe it not.

'Well, as to your boy. You see my mind runs so much its own way, that I do not know how to trust it. If I spoke it, it would be this—viz. I have little belief in true vocations being destroyed by contact with the world—I don't mean, contact with sin and evil—but that contact with the world which consists of such intercourse as is natural or necessary. Many boys seem to have vocations, in whom it is but appearance. They go to school and the appearance fades away—and then people may say, "They have lost their vocation," when they never had one. In such cases, it is on the other hand, rather, a positive good that they and their

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parents were not deceived. What I shrink from with dread, as the more likely danger, is not the Church losing priests whom she ought to have had, but gaining priests whom she never should have been burdened with. The thought is awful, that boys should have had no trial of their heart, till at the end of some 14 years, they go out into the world with most solemn vows upon them, and then perhaps for the first time learn that the world is not a seminary:—when they exchange the atmosphere of the Church, the lecture room, and the study, the horarium of devotion, work, meals, and recreation, for this most bright, various, and seductive world.

'Moreover, I dread too early a separation from the world for another reason—for the spirit of formalism, affectation, and preciseness, which it is so very apt to occasion.

'That there are real vocations in the case of children I fully believe—we meet with them in the Lives of Saints—and in the case of others too—but, if some of these were early introduced into the religious life, as St. Thomas or the prophet Samuel, still, some of the most familiar to us, and who seem to have had their vocation, not in after life (as St. Ignatius or St. Anselm) but from childhood, nevertheless cherished it and nurtured it in the course of a secular training, as St. Carlo, St. Aloysius, St. Philip, and St. Alfonso.

'Under then the two opposite difficulties of depriving our Lord of His priests, and of giving to Him unworthy ones, I myself, if left to myself, should be disposed to act with far greater sensitiveness of the latter. I think a true vocation in a boy is not lost by secular education—at most it is but merged for a time, and comes up again—whereas a false vocation may be fatally and irreversibly fostered in a seminary. Or at least it is *more* common in this age for false vocations to be made by an early dedication to the religious or ecclesiastical state, than for true vocations to be lost by early secular education.

'Ever yours most sincerely in Xt.
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The second letter written in the same month shows Edward Bellasis as a true comforter at a very hard time.

'The Oratory, Bm.: Aug. 20, '61.

'My dear Bellasis,—I am at Rednal tho' I have dated above from habit. This is so nice a place, that I am trying to stay here, if I can.

'Your letter did me a great deal of good. The fable of the Diggings is very apposite. If I have been digging a field

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with my own ideas and my own hopes, and, though they have failed, have been preparing ground for the sowing, the showers, and the harvest, of divine grace, I have done a work so far, though not the various definite works which I have proposed to myself. I ought to be most thankful to be so employed. I was not unmindful of God's mercy to myself and others, in making us Catholics, when I wrote, but I looked on this, as *His* work, as it was, not mine—however a digging, though it is but turmoil, confusion, and unsettlement, is a co-operation.

'But I cannot in a few words express to you what the matter is with what I may call the *physical* texture of my soul. It is not a matter of reason, nor of grace—but, just as the body wearies under continual toil, so does the mind. I should *illustrate* the trial which I mean, tho' it might not be to the letter, if I said I had received no piece of personal good news for thirty years and more. I question whether I have had any success, except getting a scholarship at Trinity when I was 17, and a fellowship of Oriel at 21. In one year (about 1830) I used to say laughingly I had been put out of five places; of course this was only a way of speaking, but there was truth in it, three of them I recollect—the Tutorship at Oriel, then Whitehall Preachership, and the Secretaryship of the Church Missionary Society; I was voted out of the list. Of course I deserved it, and never complained, but I say it is a matter not of reason, but of psycho-physical effect. So it has been with me all through life. I think I never have been praised for anything I did, except once, for my lectures on Catholicism in England by the Bishop and Catholics of Birmingham—and at the time of that praise the Achilli proceedings, arising out of those very Lectures, had begun, or at least were in distinct prospect.

'The case is the same of late years. Whenever I have attempted to do anything for God, I find after a little while that my arms or my legs have a string round them—and perhaps I sprain myself in the effort to move them in spite of it.

'Thank you for your friendly wish to see me at Ramsgate. I cannot conceive a pleasanter or more sunny sight, in this sunny weather, than to see you with your wife and family during your vacation.

'Ever yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The happiness he derived in these years from intercourse with his friends was added to by the renewal after an interval of seventeen years of old Oxford intimacies. He happened,

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on June 3, 1862, to meet his old Littlemore curate—W. J. Copeland—in the streets of London. They had a long talk, and Newman pressed him to pay a visit to the Oratory. The letters which passed between them tell their own tale. There is an almost hungry love of the dear memories of Oxford days visible in them. The tender yearning after all that reminds him of the happy time that can never be again, is unmistakable, in spite of a certain accompanying reserve. We see, too, in these letters that the thought of his advancing age was seldom absent, and that he felt that meetings with the friends of long ago, might prove final leave-takings. Copeland was a busy man, and, having said he would come to the Oratory, wrote of the prospect as somewhat indefinite. Newman replied urgently to his friend on June 25th:

'My dearest Copeland,—You must not disappoint me. I have a hundred questions to ask you, and a hundred things to show you. And I have many things to tell you which will interest you, and I want you to see the place where I am to be buried.

'Now do come.

'Ever yours most affectly.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.'

But again came a put-off, and Newman wrote still more insistently:

'Now you are not going to disappoint me. Except Ambrose St. John, I have not spoken to any one so near to my heart and memory as you are, for near 17 years—and you are going to deny me what you promised!

'I have been lately turning up letters of yours of untold antiquity.

'How do I know that I shall ever see you again, if you don't come now? People are carried off so unexpectedly. There was Sir Robert Throckmorton last week, a hearty looking man, younger than I—and he is gone. Men drop as on a battlefield.'

Copeland was not proof against this urgent appeal. He appointed his day, and Newman wrote to him in joy at the prospect:

'You are the best fellow in the world. Wednesday is a better day than Monday.

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'The case is this—

'(We have a school of 70 boys, boarding school) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—examinations days.

'Thursday noon—gaudy.

'Friday hurrah for the Holydays.

'Do *let us have a long* confab. We *cannot* recollect things in a moment. Do get some one to do your duty on the Sunday.'

The visit came off on July 16, and at Christmas Copeland sent a reminder of his visit in the shape of a turkey. Newman in response pressed him to come again:

'You must come and look at my Letters. I only wish they were all in order. There are so many things I could talk to you about. And I want to show you (Ambrose suggests, and blames my omission when you were here) my Episcopal cross, ring, chain, &c., &c., when they were going to make me a Bishop in 1854. The Pope did it—but Dr. Cullen to my great joy put a spoke in the wheel—for which he is my great benefactor.

'You could not be kinder to me than you are in telling me that persons whom I love have not forgotten me.'

More correspondence followed, and Newman showed his usual tender interest in small things that concerned his friends. He did not think Copeland strong, and he urged him against the fast of Lent:

'Now, you are not indeed as old as I am, but you are old enough not to be able to keep a strict Lent—and, since such fellows as you judge for yourselves, and not by good advice, I am tempted to preach to you and beg you to be very gentle with yourself—for I want you to live many years, and never, never again to be so cruel to me as you were for near 17 long years.'

Then came a proposal, already half thrown out at their meeting, that Copeland should write his reminiscences of the Oxford Movement. This would mean a fresh visit to the Oratory:

'You would be delighted to see Froude's letters to me, and I could shew you many things which would perhaps interest you still more. I don't expect you could come till after Easter, but you ought to be a good week here.

'I hope Isaac has not been "scolding" you about coming to see *me*—if so, it is most cruel. No one knows but myself

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how great an infliction upon me it has been that you all have so simply treated me as *dead*. I do not complain of *anyone* who does so as a matter of *principle*, but I don't know how to think this is *the* reason at bottom. Isaac himself talked of coming to see me last [1861] year—why should he object to your doing so?'

Another turkey came on Christmas Eve 1863, and Newman wrote his joyful thanks, which brought another visit from his friend:

'What a turkey!—it is as large as a baby—we shall make a good Catholic of it by means of a hot fire, before it comes to table. We shall eat it with the kindest, most loving thoughts of you—wishing, ah, wishing ("I wish you may get it") that you (were) eating it with us.

'I have nothing to write, though a great deal to say.'

Intercourse with Isaac Williams and a visit from Frederick Rogers came at this time. It all meant deep happiness, though mixed with deep pain, for Newman. It was a recovery of a few precious remains of friendships and associations which had seemed to be lost for ever.

The faithful companions and correspondents among his own co-religionists, with whom his intercourse had never ceased, became perhaps still more to him now that the strenuous tasks which one after another he had essayed and had to abandon were no longer pressing on his time and attention. He considered himself very old, and continually spoke of his age to his friends. He seems to have regarded life as practically over. The few years that remained were to be given mainly to the school. This would be some renewal of happy Oxford days, he said; for boys were, after all, not very different beings from undergraduates. His writing powers were chiefly devoted to his letters to friends, though there are also memoranda belonging to this time which he used in later publications. He preached occasionally, and to 1859 belongs the memorable sermon at the funeral of Dr. Weedall, the last of the Catholics of the old school who had won his admiration in the early years of his Catholic life.

These letters—from 1859 to 1864—bring vividly before us his state of mind. Each year he was watching, with his

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intense realisation of all the facts of life and of the mystery of human existence, the advance of age and its effects on his mind and body. Each birthday was noted with its solemn warning. He was looking forward to the time when he should pass, to use his own words, 'from shadows and images to the truth'—a time which he thought could not be distant. If any work remained for him to do, it was to put his papers in order, and to re-edit some of his Anglican writings. Publishing, however, meant pecuniary loss. He resigned himself to present failure; but he cherished a hope that at some future day his works might be read. He prayed, and asked for prayers. His thoughts often went back to the past, to scenes and places connected with his early youth. He would talk of its smallest details, which stood before his mind's eye with wonderful vividness. An anniversary connected with some one he loved was rarely forgotten. He wrote also of the details of his daily life, nothing being too trivial—from plans for a new cook to the illness at Rednal of Father Ambrose's favourite cow. He watched in the papers the movements of public affairs and did not forget to apply the lessons of history. He gave affectionate attention to the concerns of those who consulted him. He loved to visit the house of the Oratory at Rednal, outside Birmingham: his pleasure in the country and in the beauties of nature had lost none of its keenness. He seems in these letters on the whole resigned to the abandonment of further writing for the public; yet at moments the doubt troubles him, 'Has he yet fulfilled his mission?' Is the life of peace and rest in accordance with God's Will? His health gave him anxiety at times. At moments he is almost absurdly anxious without cause. At other moments he disclaims the idea that there is reason for fears. 'What do you *mean* by thinking me unwell? You have been listening to some of those fee-fo-fum stories that go about,' he writes within a few weeks of an alarmist letter. A trip abroad in 1863 set things right after a somewhat anxious time, and the doctor prophesied a hale old age for him unless worry and fidget prevented it. The letters are full of close sympathy with his dear friends—wistful, gentle, tender, though at moments reminding us of the special sadness of these years. He puts his

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mind to each writer, and even to a young girl like Isy Froude[1] he writes with complete sympathy and understanding. The happiness in his religion is unmistakable throughout, though by a suggestive comparison he likens his life as a Catholic, with its special trials, to the state of the souls in Purgatory, who have privileges in the present and assurance for the future to which the dwellers in this world are strangers, and yet acute sufferings, from which equally those still on earth are free. From these letters some selections must now be made, and I shall not omit even trivial details which bring the writer before us in his habit as he lived.

The following were written to Miss Holmes—a lady who for many years sought his help and advice in a life of trial—to Ambrose St. John, to Mr. John Pollen, to Miss Bowles, and to the Froudes. They shall be given with little or no comment, as they speak for themselves.

To Miss Holmes.

'The Oratory, Bm.: Nov. 18, 1859.

'That your Devotions are both beautiful in themselves and apposite, I feel entirely—whether they will "supply a demand," the publishers alone can tell. For myself, I lose by every thing I print—and I scrape together the money for the outlay, from a sort of feeling, that at a future day people may treat me better than they do now. I hope you will find yourself more fortunate in this matter than I do.

'So Dr. Weedall is gone. He was one of the holiest men I knew,—he hardly ever committed a sin in his life, I should think. It is the one testimony of all who knew him. Yet for at least six years he has had a mortal complaint on him, trying him doubtless very much, and gradually dragging him down to the grave. He is doubtless in heaven by this time. He is, I suppose, the last of that memorable generation, of which Dr. Milner is the principal luminary, which has done so much for English Catholicism.'

To the Same.

(in reply to a request for an introduction).

'February 14th, 1860.

'Tell me anything I really can do, and I will do it. But I know no one, and I liken myself to Tithonus in the last

[1] Miss E. M. Froude, daughter of William Froude, now Baroness Anatole von Hügel.

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Cornhill Magazine fading out from the world, and having nothing to do with its interests or its affairs. I have fallen off in flesh and shrunk up during the past year, and am like a grey grasshopper or the evaporating mist of the morning. And, as I get older, so do trouble and anxieties seem to multiply.'

TO MR. W. FROUDE.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 28th, 1860.

'My dear William,—I write in consequence of your kind anxiety about my health, as your wife reports it, and it so happens, I write on a day I never forget when it comes round. It so happens it is also the day on which dear Johnson, the observer, died last year—which indeed has been a great loss to young Hurrell at Oxford now. He could have been very useful to him. I do not forget, too, that we are just passed the day on which you lost your father last year.

'For myself, I certainly have fallen off in flesh and shrunk up all through the last year. My fingers are so thin that I cannot get reconciled to the look of them, and I have found it difficult to lie with ease without some management. . . .

'You must not think that several things I have said to you lately came of low spirits, which I fancy you have done, and taken them as a proof I was out of health. It is not this. It is good for me to have trials and I am in a state of chronic trial which those only who come very close to me know. This has been the way with me for many years, the clouds of one kind or another returning after the rain, or, as I have before now expressed it, a shower of meteoric stones falling about me, as those which fall down from Heaven, in regular return, in the month of November. I might almost say that a pleasant event has not happened to me for more years than I can count.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO MISS FROUDE.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 16th, 1860.

'My dear Child,—Thank you for your letter of yesterday. To-day's post brings an account of your grandfather's death. It must be an extreme trial to your mother and aunt, but God orders all things, and we must recollect that He is infinitely more tender and kind and merciful to every one of us than we can be, and that, in going to Him, we are going to One Who knows of what we are made, and, so knowing

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us, is able to be indulgent in a way in which we cannot be to those even whom we know best.

'Mama most kindly wrote me some days ago asking after my health. I will not intrude upon her with my answer at this moment, but I will tell her through you, and you can tell her when you think it best.

'Tell her then that I never was in better health or in more perfect activity of mind. On the other hand, I cannot deny that all last year I was getting more and more an old man, and that I am still going on in the same process—that my hair is getting whiter and whiter, and my fingers thinner and thinner, and that I can't get rid of my hoarseness quite.

'But tell her that, please God, I shall not love her and all of you less and less, or lose my affectionate interest in all that concerns you, or forget to pray for you though I dwindle and fade into a spider's web.

'Ever yours most affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Sept. 2nd, 1860.

'You will be glad to know that the Canon Morris, whom you spoke of as "Chaplain," is not the peacock-killer who, though an able and learned man, would certainly be as unfitted "to guide little girls" as a battle-axe to cut one's hair with. *He* is the Very Rev. John Brande of Exeter College, but the Chaplain is a Cambridge man, a pupil of Mr. Paley's, and the author of the "Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury."

'As to Italy, it really looks as if the Pope might be a martyr. It will be well if, with his blood, he can cleanse it of all its sins and miseries. Dreadful as this outbreak of evil is, it was there before, or it could not break out. It is not an evil coming from without, but from within. I prefer evil that speaks to evil that rankles and plots. I had rather have a Garibaldi than an Orsini. Believing that you cannot destroy evil except by casting it into the everlasting prison, I think it less dangerous when it has a safety valve, than when it is in an iron furnace. The bars of hell alone are a match for its expansive force.'

TO THE SAME.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 4th, 1860.

'I have intended to send you a line a long while, but I have had a great deal of writing lately, and have over-written

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myself, and felt unwilling to do anything I was not obliged to do. And then I had nothing to say.

'You were right in thinking that your family reminiscences would interest me. I think nothing more interesting, and it is strange to think how evanescent, how apparently barren and resultless, are the ten thousand little details and complications of daily life and family history. Is there any record of them preserved anywhere, any more than of the fall of the leaves in autumn? or are they themselves some reflection, as in an earthly mirror, of some greater truths above? So I think of musical sounds and their combinations—they are momentary—but is it not some momentary opening and closing of the Veil which hangs between the worlds of spirit and sense?

'Is it not most sad about the Duke of Norfolk![1] we now see the origin of those reports, about which you once wrote to me. Something had led me to think that the disease was upon him, which is now destroying him, and which might easily give rise to the reports which you have heard.

'As to poor Cardinal Antonelli, I cannot speak for or against him, but be quite sure the state of things was such, that no possible doctors could have set them right. It was, surely, a matter of time, whether they went to pieces and no other matter. A clever physician keeps a dying man some weeks longer in life than a second-rate one, but the wonder rather is that the frame-work of government kept together so long at Rome, than that now it goes. Take this one point. The Pontifical States find, admit, of no *employment* whatever for the young [lay]men, who are, in consequence, forced to go into mischief, if they go into anything. Fancy the state of Birmingham if the rising generation had nothing to do but to lounge in the streets and throng the theatre.'

To Mr. John Pollen.

'Nov. 26th, 1860.

'. . . How good and bad news are commingled here below. To-day comes the news of the Duke of Norfolk's death. How very deplorable, humanly speaking, except for himself, and what a vanity is life. Only the other day succeeding to his title, and taking his place as one of the first persons in the Realm, and now in the prime of life hurried away. What a sad thing for the boy, not thirteen, who succeeds to him. It must have been a great consolation to him in his last days to know the family had so faithful a

[1] Henry Granville, Duke of Norfolk, father of the present Duke.

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protector, when he was removed, as Hope-Scott. The last time I saw him was at Abbotsford. What changes since then!'

TO THE SAME.

'March 14th, 1861.

'. . . The notion of my publishing a book is one of those bright thoughts which I wish I could execute as easily as persons can report it of me. Our Bishop and the Cardinal have declared it so positively, down to the number of volumes, and the condition of the proof sheets, as simply to overcome inmates of this house who believed that such strong assertions must be well founded; whereas it is not a bit more true from beginning to end than that I am going to command the Channel Fleet. I wish it were; but my time is consumed by the *quotidiana solicitudo* of little things.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory: January 10th, 1861.

'A happy New Year to you. I have been wishing to write to you some time, but the duties of each day, as it comes, absorb my time. We are building, and I am called down every hour to answer some question. All this not only occupies but wearies and excites me, so I do nothing else.

'I said Mass for you this morning. Is Ireland as cold as we are? The frost is now in its fourth week. I have had a cold, but nothing worse. It is all but gone.

'As to your question, I admire exceedingly the volunteers for the Pope. Especially Major O'Reilly, whom I know, is a hero—but as for the volunteer movement for the Pope itself, I don't know why, but I hear that the Irish Catholic gentry are very much annoyed with the clergy for their conduct in it. And I have seen enough of Ireland to know, that the clergy do treat the gentry with great inconsiderateness; or, plainly, do ignore them.

'The same distance, why I know not, is between the clergy and gentry in Italy,—and that is at the root of the mischief there. As far as I can make out, not instruction, but repression is the rule. I don't mean that they do not know their catechism, but their intellect is left to grow wild; in consequence it rebels; and is not met with counter and stronger intellect, but by authority. Of course I can only conjecture, but this seems to be the case.

'Should the temporal power of the Pope fall (which is as yet far from clear) I shall be tempted to conclude that it

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was impossible, (without a miracle) to remedy the above deadlock without a revolution. If the vagaries of Protestantism and infidelity have free course in Italy, I shall not feel sure that fewer souls out of the whole nation go to heaven, (putting aside infants) than went under the state of things which preceded these profanities. But it is premature to say that the temporal sovereignty will fall.

'It is a wonderful time,—the oldest power in the world, China, and the newest, the United States, coming to pieces,—and the oldest European Powers,—the Pope and the Turk,—losing their temporalities.'

To Miss Froude.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 20th, 1861.

'My dear Child,—A great bore and nuisance it is, as you say, that I have to receive a letter from you—especially when it is for my birthday, and written, as yours is, with so much effusion of heart. Indeed, I am frightened at my great age, and I need people to be kind to me, to support me under the thought of it. I account it quite a mercy from Heaven that, (why I hardly know, for most people don't know their own birthdays, much less those of other people) so many of my friends bear mine in memory. For myself, I remember my fourth birthday, my fifth, my sixth, my tenth, my eighteenth, as days shining out from the long lapse of time to which they belong,—and, I suppose, it is some unconscious manifestation of the keen feeling which my birthday raises in me, which has occasioned others to become acquainted with it. But how you and your mother found it out, I have not an idea.

'Well, I say it is a mercy, because your kind religious thoughts of me upon it, and those of others kind like you, will gain me grace to bear its burden. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

of the Oratory.'

To Miss Holmes.

'April 14th, 1861.

'I have been made very anxious by the accounts of the Pope's indisposition. It is wonderful indeed that he has borne so much—and at his age such a load of responsibility and suspense must, humanly speaking, be his death. People quote the instance of Pius VII who lived till 80—but his troubles were over when he was about the present Pope's age, whereas, as to the latter, things must be worse, as they say, before they are better.'

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To Father Ambrose he writes from the country house of the Oratory at Rednal, on July 6, 1861:

'Rednal has been beautiful, and I and William have been enjoying it. He is as enthusiastic about it as I am. My drawback has been my want of sleep. My nights are restless. Dr. Evans is away.

'What teases me is the loss of time. . . .

'My feeling is that I have not yet fulfilled my mission and have work to do. This haunts me.'

To Miss Holmes.

'Brighton: Aug. 5th, 1861.

'It is all but 30 years since I have been here. I have been ordered from home by the doctors, not that I am ill in any way, but the anxieties of thirty years are telling upon me. When I was last here they had hardly begun. I date them from my having to relinquish the Oriel Tuition in 1830. I have hardly had a success since,—and continual disappointment wears away the mind. While I was here in 1828 I had one of my greatest losses,—my sister, cut off in a few hours, lies in the cemetery attached to the old Church.

'I have been going about seeing once again, and taking leave for good, of the places I knew as a child. I have been looking at the windows of our house at Ham near Richmond, where I lay aged 5 looking at the candles stuck in them in celebration of the victory of Trafalgar. I have never seen the house since September 1807—I know more about it than any house I have been in since, and could pass an examination in it. It has ever been in my dreams.

'Also I tried to find the solitary cottage in which I passed my summer and autumn holydays at Norwood, when I was a schoolboy, but the whole face of the country is changed. Norwood was a *terra incognita* then, the wild beautiful haunt of gypsies. I had not been there since 1816.

'I bade them both farewell for good,—and perhaps I shall bid a like adieu to part of Hampshire which I knew when I was an undergraduate, where I have been but one day in 1834 since 1819.

'Is it not sad about Sidney Herbert? I have been continually thinking of him, and now that I am recommencing to say Mass, shall say a Mass for him. He was so kind as to go out of his way to call on me in Santa Croce at Rome in 1847.'

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To Miss Holmes, who urged him to set down for her some details of his life-story, he wrote on August 18:

'I was born in the city of London, I lived when a child in London and Ham, London and Brighton, London and Norwood,—I was at school at Ealing, near London. When I was an undergraduate I was a good deal in Hampshire. After my father's death in 1824 I have had no home but Oxford and Birmingham. It is a short tale, without adventure, without interest except for myself.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Oct. 17th, 1861.

'I returned from the Isle of Wight last night and found your letter on the table. I should have written before to you, had my time been my own. . . .

'Thank you for your various solicitude about me. I am glad to say that I am now able to go about my work as usual. As to my reading light books, I think it all fudge,—what I really want is what no one can give me,—to have an immunity from care and trouble. It is now for thirty years and more, that I have had little more than unrest. I suppose it is the condition of human life, though some people have joyful events to break their trials. . . . The souls in purgatory are without sin, and are visited by angels, yet, though they have higher privileges, they have more pains than we have, and that in spite of their having no bodies to be the seat of the suffering.'

TO MISS FROUDE.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 23rd, 1862.

My dear Isy,—Thank you for your kind letter and remembrance of my birthday. *Have* old people birthdays? Somehow they die out of memory and the death day, could it be known by anticipation, ought to stand instead of them. I send you a strange kind of egotistical present,—and another for Hurrell. I never had my photograph taken till now—and, as usual, friends were not pleased with it, so I have had to have several. I daresay you will like neither. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.

'P.S.—Mama has given me a very pleasant account of you. I am very much better in health than I was, and seem to have been strengthened in order to be equal to some late trial.'

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To Miss Holmes.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 2nd, 1862.

'I thank you for your beautiful little book, and the affectionate remembrance you have made of me in your handwriting in it. In this world of change it is a great thing to have unchanging friends—and you are one of them who have been most faithful to me amid all vicissitudes. It is not every Saint even, who can persevere—St. Columbanus, who did such great things, could not settle down in one place—and I think this is in the nature of you Celts.'

To the Same.

'43 Walmer Road, Deal: Oct. 5th, 1862.

'. . . I was not unmindful of your kindness in sending me your photograph, tho' I did not acknowledge it. You know photographs never please friends; so you must not wonder if I was not reconciled to yours. You ought (if you didn't) to have gone to your artist with a friend, to have talked to her with animation, and then paused for a few seconds, while the expression which conversation had created was still vividly upon you, for the operation of the photographist, —whereas most persons go expressly *for* the operation, and make up their minds for it, as if it were an execution. The result of course is something very grave and disappointing. Now I hope it won't disappoint you, that I have said this. What I see in your photograph, I see in a multitude of others.'

To Ambrose St. John.

'Royal Hotel, Ramsgate: Oct. 16th, 1862.

'*You're* a pretty fellow to talk against economizing,—you, who talk of being "delighted with my letters on the *Home & Foreign*," and of their being written, oh dear! "in my happiest style"—and of "my coming out first rate." *You're* a pretty fellow to talk, who have been telling me only the sunshiny side of all that has been going on.

'I am enchanted with this place, but tell William that for all *substantial* matters Deal did as well as any place could do. 1. I was perfectly quiet. 2. the weather, after the first week, was splendid. 3. I was out in the air good part of the day. Recollect coming to Deal was *my* act;—and Ramsgate would have been crowded then. . . .'

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TO THE SAME.

'Sept. 25th, 1862.

'It *was* Jowett I came up with. I did not know I had ever known him *personally*. He was so vigorous in his demonstrations (of countenance) that at last I asked him some indifferent question. On which he at once came and sat next me, and said, that he had known me in the Long Vacation of 1840. We had a good deal of conversation. He got out at Oxford.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 16th, 1863.

'Day after day have I been sending you the sermons—and yet I have not done it. I got them out months ago, but I tried to weigh them and they would not weigh,—that is, I could not ascertain their weight. And I weighed shillings and half-crowns against such weights as I had, to fathom the difficulty, but could not satisfy myself. And so it has gone on till I am quite ashamed of myself.

'And now accept my best Easter greeting, though the sacred season is fleeting, and the months are completing the burst of the spring. It is here a wonderful spring, an *annus mirabilis* in that we have had no cold winds, no black heavens—but the brightest February, the mildest March, and the most balmy April that I can recollect. The white blossoms of the fruit trees have been out these ten days—and the hedges were green at Easter. It is said to have been a bad season for colds. I have not found it so. For the first time in three years I have been able to celebrate at the Holy Week services, and I have had no cold through the winter. So you need not for some time fancy me breaking.'

TO FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

'Rednal: Tuesday, June 9th, 1863.

'When I got here last night, poor Mrs. Catton was in a dreadful state. She had quite forgotten I was coming, thinking only of your cow which was all but given over. She was crying and sobbing, had been up four nights, and was to be up that night. And her great distress was that poor Father Ambrose was so very unfortunate; he had lost so much, and really it was not her fault if the cow died.

'She moved me so much that I said Mass for you this morning, first, from gratitude for what you have done to this place, and next from sorrow that you cannot enjoy your own

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work yourself. This is the "amari aliquid" which "surgit" in the midst of my own enjoyment of it.

'However, through this day the cow has been improving. The doctor says he has 140 cows under the same complaint; it is the milk fever. They say calves should never be born at this time of year.

'Mrs. Catton has begged and prayed me not to tell you what a state she has been in about you, but I steadily refused to oblige her. On which she said: "she never, never would tell me anything again," but her distress was patent to the whole world, to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and no confidential communication.'

To the Same.

'August 30th, 1863.

'My letter has been stopped,—first by my great day-long doings in the Library. I have been dusting, arranging, and re-arranging to an heroic degree, though I have not yet done all. And next Frederick Rogers paid me a visit, and was the whole of yesterday with me. It is 20 years since we met. When he first saw me, he burst into tears, and would not let go my hands,—then his first words were: "How altered you are!" The lapse of so long a time brings itself in no other way so vividly. In memory, actions and doings of years ago appear like yesterday, and indeed in the course of the day he was led to cry out: "Oh, how like you!" and quoted parallel remarks of mine on occasions when we had been together, but, in the countenance, the silent course of years speaks unmistakably and all at once. We talked exceedingly freely on all subjects—my *own* difficulty is to keep from speaking *too* freely. It pleased me to find that he had no scepticism and had not gone back, apparently, one hair's breadth—but, I fear, neither has he advanced. It was a sad pleasure to me to find how very closely we agreed on a number of matters which have happened since we met. It was almost like two clocks keeping time.'

To the Same.

'Rednal: Sept. 16th, 1863.

'I hope you will come to-morrow—the clematis smells sweetly and the fuchsias are gorgeous. As to the poor dog, I think she is starved. . . .

'I have spoken to the man,—he confesses she won't eat grass, and therefore has *starved* ever since July. Poor suffering animal,—by her gentle crawling about me, I think she knows I take her part.'

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To Miss Holmes.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 27th, 1863.

'My best Christmas greetings to you and to Mr. and Mrs. Leigh.

'But I do not write to say what you will believe I feel, though I do not say it, but to express the piercing sorrow that I feel at Thackeray's death.

'You know I never saw him, but you have interested me in him, and one saw in his books the workings of his mind,—and he has died with such awful suddenness.

'A new work of his had been advertised, and I looked forward with pleasure to reading it, and now the drama of his life is closed, and he himself is the greatest instance of the text of which he was so full: "Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas." I wonder whether he has known his own decay, for a decay I think there has been. I thought his last novel betrayed lassitude and exhaustion of mind, and he has lain by apparently for a year. His last (fugitive) pieces in the *Cornhill* have been almost sermons—one should be very glad to know that he had presentiments of what was to come.

'What a world this is! How wretched they are who take it for their portion. Poor Thackeray! It seems but the other day since we became Catholics. Now all his renown has been since that—he has made his name, has been made much of, has been fêted, and has gone out,—all since 1846 or 1847, all since I went to Propaganda and came back a Philippine.'

To Mr. W. Froude.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Jan. 2nd, 1864.

'My dear William,—It is natural to begin by wishing you and yours, as I do from my heart, all blessings during the year we have just begun. A new year is an awful thing at all times, but, as one gets on in life, too solemn a thought almost for words. I recollect how I was oppressed when I was advancing to my lesser climacteric; and now I am close upon my greater. . . .

'Yours ever affectionately,
John H. Newman.'

To Miss Bowles.

'February 13th, 1864.

'It is very sad indeed to hear you have been so ill. I thought of course you were abroad. Well, it seems a token of God's Will towards you. What trials you have had. I do

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hope you are getting well. Please keep me *au courant* about yourself. Oh! what a thing life is, and how objectless to most of us, unless there were a future. We seem to live and die as the leaves; but there is One Who notes the fragrance of everyone of them, and, when their hour comes, places them between the pages of His great book.

'And the book you have sent me is a kind of type of that rich Book of Life. I wonder over the vast toil which it implies, and don't know how enough to thank you for the love towards me it shows to have wrought out a present so beautiful and so perfect. How many hours must I have been, at least virtually and by implication, in your thoughts. I feel how very unworthy I am of such kindness, and I only hope that that minute, persevering diligence which is but another form of a multitude of prayers for me, may bear fruit in my own soul, and return in numberless blessings upon your head. May we all meet, "who love the Lord Jesus Christ in incorruption," where there is no separation and no change.

'I have nothing to tell you about myself. Mr. Arnold has had the scarlatina and is away. In consequence I am helping to take his place, and have printed an expurgated edition of Terence's "Phormio," and am lecturing a lot of boys on it. We are as yet very fortunate in our boys—and, if I could believe it to be God's Will, would turn away my thoughts from ever writing anything, and should see, in the superintendence of these boys, the nearest return to my Oxford life, for, to my surprise, I find that Oxford "men" and schoolboys are but varieties of one species, and I think I should get on with the one as I got on with the other. But no one will venture to say to me: "Give up writing,"—so I am between two bundles of hay.'

To W. J. Copeland.

'Feb. 23rd, 1864.

'Thank you for your affectionate letter. It is awful to be such an age. It is indeed a calm and quiet time, like the little summer of St. Martin's—and, had I not too much to do, and were not I haunted with misgivings that I ought to do more in the way of writing books than I am doing, I should be too happy. Also I have anxious thoughts, as I suppose most old men have, what will become of those who are nearest to me, when I am gone.'[1]

[1] Further letters belonging to the period covered by this Chapter will be found in the Appendix at p. 643.

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Thus the beginning of 1864 found him a *miles emeritus*—to use his own phrase—tilling his garden, saying his prayers, looking after his schoolboys, thinking of approaching death, his field days apparently at an end. But this was not to last. A trumpet called him to arms in the very month in which these last letters were written. Charles Kingsley published an attack which brought him forth from his tent. Months of intense effort, a battle in which his sword proved keener than ever before, followed. An acknowledged victory—with the eyes of all England once more upon him—brought gratitude from Catholics to the brilliant defender of their cause, and universal congratulations which quickened his pulse once more, and gave him courage and hope for the future. But this story must be told in another chapter.

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APPENDICES

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER III

THE 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine' appeared in the event without theological revision. This was (as has been said in the text) Dr. Wiseman's decision. For a moment he recalled it, acting on the opinion of others, and asked to see the proof sheets. Newman sent them with the following letter:

'Littlemore: Nov. 7, 1845.

'My dear Lord,—Mr. Oakeley brought your Lordship's note this evening, and I have sent to the printer to send you the sheets forthwith.

'With respect to the recommendation of your Lordship's friends, perhaps your Lordship will allow me to say that, since I put the work into your hands, a strong representation has been made to me for which I was not prepared, by a friend who heard of it. He is an influential man, whom no one would like to alienate, who heard his name. He assured me with much emotion that it would altogether destroy the effect of my book with himself and others, if it was known to have undergone a revision. I have informed him in confidence that your Lordship declined to interfere.

'I am, my dear Lord,
Your Lordship's faithful servant,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The book did not at once have the effect he had anticipated on his friend, James Hope, in bringing him to the Catholic Church. On the other hand, we see from the following letter to Hope himself that its reception among Catholics was favourable:

'Littlemore: Dec. 23, 1845.

'My dear Hope,—At first I was much disappointed at what you said about my book—but not on second thoughts. Every thing is right, and is done in its own time. We do not know the time, but He Who orders all things, moves our hearts in order to His purposes. For myself, I really think that on the whole I have been guided, as to the time of my acting, by personal and internal tokens, not by any outward expedience (indeed who can say when the crisis is, and when it is not, in the general state of things?). Yet it certainly seems that in many respects it has been a very seasonable time to act in, not to speak of the curious coincidence of Episcopal and Academical measures against Puseyism. And so I comforted myself about you, as I do about Pusey, that there is some good reason

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why you are kept back, if so—and when the time comes, then the impediment will be removed. And it ill becomes me who have tired the patience of others so many years, and have made their hearts faint while they kept on saying Mass for me, to be vexed at the deliberateness with which the Providential course moves in the case of those I love.

'I am curious to know, for my own instruction, what the new principles are which startle you. As to yourself, please to enquire whether your old principles will not carry you so far as mine. I have had many reasons, which it would be too long to put down, why I have written as I have—but people say I have gone further than the Council of Trent. Don't let any fancy of mine take you from the *antiquæ viæ* if they will *do* the thing. This you will say is good Jesuit morality.

'Everything I yet hear from my new friends about my book *is* favorable. Mr. Husenbeth of Norfolk was one of the most jealous persons *beforehand*, whom I have heard of. After reading it, he wrote to me complimenting me very highly, but saying there were dogmatic faults which were such as might be expected from a person in my situation. I wrote for them. He sent me about 6 (!) passages, most of them only erroneously *worded* so that he expressed my own meaning better or at least more clearly. At the same time he deprecated all appearance of *criticism*, and spoke of me as a "master in Israel" &c. &c. It really was a very kind as well as satisfactory letter. I suppose he is of the opposite party to Dr. Wiseman. Dr. Cox of St. Edmund's has written to say he had got through it, and found it more and more interesting every chapter. Another person writes me word that his friends at Maynooth send him a good account of it,—and, a prepossessed person, but a shrewd and a good and deep divine, Father Dominic, is very much pleased with it.

'Of course however I only hear the favorable reports. I have heard nothing from Stonyhurst—nor from Ushaw; from the latter place however I have the warmest messages. And now I have been my own trumpeter long enough, in answer to your question.

'Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

In regard to Newman's feelings at the time of his conversion, he always disclaimed all consciousness of a supernatural call; and he therefore argued against the reluctance of old disciples to follow him on the ground that they themselves felt no supernatural call. This is most clearly set forth in the following letter of 1848 to Henry Wilberforce:

'I shall lower myself in the eyes of dear friends still Anglican, but duty to truth, duty to the sacred cause of Catholicism, which *needs no miracles* to those who hear Moses and the Prophets, obliges me to say that I had nothing at all like a supernatural call. The contrary—it was a mere conviction, however flickered with doubts, which were *no parts* of it, any more than motes are part of the sunbeam, but a simple conviction, growing through years, the more I read and thought, that the Roman Church was the Catholic Church, and that the Anglican Church was no Church. It came to me first in reading the Monophysite controversy, and then the Donatist. When the affair of No. 90 happened, Manning said: "Shut up your controversy, and go to the *Fathers*, which is your *line*." Well, *they* had been the beginning of my doubts, but I did so. I began to translate St. Athanasius. The truth kept pouring in upon me. I saw in the Semi-Arians the Via-medians; I saw in the Catholic Church of the day the

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identical self of the Catholic Church now;—as you know a friend by his words and deeds, or see an author in his works. Well then I fled back to one's inward experiences—and said that after all I felt the Anglican Church had done me so much good, that, in spite of all outward forebodings, it must be God's minister. But in time this would not stand—it was no sure footing—and would lead to the veriest liberalism.'

Newman did not forget those strangers who had been in the habit of seeking his advice. A letter from one of them—Mr. Melville Portal—shows that the bond thus created was too strong to be entirely severed even for those who could not follow him in his great step:

'Western Circuit, Exeter: March 19, 1846.

'My dear Sir,—I thank you most sincerely for your very kind letter, and for the interest you take in one whom, if you knew him better, you would find to be so unworthy of your consideration and regard. I was on the point of leaving home for the Circuit when it arrived, otherwise I should have answered it sooner.

'You ask me if you can be of use to me. In one way at least you can benefit me, and that is by your prayers, for indeed I have need of Divine aid and guidance. No one can know better than you what are the difficulties and perplexities which are our lot at present, but for those difficulties I still find relief in the four sermons which you once kindly lent me, and I am yet content to believe that though the outward notes are some obscured and some withdrawn from us, which is indeed a sore judgment, yet for myself God has shown me so great mercy through the Sacraments of this communion that I cannot doubt His mysterious Presence with us.

'Pray do not suspect me, my dear Sir, of attempting to write in a controversial spirit; I would not if I could argue with you on such a subject, and it is with the greatest deference that I venture to say thus much; but as you ask me, I must tell you that my feeling still is, that if Christ is with us here, I dare not seek Him elsewhere lest I find Him not. Nevertheless most earnestly do I pray for the time when God may please to bring us again together into one fold, though for myself, it seems to me to be so plainly my duty now to remain in patience where He has cast my lot that I know my conscience would condemn in me a contrary course. You however are now in the enjoyment of high privileges, and of those aids which are denied to us,—oh, cease not to pray for those whom you have left behind in tribulation, and who now deeply and bitterly mourn over your departure from them. For myself I shall never cease to be grateful to you for the instruction and the comfort which I have from time to time received from your teaching, and as you have now so kindly interested yourself on my account, let me entreat you once more to remember me in your prayers.

'Again thanking you for your kind letter and praying for every blessing upon you,

'Believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
MELVILLE PORTAL.'

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APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IV

THE following letters to Henry Wilberforce should be read as well as those cited in the text, as showing Newman's patient and earnest persistence in urging his friend to take the great step he had himself taken:

'Maryvale, Oscott: March 10, 1846.

'I send you a flattering representation of our new abode—though as there is no appearance of your ever seeing it, I should not tell you it was flattering, were I wise. Our cook went last night—we wanted her gone long ago—and a youth, one of Faber's Elton converts, who was a blacksmith, has come to learn cooking. St. John has been busy like Martha all the morning—but then "the morning" does not begin till eight o'clock—and from five till eight he is like Mary. For me, I am getting old and fit for the workhouse.

'All seems to show that we shall prosper, if only we are true to ourselves, that is, to our calling. I am not speaking of individuals, but of the undertaking. For myself, it is good to feel "He must increase, but I must decrease."

'O my dear Henry, this world is such a vanity, let us look at things as we should wish to have looked at them at the last. When I go into chapel, my prayer for you is that He would touch your conscience, Carissime, but everything in its own order—and I am not impatient.'

'Maryvale: March 16, 1846.

'I write a line to set right a wrong inference you have made from a phrase in my last letter. In saying you were not likely to come here, I did not mean to invite you. I fully think with you that it would be unbecoming in you to come. I do not see at all what a beneficed clergyman has to do here—and it would lower you in my esteem while it gratified my affection.

'We are much concerned to hear of your news about George's child. A poor little nephew of my own, Jemima's second child, has nearly been burnt to death.

'This day I have heard of the Pope's intention to send me a silver crucifix. It is the anniversary (5 years since) of the Heads of Houses' Placard with pokers against No. 90.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S. by Father Ambrose St. John. What shall I say to you both and you especially *charissima persecutrix*, except that I am ever *amborum amantissimus*.

'I send you a relic, though you do not deserve it for never writing to me. I saved it from the flames amidst the ruins of Littlemore: also an anecdote: when Newman heard of the Pope's sending him the crucifix he shot out of the Bishop's room like an arrow.'

'Maryvale: March 22, 1846.

'I can say no more than that I will suspend my judgment on the point you write about—but really at the time it is what I expressed to you. This is *not* a private house; it is a seminary for active duties of some kind or other in support of Catholic interests in England—and thereby indirectly hostile to the English Church. However you and I may love each other (and may that love continue unabated!) I have either done what is highly pleasing to God or highly displeasing—and I cannot think that an English clergyman ought to be prepared to deny that it is highly pleasing. We are neither of us private men—you are under an

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APPENDIX

The following is the pedigree of the

Henri Fourdrinier (said to have been a
Admiral of France and to have been
subsequently created a Viscount).

Henri Fourdrinier, born at Caen in Normandy, *circa* 1615. =

Henri Fourdrinier, born at Caen aforesaid *circa* 1658; left France and settled in Gronigen in Holland. =

Paul Fourdrinier, born at Gronigen aforesaid 20 Dec. 1698; buried at Wandsworth Cemetery aforesaid 10 Feb. 1758. Admon. to his son Henry, 18 Feb. 1758 (P.C.C.).

Henry Fourdrinier of Lombard Street, Citizen and Draper of London; born 25 Feb. 1730; died at his house at Stamford Grove 11 Jan. 1799; buried in St. Mary Woolnoth. M.I. there. Will dated 6 Dec. 1796; proved P.C.C. 23 Jan. 1799. (83 Howe.) 2nd husband. = **Jemima White** (widow of ... Manning), born 11 March, 1730; died 5 Sept., 1781; buried at St. Mary Woolnoth aforesaid.

John Newman of Mansion House Street, City, only son of John Newman of Lombard Street. = **Jemima**, born 19 Nov. 1772; married at St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, 29 Oct. 1799; died 17 and buried 21 May, 1836, at St. Mary's Church, Litlemore, Co. Oxford. M.I. there. Other issue.

John Henry Newman, eldest son, born 21 Feb. and baptized at St. Benet Fink, in the City of London, 9 April, 1801. Scholar of Trinity College, M.A. of the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel. Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. Created Cardinal Deacon of St. George in Velabro, 12 May, 1879; died at the Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 11 Aug., and buried at Rednal, Co. Warwick, 19 Aug. 1890. M.I. Other issue.

Frederick George Lee, D.D., Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, [died at Earl's Court Road, Kensington, Co. London, 22 Jan. 1902, and buried at the Catholic Cemetery, Brookwood. M.I. there.]

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HAPTER II

of Fourdrinier referred to at p. 28:

Louis Grollean of Caen aforesaid, and subsequently of Gronigen aforesaid. =

Louis Grolleau, born *circa* 1662; naturalised in England 8 March, 1682; died 26 Dec. 1715; buried at Wandsworth Cemetery, Co. Surrey. = Marie du Fay, married 1686; buried as 'Mary Grolleau, widow (aged) 69,' 8 Feb. 1729, at Wandsworth aforesaid.

usanna, born 11 July, 1693; married 5 Oct. 1721; died 15 and buried at Wandsworth aforesaid 22 Nov. 1746 ('22 Nov. 1746, Susanna, wife of Mr. Paul Fourdrinier of St. Martins in ye Fields (aged) 55.' Wandsworth Register).

Charles Fourdrinier of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; born 9 Aug. 1735; died 6 March, 1803. Will dated 5 June, 1802; proved P.C.C. 15 March, 1803. (204 Marriott.) = Anne Johnson of Petersham, Co. Surrey; married by licence 28 March, 1765; died 5 May, 1802. Admon. to her husband 22 May, 1802. — Other issue.

Robert Withy of Craven Street, Strand, and subsequently of Broad Oak, Brenchley, Co. Kent, a Solicitor of the High Court. Died at Broad Oak aforesaid 30 May, 1844, aged 75, and there buried. M.I. in Brenchley Church. = Anne, mentioned with her husband (and her brother Charles and sister Elizabeth) in her father's will. Married 1 Dec., 1795, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London. 2nd wife. — Other issue.

h Duncan Ostrehan, of Worcester llege, Oxford, B.A. of that University. ar of Creech St. Michael, Co. Somer-. Died at Teignmouth, Co. Devon, Sept. 1870, aged 71 years, and buried Creech aforesaid. M.I. there. = Anne, born in the Parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields aforesaid 18 Feb., and baptized 18 March, 1797; married 13 June, 1822, in London; died 21 March, 1870, and buried at Creech aforesaid. M.I. — Other issue.

ira Louisa, 4th and youngest daughter; born at Shepscombe, Co. Glouc: 22 Nov. 1838, and baptized there 16 Feb. 1839; married at Creech aforesaid 9 June, 1859; died at Lambeth 1 and buried at he Catholic Cemetery, Brookwood, 5 Sept. 1890. M.I. there and at St. George's Cathedral House, Southwark. — Other issue.

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Anglican Bishop and in charge of a Parish; I am public in another way. But I will take time before I make up my mind.'

'St. Mary's Vale, Perry Bar, Birmingham: May 29, 1846.

'My very dear H. W.,—Your letter has just come. Indeed I have thought a good deal of you and your troubles; and was about to write daily, but for a reason I will state presently. I have thought more of your wife, and still more of Mrs. Sargent, whose repeated trials I have talked over and mused upon with St. John. It is all very mysterious. So too is the distress of mind at this moment of other friends of mine, of a different kind—I mean, their struggling to know whether or not they should join the Church of Rome, and not seeing their way—a most consuming, exhausting trial. Yet it will, doubtless, all turn to good. Perhaps, if we knew all, we should know it is impossible for the elect of God to emerge from darkness to light in any other way. Such travail is necessary for the new birth. Perhaps if we saw our way too soon, there might be a re-action and old habits and associations might come over one again. I know too well of the state of those in doubt not to believe that the long trial of some is no sin of theirs, but God's way with them, imparting light slowly that He may impart it more effectually. My only dread is, and it is in some cases very great, when they are not, to all appearance, using the light given them, but shutting their eyes. And as doubt, long continued, may be the fiery process by which one person is brought into the Church, so the loss or alienation of friends by their conversion may be the divinely sent trial of others. It may be the gradual operation by which He prepares their own soul for the trial. . . .

'My paper will not let me say more. I am expecting daily a letter from Propaganda, which will determine whether I leave for Rome at the end of next month (June) or not. Keep this secret. I meant to write to you on receipt of it.

'As to the reports about me *Decipi vult populus et decipiatur*. If I put letters with my name into the papers, and the people will not believe, what is to be done?

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—Don't tell—but I receive Minor Orders on the day before Trinity Sunday.'

'St. Mary's Vale, Perry Bar: June 8th, 1846.

'My going abroad is put off, I am glad to say, till the autumn.

'June 10. Your letter has just come. I received the Tonsure and Minor Orders on Saturday. I thought you had at some time had a promise from me that I would send you some of Richard's characters. The other day I came across some of them in putting my papers to rights, and have copied them out.

. . . . . .

'Well, when I admit that the English Church is in schism, I see a mass of facts confirmatory of it—its disorganized state of belief—its feebleness to resist heretics—its many changes—its freezing coldness—and on the other hand, I have the portentous, the awful, vitality of Rome. This is an overpowering confirmatory argument. Another is this—that according to the lawyers' phrase, the doctrines of the Catholic Church (e.g. the Mass) go back to a time such that the memory of man "knoweth not" anything different. It is the strongest ground in law.'

'June 25, 1846.

'I still think you are short of fair, short of deep, in your statement of the question. You consider that practices first exist, and are developed into doctrines—and this is your main view of development. "Where there has been a real development," you say, "the *practice* (sic) *always* (sic) existed which

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implied the later doctrine; but where the doctrine is really novel, and not merely developed, the practice which springs from it is novel also."

'Well then, what do you say to St. Augustine and St. Basil not being baptized in infancy? Could the "practice" of infant baptism, in Africa, in Asia Minor, have been, up to the fourth century, what it is now—and they have been left without the Sacrament by pious mothers? What would be said to you now, if you left your child unbaptized? Would you not have to encounter a cry of horror on all sides? The practice then of infant baptism was not established or received for some hundred years. Yet do you deny the doctrine that that sacrament is the one ordinary means of salvation? why not? for you say that "practical obedience to Rome is later than the doctrinal theory"—and is not the practical application of baptism to infants later than the thory of its necessity?

'I am far from denying that infant baptism was known from the first ages; I only say that it was not received in the sense it was afterwards. On the other hand I can only lift up my hands in astonishment at your statement that "the fact is, the Churches did not know or dream of any authority of Rome over them." Not the Alexandrian Church for instance—of whom Pope Julius, as St. Athanasius vouches, says, "Are you ignorant that the custom has been for word to be written first to us, and then for a just sentence to be passed from this place?" While St. Dionysius was actually appealed against to Rome, and responded to the appeal.

'Nor have you gone to the bottom of the case of the Immensus Filius. It is not that the early Fathers held it, but "did not express themselves uniformly," but with "inaccuracies." Not so—they denied the doctrine. Their denial, it being almost a *consensus*, is a far stronger *fact* than the fact of St. Cyprian, in a personal, or national matter, and on a point in which after all he was mistaken, opposing the Pope, while he elsewhere maintains his authority.

'The fact I believe to be this—the early Fathers made incorrect intellectual developments of portions or aspects of that whole Catholic doctrine which they held, and so far were inconsistent with themselves. Their opinions contradicted their implicit faith—and they said and held things which they would have shrunk from, had they seen, as heretics afterwards exhibited, that they were really destructive of the doctrine of Christ. Yet they really held them; I will not explain away the fact, nor must you. I really do not think you can deny, that the Fathers, not merely did not contemplate true propositions, "afterwards established," but actually contemplated false. In like manner from a view of the great benefits of baptism, they untruly developed and acted on the proposition "Therefore it is good to defer it."

'So far from agreeing with your general principle, I consider it quite as true to say that doctrine ever came first, and practice was its development. Bishop Butler implies it, when he speaks of the knowledge of relations imposing duties. And in matter of fact the whole ritual system is a later development of the original creed. I suspect you will find less of processions and vestments than of Papal supremacy in the ages of persecution.

'As to the George Ryders. I am sorry to hear you do not like their mode of acting. Do not, however, fear for her—*noli timere*. There is a grace in the Catholic Church which is not lightly got rid of and it binds the soul tight. Keble speaks somewhere of the weakness of things of earth to tempt one "who once has tasted of immortal truth." That it may be your blessed lot, Carissime, to receive the offer of that treasure and not to reject it, is the constant prayer of

'Your affectionate friend,

J. H. N.'

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'17 Grosvenor Place, London: July 4, 1846.

'My dear Henry,—I have not got your letter with me, but I doubt whether I should answer it, if I had. When two persons differ in their view of a fact, the point must be left. Such seemed the case between your and my last letters. If on returning home, it seems not to be so, then I will write again.

'You do not seem to have apprehended, or rather I to have expressed, why I introduced what I said about "the Church." What I mean is this:—If we can get a tolerable notion *which* is the Church, and know (as we do) that it may be trusted because it is the Church, then comes the question *why* should not the Pope's supremacy be one of the points on which it may be trusted? For myself I have had so great experience of the correctness of the Roman view where once I thought otherwise, that I should be a beast if I were unwilling to take the rest on faith, from a confidence that what is still obscure to me (if there be anything such, I am not alluding to anything) is explainable. And it seems to me extravagant or unreasonable in you to demand proof of one certain particular tenet which it so naturally comes to the Church to decide. If the Roman Church be the Church, I take it whatever it is—and if I find that Papal Supremacy is a point of faith in it, this point of faith is not to my imagination so strange, to my reason so incredible, to my historical knowledge so utterly without evidence, as to warrant me in saying "I *cannot* take it on faith."

'I have not, I say, your letter here, but I know you say something about sanctity as the test of the Church. I should still, as far as I see, take it as such. Day by day, am I more and more struck with this note in the Roman Church as contrasted with the Anglican. The series of evidences depending on the inward work of the Spirit, from miracle to personal graces, has been most wonderfully unfolded to me since my conversion, in the natural intercourse and conversation I have had with Catholics. As to personal graces, as far as I have had experience, I have been extremely struck with their rigid purity. Evidence of this has come before me in a way not to be mistaken. How low the Anglican Church is here. Of course I am speaking of religious (i.e. pious) persons in both communions. Again, I have a passage in my first volume of Sermons, about the inconsistencies of good men. And I have ever made consistency the mark of a saint. Now I think the Anglican History presents very few patterns of this virtue. You have, as a parallel in the Roman Church, great Popes, great divines,—why are these not saints? I have asked myself. Why I see, on looking closer, they perhaps had some one failing—wanted a certain elevation of mind—or were peevish or petulant—or had something or other about them which an "Advocatus Diaboli" would discover, which deprives them of the title. Now the Anglican worthies very seldom indeed rise above this sort of excellence. Moreover I have been exceedingly struck with the abiding *φανταsία* of religion which Catholics have. The articles of faith are external facts taken for granted—worship is an offering really made to a real Presence, &c., &c. But I have not time to go on. My best love to my dear H. W.

'From yours affectionately,
'J. H. N.'

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APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VIII

THE following two letters add to the information given in the text concerning Newman's relations with William Froude in these years. The first was written in 1850,[1] the second was addressed to Mr. Henry Wilberforce after he had joined the Catholic Church in the same year:

'As to dear William Froude's letter of April, 1847, it contains two arguments against inquiry in religious matters, and for acquiescence in doubt.

'He speaks of a state of mind "certainly different from a long and anxious condition of change"—one in which one is "taking *no steps for* oneself or apparently getting nearer to a change." And he thinks there is "no intelligible reason for following it."

'One of his two grounds is, that, whereas I once said "that, if I were right in my doubts, what had happened to me might *happen to others* also," till then the least unsatisfactory course seems to be to stand still. He refers particularly to Keble and Pusey. He says too that perhaps "some happy reunion may be yet in store."

'Now as to Keble and Pusey, perhaps it is more wonderful that a person of my age (when I left them) should have embraced a new religion, than that they should not have done the same. But *valeant quantum*; I will not touch the argument, as derived from them, here. Yet my anticipation, as William has recorded it, has been remarkably fulfilled. One after another, moving not as a party, but one by one, unwittingly, because they could not help it, men of mature age, from 40 to past 50, in all professions and states, numbers have done what I have done since the date of W. F.'s letter. . . . I cannot help thinking it was dangerous for W. F. to have recourse to this argument. It is surely much easier to account for Keble and Pusey not moving, Catholicism being true, than for all these persons moving, Catholicism being not true. And, whereas it was the fashion at first to use this argument, as W. F. does in 1847, against us, I think it ought to have its weight *now for* us. It was the fashion then to say "O, Newman is by himself. We don't deny his weight—but no one else of any name has gone—and are we to go by one man?" Times are altered now.

'Alas, this was not W. F.'s real reason, this which *solvitur ambulando*. I did not get his letter at Rome—I had not the opportunity of answering it; but, so far, Time has answered it for me in a way which solves all doubt, by bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.

'The second ground is his real reason, which Time will also solve too—though not so soon. Alas, that he will not anticipate its unsoundness, as he has not anticipated the unsoundness of the former.

'The second argument which W. F. uses with himself is that he has got less and less to see his way in any such question; and there is least private judgment in making no judgment at all.

'This means, when brought out, this:—that, without denying there is a truth, which would be absurd, (for either Catholicism, as we hold it, is from God or it is not,) we have not been vouchsafed means sufficient for getting at the truth; and therefore if we attempt it, it is like attempting to fly, or to sail on the Atlantic

[1] This letter is among the collection left by Mrs. Froude. But from its terms it can hardly have been written to her. The beginning is missing.

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in a pleasure boat without compass—we shall be lost,—or we shall go wrong—or we shall be ever at sea—or, if we attain anything better than what we start from, it will be by accident.

'I do not undervalue at all the speciousness of this argument. But I would remark at once that almost all truth "lies in a well."

'Does not this saying imply two things (1) that it is hard to find, yet (2) that it may be found.

'If it is so in other subject matters, may it not be so in religion too?

'Is it not likely to be so, inasmuch as the difficulty of arriving at truth seems to vary with the preciousness and refinement of its kind? I have observed on this at length in one of my University Sermons.

'Is it not a coincidence, (not to speak of the *authority* of Scripture declaration), that so much is said of crying after wisdom, "asking and knocking," &c., &c., in Scripture?

'When then a certain portion of our race are certain they have found religious truth, should we not feel as we might do, if, while ignorant of mathematics, we found a number of educated persons simply confident of Newton's conclusions? I mean, admit that truth was attainable in religion, though we had not attained it.

'Nor do I think it matters that many men are "certain" of what is opposite to Catholic truth—or "certain" that Catholicism is false—for men have been "certain" that Newton was false—yet that would not move us against Newton, because, though we are no judge of Newton's reasonings, we may be judges of the persons who use and embrace them—and all the Dominicans in the world might not move us in favour of any theory but Newton's—though we understood the argument on neither side. In like manner there are men *rationally* certain in religion—and *irrationally* certain—and we may be judges of this, though not as yet judges of their reasons.

'And here, recurring to what I said before, I do really think the character and variety of the converts to Catholicism of late in England form a most powerful argument, that there is such a thing as ascertainable truth in religion—and I am willing that a man should set against them, Luther, Cranmer, and Co., if he wishes.

'Next, it must be considered that, though there is a profession of certainty among Protestants, and pious earnest people among them, yet their certainty commonly relates to, and their religious life is seated in, doctrines which are included in Catholicism—so that their certainty cannot be considered to contradict and invalidate the certainty of Catholics.

'I do not think then, that any *prima facie* incompleteness or unsatisfactoriness of the arguments for Catholicity are sufficient to lead us to acquiesce in the notion that truth cannot be attained about it. For whatever probability there is, from the persons professing certainty about Catholicity, that they are rationally certain, such degree of probability is there that those arguments are only *prima facie* and not (substantially) of this incomplete and unsatisfactory character.[1]

'On the other hand, taking the two instances to which W. F. refers. Keble is not certain of anything — and if I put him on one side, and men like R. Wilberforce, Hope Scott, or Allies on the other, he does not pretend to collide with them; he only has not what they have.

'Again, as to Pusey, he indeed is most "certain"—but the greater part of things, far, of which he is certain, are those of which Catholics are certain—and

[1] [Marginal note.] My argument is that against the probability adverse to Catholicism, arising from the *prima facie* incompleteness of its proof, must be put the *prima facie* probability in its behalf arising from the 'certainty' of Catholics.

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as to other points, in which he differs from Catholics, how he can be said to be certain of them I cannot tell, for, if his words are fairly quoted, he contradicts himself continually, or affirms to one person what he denies to another.

'Then, when, quitting this view of the subject—we fall back to the consideration of the arguments themselves, it must be recollected that in all departments *cuique in arte sua credendum*. By which I mean that, as I have said above, a man cannot suddenly get up a subject, and see the drift and bearings of it, the relative importance of its parts, and the value of its arguments.

'Men who have lived in the dark, see things with a clearness unintelligible to those who enter it from the broad day. That religious truth is an obscure subject granted; but that does not prove that we cannot find out its roads and their termination.

'We are told by Bishop Butler, that this difficulty of finding is the very trial of our earnestness, and the medium of our reward.

'Every science requires a preparation, that we may feel and appreciate its principles and views. Is it unnatural that the subject of religion needs a preparation too?

'Is it wonderful, if, considering religion is a special subject, this process should be peculiar? Is it wonderful, considering that its scope and its subject are supernatural, its preparation should be supernatural also?

'Perhaps then what divines call grace, the supernatural assistance of the Father of Lights, may be the necessary preparation for our understanding the force of arguments in the subject matter of religion; and perhaps prayer may be the human means, in the way of cause and effect, of gaining that supernatural assistance.

'I do not see then that I am bound to believe W. F.'s statement of the unsatisfactoriness of religious inquiry, and the necessity of an everlasting suspense, until I am sure that he contemplates the probability of that being true, which is not improbable in itself, and which all those who have attained certainty say is true—that a preparation of mind of a particular kind is indispensable for successful inquiry and till he makes it clear to me that he duly appreciates that probability.

'I should like an inquirer to say continually "O my God, I confess that thou canst enlighten my darkness—I confess that Thou only canst. I *wish* my darkness to be enlightened. I do not know whether Thou wilt; but that Thou canst, and that I wish, are sufficient reasons for me to ask, what Thou, at least has[t] not forbidden my asking. I hereby promise Thee that, by Thy grace which I am seeking, I will embrace whatever I at length feel certain is the truth if ever I come to be certain. And by Thy grace I will guard against all self deceit which may lead me to take what nature would have, rather than what reason approves."

'If a man tells me he has thus heroically cast himself upon God, and persisted in such a prayer, and yet is in the dark, of course my argument with him is at an end. I retire from the discussion, and leave the matter to God.'

To Henry Wilberforce.

'Oratory, Birmingham: December 28th, 1850.

'My dear H.,—The difficulty of answering William Froude is first his vagueness, and next his difference from me in first principles. *I do not think he could resist intimacy*—but he keeps at arms' length. I have before this expostulated with him for not seeing me—his excuse to himself is "Oh, it is so painful to talk with J. H. N., to differ from him—I can't bear it—and I could not talk out to

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him all I felt." Yet I feel certain he could not envelope himself in generalities, if he fairly opened his mind to a Catholic whom he knew and loved. But he is not the only person who has winced from the conversation of Catholics.

'As to the argument from the promise, it is but one part of a large question. Take his "*inexorable* logic"—now how unreal this term is, when you come to particularize. Supposing a man tells me that for certain he will call on me to-day or to-morrow, and does not come to-day, is it inexorable logic which makes me expect him to-morrow? (Who was the father of Zebedee's children? is it inexorable logic which makes me say Zebedee?) I mean, there are certain things inevitable, certain principles being granted. On the other hand it is doubtless quite possible to fall into the extravagance of dealing with moral proofs as if they were mathematical—which is really "inexorable logic." But the question is *to which* does our Catholic argument belong? the former kind of logic falsely called inexorable, or the latter? If to the former, it is a mere *name* fastened on a good argument.

'People love to reason *till* they are beaten; then they talk of inexorable logic—as others talk of sophistry, jesuitry, &c. I don't think the Puseyistic and Transcendentalist "inexorable logic" (for strangely enough Pusey and my brother Frank, Isaac Williams and Thackeray, agree here) a whit more respectable than the "sophistry" of Luther on the Galatians, and the "Jesuitism" of the *Record* or *Christian Observer*.

'Give a dog an ill name and hang him—our Anglo-Catholic friends enjoyed my logic while it attacked the Evangelicals, Hampden, &c., &c., but when it went *too far*, then it was inexorable, and I deteriorated.

'As to the articles in the *Guardian*, it astonishes me they are by Rogers—how so clever a man can argue so weakly! But besides they are but *negative*. W. F. should be asked *what* he believes—what he has *positive* in his religion—to say that the Roman Church is wrong does not make the Anglican right. And this is what I think so unfair in his argument—that they dare not, won't, say, *what* they believe and *why*—they fence off. I said to dear W. F. about two years ago "*What* do you believe? and *why*?" and I have got, and believe he can give, no answer. The unfairness of this, unfairness, I mean, to himself, trifling with awful matters, is to me *incomprehensible*. The inexorable logic topos may parry my attack, but how can it satisfy himself? his "remaining where he is" does not *ipso facto* give him a creed.

'For instance, let me say, as Rogers and others, I suppose, will say—"I need not hold Scripture inspired or more than a human document—but *I see* contained, brought out, in it, a superhuman character. Did I find that character in Hume's England, or in Livy, *n'importe*—here is a fact and a supernatural one—a real person, more than man—bearing on Him the tokens of coming from God—*Him* I believe, without an implicit submission to *Scripture* as proved infallible."

'Well—I admit this is a view—but I want to see what you *mean* by it—or how far you carry it—so I must ask you some questions, not to puzzle you, not to confute you, but really to get at *what you mean* fully, and thus to see what your view is worth.

'You mean, that our Lord's words and works, and history, as making up His character, are intrinsically supernatural, and recommend themselves as such to our moral instincts. Well then *do you believe* those words and works and history? i.e. do you accept them as true? Our friend looks suspicious, and begins in his heart to suspect I am one of the inexorable logicians. He wants to know more what I am driving at, before he answers.

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'I proceed—of course there must be something *practical* in your recognition of our Lord—He is not a mere beautiful picture—but a master, a teacher—else He is nothing. When then you say "Our Lord is enough for us," you mean that you have a Teacher from Heaven, and His teaching, revealed to you through the medium of Scripture. Well then, my question is, do you make His words and works and history, therein contained, a rule to you, a rule of faith and conduct? Our friend at last is obliged to assent.

'(1) Then I want to know, do you submit yourself to *all* His words and works and His whole history, or do you admit some things and not others, and if so, why?

'(2) Is His history with His words and works, as a *whole*, clear enough to teach you definitely what to believe and what to do?

'Here at length I shall be sure to be accused of inexorable logic—yet surely these two considerations are the necessary and immediate result of turning my mind to the subject. Is there no such fault as what the Provost used to call "inaccuracy of mind"? W. F. is an engineer—would he ever dream of assenting to any speculator who offered him a Patent, without applying his mind to see how the machinery worked? Theories are looked hard at by a clear headed man, and the flaw is then seen at once. To use general terms and glowing words is only fit for women and for Sewell of Exeter. It is to Sewellise, or to Mauricise.

'Now I would say that the greater part of our Lord's teaching is *not* clear—and where it is clearest, it is most startling to the imagination. Perhaps the clearest doctrine of all laid down is that of Eternal Punishment. (Is this doctrine to be received as a sole dogmatic truth, like some promontory coming clear out of a thick sea fog?)

'On the other hand, can anyone without trifling call the Sermon on the Mount, the institution and doctrine of the two Sacraments, the Discourse before the Passion, the institution of the Church, Matt. xvi.—intelligible without a comment? I do not mean that they have not our sense—but could we be sure of it? *Why* do we not take the precepts about turning the face to the smiter, &c., literally? &c., &c. Are we, or are we not, to take "This is My Body"—John vi., literally? In corroboration, does He not expressly refer us to a further teaching, that of the Paraclete?

'Well then on the whole, *what* is our creed? does anyone mean to say he finds the Anglican creed, and nothing more or less, in our Saviour's teaching? Does our friend, thus taught, believe in the Athanasian creed, in the Atonement, in Original Sin, in the Real Presence, in Sacramental influence, in &c., &c.? Surely I have a right to ask him *what* he believes.

'He won't tell; I know he won't—but he will talk of my inexorable logic. But he has to answer God, not me—it is not a question of polemics, but of personal duty.

'I have brought out what I mean, not at all to my own satisfaction—but I have set it down to illustrate what I meant by saying "take him off *generals*—bring him down to particulars—bring him to book."

'All I can say is, (not alluding to dear W. F.) I have no sympathy in such a state of mind—nor ever have had—it is to me simply incomprehensible. I could not feed on words, without ideas. It is sheer Sewellism.

'As to Mr. B.[1] he is so unreal as to be simply ludicrous.

'As to both of them, I should say to them, Pray for grace and light—pray to view things *really*. I have very great doubts, if either of them prays

[1] Who Mr. B. is I have been unable to discover.

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unreservedly to be led into the truth; if they say, "O my God, I am in darkness —but I wish to be led into the truth—deny me not the truth *at any sacrifice*—I will go through all things for it." E.g. *you* were anxious and miserable—if they are so too, I am hopeful about them. As to dear W. F. he is continually in my prayers, but I wish he seemed to take things less easily.

'Ambrose and I laughed heartily at your Preacher. He said "Sarved him right"—and I smiled grimly. Carissime, you have from time immemorial loved me, *and* distrusted me, especially during the last year. You have *gone* to bad Preachers—enjoy them.

'Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.'

'*Dec.* 29. I have been dreaming last night of Rogers, through sheer amazement. Wonderful, that to say "What and why" should be inexorable logic! Why, the Anglo-Catholicism of fifteen years back professed to answer them at once. My Prophetical office is taken up in the What and the Why. No one called *that* rationalism or inexorable logic. Well, *that* theory, that answer to the questions, broke down under *facts*, historical facts. The question then returns, What do you believe, and why? and now, *since* it involves an action, it is voted rationalism. While the question was to defend a position, and to justify doing nothing, it was not rationalism. Wonderful indeed! when the treasurer of Candace said "How can I, unless some one teach me?" this too, I suppose, was rationalism. Now is it not a most wonderful trial to one's faith in individuals, to be obliged to believe that they are *sincere* in thus speaking, and that there is not some deeper and truer mode of accounting for it. In Rogers I think it is a deep scepticism, i.e., a shrinking from receiving absolutely what another tells him—an utter suspiciousness of what does not approve itself to his moral feeling —i.e., in substance the very principle which rules my brother, though not so boldly expressed. Of course I don't say all this to anyone but you, and can't bring out my meaning of what I feel, satisfactorily to myself.

'After coming from before the Tabernacle, after hearing Mass or attending Benediction, what a mere dream and absurdity and talk do these objections seem! *Here* is the reality—Why don't you force me to argue in proof of my having two legs, you declaring I have only a cork one.

'As to Catholic preaching, the Confessional *makes* it bad. I mean, all seriousness, practicalness, reality, is put *there*, and the sermon is thought to be a display. (It need not be so—it is not so in Italy—though it *is* there in a number of cases.) Add to this, the utter want of taste, arising from an absence of education, and you have your dish smoking hot. (Theology, as mathematics or metaphysics, does not give taste.) Dr. A. B. is an able man—at the opening of Cheadle Church he preached a sermon half screaming, half bellowing, half whining—and Lady D. and other ladies of quality were in raptures with it.

'J. H. N.

'2 P.S. Of course I have not meant to urge above that if a man discovers the above "Christ's character" view to be unreal, as not giving the What and Why, *therefore* he must at once go to Rome. It is very fair to urge that *Rome* has not the What and Why, and to try to maintain it.

'As to the Promise, I think there is a great *difference*, and *harmony*, between the Jewish and the Christian. The Christian is *for a time* as well as the Jewish —the Jewish as well as the Christian is called "for ever." But each is expressly fixed *till an event*. The Jewish is to be for ever "till Shiloh come." The Christian for ever "till the end of time," till the *second* coming.'

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APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XII

One difficulty with which Newman had to deal in the conduct of the University is expressed in a letter to Mr. John Wallis, the Editor of the *Tablet*:

'The Oratory, Birmingham : Sept. 23 1856.

'It seems to me, speaking in confidence, that no small portion of the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland think it a mistake and a misfortune that they have any of the upper or middle classes among them—that they do but feel awkward when a gentleman is converted or shows himself a good Catholic—and in fact that they think that then only Ireland will become again the Isle of Saints, when it has a population of peasants ruled over by a patriotic priesthood patriarchally.

'Now, I really do think this a fact. A gentleman is an evil. See its immediate application to the University. The University is for gentlemen. It is then but a provision for perpetuating and aggravating a recognised evil and nuisance.

'I fear that every word of this statement is true. If so, it is *impossible* that the clergy of Ireland should take up the University; they will only do just what the Holy See compels them to do.

'It seems to me that friends of the University, such as Dr. Moriarty, confess this virtually, for they are ever looking about for poor scholars, cheap lodging houses, and schools for affiliations.

'I am coming then to feel strongly, that, whatever the kindness of Bishops and priests to me personally, they never can be supporters of the University, unless the age of poor scholars revived, which, I assume, is not to be.

'The consequence is, (though I make it without any reference to anything I know, or dream of advocating) that the University must look out elsewhere for its friends, its real friends, and must form alliances, other than that with the country and popular Irish party. It has nothing to hope from priests and people, unless indeed it leaves its present position and scope, and takes up some new work and new office, which is hardly Universitarian.'

Newman's view as to the necessity of some form of State recognition for the University in order to make it successful is expressed in the following letter to Mr. Ornsby:

'January 19, 1859.

'I say, you are set up after the pattern of Louvain. Then take the place of Louvain.[1] From what I have seen in the debates in the Belgian Chambers, I cannot help thinking that, to the Government, Louvain is but a *College*. It submits to the examinations and it takes the degrees of the State Board of Examiners, answering to the Queen's Universities in Ireland. But it calls *itself* a University, it gives degrees in theology, which the State does not pretend to give, and it gives degrees in the lower faculties for its *own purposes*, i.e. for the *petits séminaires*, &c. I should quite acquiesce, if the present Government chartered and endowed us, without giving us the power of granting degrees, on the plea

[1] After his visit to Rome in 1856 Newman wrote to Mgr. Ram of Louvain that Propaganda 'much approves the anxiety I have ever felt to conform our University to that of Louvain.'

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(e.g.) that the prerogative of Trinity College, and of the Queen's University, did not allow it, that it must be argued before the Privy Council, &c. You could not expect more, you will have done a great deal, *you will have got the wedge in.* At a later time you may get more.

'The only fear on this plan is that the Heads and Professors of the University will not keep up the phantasia and claim of a University, which Louvain does successfully; should allow themselves to be triumphed over as if defeated, and should tamely submit to *be* a College.

'Suppose they preserved themselves from this pusillanimity, they would in the course of another five years agitate for the power of granting degrees, as they have now been agitating for a Charter.

'There is just one thing which ought to and must be got, viz. a place on the Board of Examiners of the Queen's University, as they have at Louvain, and this I trust would be granted.

'Well, this is one plan, and a safe one, if it could be done. But if, as soon as it was adopted, the *Nation*, *Irishman*, &c., cried "It has become a Government Institution, stop your subscriptions," and no collections could be raised through the country, then we should fail, though not from within, but from without.

'Whether Sullivan would come into the above, I don't know. Hennessy, I suppose would; Lyons, Curry, Pigott would not. The extreme young Irish would not. Well, what is *their* plan? Why, it is the other, as follows, and as the articles in the *Irishman* develop it.

'It is, in the spirit of the Inaugural Lecture of Dr. Lyons in November 1856—to throw ourselves upon the country, and to call up poor scholars in shoals, as in Scotland, whose coming will be the pledge that it is a national benefit, and the sure stimulus of national subscriptions. Another part of this plan would be to give degrees boldly, not caring what the State said, or for the terror of prosecution. A third part would be simply to get rid of Englishmen, bearing them for the present as a necessary evil.

'Well, I think this good too — but it is far too young-Irelandish for Dr. Cullen, and I think would fail on this precise ground, if on no other. I don't think it would ultimately hurt the English Professors. When they were not needed in Dublin (it would be a long time first) the time might arrive for setting up a branch of the University, the Faculty of Arts, in England.

'Either plan is good—I prefer the former—but neither I fear, will succeed, from the discordance of Irish opinion.

'I don't wish you to repeat anything of what I have said—but it may enable you, as time goes on, to feel your way. I trust you get on with Sullivan—he is a man of great good sense—all I fear is, that, having no one to agree with, or to grumble to, he may get disgusted.

'J. H. N.'

The following is the text of the letter from the Irish Archbishops to the Fathers of the Oratory (referred to at p. 379), asking their consent for the continuance of Newman's presence in Dublin as Rector of the University:

'July 20, 1857.

'Reverend Fathers,—Sensible of the great services which Dr. Newman has rendered to the cause of Catholic Education and of Catholicity, not only by the prestige of his distinguished name, but also by the able and zealous manner in which he has discharged the duties of Rector of our Catholic University, we

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are as anxious now to perpetuate those services to our rising University, as we were at first to secure them. And in expressing this our earnest desire, we but give expression to the wishes of the Bishops, Clergy, and People of Ireland.

'We are also very sensible, Reverend Fathers, of the sacrifice your Congregation has been making now for some years by consenting to his absence for the sake of our University, and we are not at all surprised to learn how anxious you are that your Father Superior should be relieved from his duties here and given back to his Oratory. Yet we are not without a hope, and a strong hope, that the same disinterested regard for the welfare of our Catholic University which first induced you to consent for a time to be separated from him will reconcile you to the sacrifice, great as it is, for some time longer; for, in its present infant state, the connection of Dr. Newman with the University is undeniably a very great gain, as his separation from it would be a loss, the magnitude of which it would not be easy to estimate.

'We hope, therefore, Reverend Fathers, that you will forego for a time the happiness of having your Father Superior at home in the midst of his Congregation, leaving him to pursue the high vocation, to which, not only does he appear to have been specially called the day he was named Rector of the Catholic University, but for which, as it seems to us, Providence had been preparing him long years before he became a child of the Catholic Church.

'We have the honour to remain, &c., &c.

(Signed) PAUL CULLEN.
JOSEPH DIXON.
PATRICK LEAHY.'

The following is the text of Dr. Newman's letters of resignation to the Irish Bishops, carefully graduated in cordiality of expression :

'To the Archbishop of Armagh (Dr. Dixon).—Your Grace has ever treated me with such singular kindness that I have great pain in communicating to you a resolution, which may look like ingratitude, but which the lapse of time imperatively imposes on me.

'In truth I have no choice but to resign into the hands of the Bishops the high office in the Catholic University with which their Lordships have honoured me. My strength, I lament to say, is not equal to the frequent journeys to and fro between Dublin and Birmingham which the Rectorship exacts of me; and, even were I quit of the fatigue, as I am not, there is a growing call on one who holds that office to show himself personally in all parts of Ireland, as the representative of the University; and to that duty neither my years nor my habits enable me to respond.

'Were other reasons required besides the above, I should add that, having, when the Session ends, devoted as much as six years to the University at a time of life when time is precious because it is scarce, I feel that, great as is that object, I have no right to subtract what remains to me from the service of my own Congregation, and from those special duties which, when no existing engagements interfere, are the natural and fit termination of life. Nor have I any reason to suppose that my Congregation will dispense with my presence at Birmingham for a longer period than that which I originally contemplated, and they granted me.

'I wish respectfully to name the next St. Lawrence's Day, November 14th,

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as the day of my resignation; and, begging you to believe that I shall retain to the end of my life a most grateful recollection of your uniform kindness to me,

'I am, &c.'

From Dr. Newman to the Bishops of Limerick, Ossory, Waterford, and the Coadjutor-Bishop of Dromore:

'March 1857.

'It seems but a poor return for the kind confidence which you have so uniformly shown me, to be writing to announce to your Lordship my approaching resignation of office. I would not do so unless I felt myself imperatively called to betake myself to my Oratory. My age is now considerable; my contemporaries are dying or falling around me; I cannot at all tell what time is left to me for any work; and I should not like to be taken away without having given my last years to my Congregation at Birmingham. I cannot but hope these considerations will weigh with your Lordship, and clear me from the charge of acting rashly or disrespectfully to the Episcopal Body.

'I propose to resign next November; more than six years will then have elapsed during which my thoughts and exertions have been given to the University; and, though this space of time is not much for so great a work as its commencement, yet I am thankful to have been allowed to give it so much.

'I shall ever entertain a grateful sense of the kindness to me of yourself and other Irish Prelates, and, begging your Lordship's blessing,

'I am, &c.'

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH (DR. CANTWELL).

'March 1857.

'You have shewn such interest in my proceedings in the anxious offices which I hold, and have treated me so kindly, that I cannot address this letter to you without regret that I should be obliged to send it.

'It is to say that my strength will not allow me to continue much longer in the charge of duties which involve so frequent a passage to and fro between this place and Birmingham. I am, therefore, obliged to place the Rectorship of the University into the hands of the Bishops of Ireland, who have so condescendingly honoured me with it, and to assign November next as the date of my actual resignation, when I shall have more than completed six years since the University has occupied my time and thoughts.'

TO EACH OF THE BISHOPS OF CLONFERT, CORK, AND DOWN AND CONNOR.

'March 1857.

'The courtesy you have shewn me whenever it has been my good fortune to meet your Lordship, makes it incumbent on me (from a feeling of gratitude as well as of duty) to signify to you as early as I can, as to the other Prelates of the Irish Church, my intention of placing in your hands my responsible office at the end of this year. I cannot bear the fatigue which it gives me at my time of life to make those frequent journeys between Dublin and Birmingham without which I cannot fulfil my duties in both places.

'I propose to resign in November, when I shall have had the satisfaction of completing six years since I was first called on to give myself to the service of the University.'

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TO EACH OF THE BISHOPS OF FERNS, GALWAY, ARDAGH, ACHONRY, AND (COADJUTORS) OF ELPHIN AND RAPHOE.

'March 1857.

'I am sorry that my first letter to your Lordship should relate to the prospective termination of that intercourse which it has been my privilege to enjoy with the Bishops of Ireland. However, the lapse of time has brought me near the conclusion of that leave of absence which my Congregation gave me from my duties at Birmingham.

'Independent of this, my strength will not allow me to undergo those frequent journeys to and fro, without which I cannot satisfy that partial observance of our Rule from which my Congregation cannot release me.

'I, therefore, propose to place my resignation in the hands of the Bishops in November next.

'I cannot withdraw from this great undertaking without expressing my grateful sense of the confidence which has been shewn me by the Bishops of Ireland, in placing me at the head of it, and of the kindness with which, according to their opportunities, so many of your Lordships have supported me in it.'

TO EACH OF THE BISHOPS OF ELPHIN, KILMORE, ROSS, DROMORE, KILLALOE, KILLALA, CLOGHER, RAPHOE, KILMACDUAGH, KILDARE, AND (ADMINISTRATOR) DERRY.

'March 1857.

'I am so sensible of the honour which the Bishops of Ireland have done me in entrusting me with the high office of Rector of their University and so grateful to your Lordship personally for the kindness (and confidence) [The bracketed words were inserted in writing to the Bishops of Elphin, Ross, Dromore, Clogher, Killaloe, and Raphoe. J. H. N.] you have shewn me that I feel a corresponding pain in being obliged to resign into their hands the charge which I have unworthily sustained. This I propose to do in November next.

'Believe me to say sincerely, that I could not take the initiative in such a step unless I felt I could no longer fulfil the arduous duties which the office involves. It is enough to say that my Congregation at Birmingham has growing claims upon me considering the few years which possibly may remain to me of active work, and that I shall have been taken from its service for six years when November comes; nor does my strength any longer suffice for such frequent journeys between Dublin and England as my double duties render necessary.

'I shall always entertain a most grateful sense of the honour you have done me in making me your first Rector, and begging you to pardon my shortcomings in that responsible position,

'I am, &c.'

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN (DR. CULLEN).

'March 1857.

'The time is now approaching for my resignation of the high office which the Bishops of Ireland have so condescendingly committed to me; I named the subject to your Grace just a year ago this month, and now I beg leave to name the day.

'I will name St. Lawrence's day, November 14th, when the six years will be more than completed since I began to devote my thoughts and exertions to the service of the University, and when the term of absence from my Congregation will be completed for which I asked permission.

'My most urgent reasons for this step are the fatigue which I experience in my frequent passages between Dublin and England, the duty incumbent on the

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Rector to show himself in public (more than my strength will allow) for the good of the University, and the need of my Congregation for the services which I have so long intermitted.'

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM (DR. MCHALE).

'March 1857.

'I beg to acquaint your Grace that the term of years is now nearly completed which I proposed to myself to devote to the service of your University, and it is my intention to resign the office of Rector with which you have honoured me, next St. Lawrence's day,—November 14th.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XVI

THE following letters should be read in connection with Newman's acceptance of the editorship of the *Rambler* and subsequent connection with that Review:

MR. WALLIS TO DR. NEWMAN.

'May 23rd, 1859.

'You will forgive my saying that I am sorry the announcement proved true that you had become editor of the *Rambler*. I know you would disregard the objection I feel to the step; viz., there are parties already formed for and against it. And the feelings which have already been active about it may not, I fear, be consigned to oblivion, even though the cause in which they took their rise has ceased to be. . . . We want to hit the *Rambler*, they may say, and the Father Superior takes it up. In an infinitely smaller way, of course, did not I myself, as Editor of the *Tablet* succeeding Lucas, inherit animosities which clung to the *Tablet*, though I should never have provoked them and did nothing to continue them.

'There are people who will be looking out when each new *Rambler* appears for something that they dislike, and crying out: "Here it is again." . . .

'Of course under you it will overlive this and live it down; but I complain that you should have to go through it.

'For what a rally, what an acclaim, might we not have had if it had been announced that a "new periodical" was out, called so and so, and that you had consented to be its Editor. . . .

'I am sure there will be all sorts of instincts and opinions struggling for utterance in the Catholic body, which must have vent, and which, if bottled up, would do more harm than if set loose; and then being caught up in pincers and hammered and molten and smelted, the dross (would) be rejected and the pure metal forged to useful purposes. But for this there will need to be controversy and sharp fighting; and why should you have any share in this except as the mediator of any discussion, when you might with a weighty sentence dismiss the combatants?'[1]

MR. SIMPSON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'June 1st, 1859.

'Acton thinks the plan of continuing the *Rambler* good. It must now come to an open fight, and the sooner and the more acid the better. We must get up a Council for carrying on the *Rambler*; More O'Ferrall, Lord Castlerosse, perhaps

[1] 'N.B.—As if the Bishops would allow all this! as if they would allow a "rally" of Catholic writers and readers under me! as if they ever would have!—H. N.'

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Monsell, perhaps Hope-Scott, Charles Weld, and others. If you could consent to let us tell them the grounds of your retirement, *after* we have secured their general goodwill, it would be a kindness.

'You may imagine what I feel in this second attack. I will not write about it because you would not approve of the strong things I should say.'

Sir John Acton to Dr. Newman.

'16, Bruton Street: July 1st, 1859.

'My dear Father Newman,—My conversations with Hope and Simpson encourage me to persevere in the plan of carrying on the *Rambler*. Simpson has written to Father de Buck asking him to take some part, and I will endeavour to obtain a similar promise from Prof. Döllinger.

'I think that in order to obtain as large a circulation as possible it will be best to give particular prominence to historical and political articles, without confining ourselves to Catholic subjects. Hope and Simpson advise a complete secularisation of the *Rambler*, putting religion out of sight as much as possible. But this is an opinion in which I cannot concur. We must not destroy so important and convenient an organ of Catholic thought, and I would rather enlarge than change the range and scope of the Review.

'It will be more easy, however, for me to obtain contributions of a purely secular character than those which approach the domain of theology. . . . In particular I think it will be well to encourage Simpson to devote himself to subjects where there is less danger, or rather less opportunity, of giving offence either rightly or wrongly; and I have advised him to take up Mill's writings with which he is well qualified to deal.

'My greatest wish is to be allowed to leave the religious department as much as possible in your hands. I should wish to refer such matters to you, and to trust chiefly to you for contributions of that kind. I do not understand by this more than you so kindly expressed yourself willing to consent to. In both respects I conceive you would have the co-operation of the foreign divines whom you mentioned. I will write to Father Gratry, asking him to be the fourth in order that France may be represented, if you do not suggest some other person, or some reason why he would not do. . . .

'It would be very kind of you if you would tell us something about the method by which the account of current events is made so complete and so interesting. It is a very valuable innovation which I should not like to give up. . . .

'Believe me, dear Father Newman,
Yours ever faithfully,
John Dalberg Acton.'

Dr. Newman to Sir John Acton.

'Rednal: July 5th, 1859.

'My dear Sir John,—I go with Hope Scott and Simpson, I suppose, if I wish the *Rambler* to be like the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, as I do. This would not *exclude* quasi-theological articles, and would tend much to obviate difficulties which would shortly become unsurmountable.

'On second thoughts I should not like, at least at present, to go on with the Ancient Saints, for this reason, because it makes enemies, and thus does more harm than at the moment it can do good.

'I do not see that the articles on the Rheims and Douai and the Isles of the North are objectionable—or any such as they. I am not *objecting* to such articles

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as Döllinger's on the Historical knowledge of Scholastic writers—or a Review of Broglie's work. But these would not be the staple, according to my idea. You speak of "not destroying so important and convenient an organ of Catholic thought"; but, supposing the Cardinal to come down on only one article of a theological character, however unjustifiably, a great scandal would be the consequence, and it would probably end in the "destruction of the organ" altogether.

'Simpson has so much talent and knowledge, he would be sure to handle Mill well,—at the same time he could not *write off* an answer to him, I am sure, and would have logically to prove every one of his points. I say this, because I think he under-values the force and cogency of Mill's argumentation, and again, because in that clever metaphysical paper which he let me see, he seemed to me to begin with assumptions which he could not expect an opponent to grant him.

'Another thing I will say. I fear very much your having him for sub-editor; he will certainly compromise the work. I really do not think he can help it. He will be cutting at the *Univers* or the *Dublin* or be cruel towards some harmless writer in a Notice,—or he will give some ironical praise to the Cardinal or even fling at the Holy See. In an article on the Wiseman and Tierney controversy, which is in type, he goes out of his way to throw out insinuations against the proceedings of Leo XII. as regards La Mennais and Lingard; so, at least, I read the passage. He would say, indeed, that he was following almost the words of one of my letters to you, but I spoke, not against the proceedings of the Holy See, but of people round about it. There will necessarily always be round about the Pope second-rate people who are not subjects of that supernatural guidance which is his prerogative. For myself, certainly, I have found myself in a different atmosphere when I have left the Curia for the Pope himself. . . .

'As to the Contemporary Events (Current is a better word) I am pleased to find you like the attempt. I fear I have had no other method than a troublesome diligence in reading the daily papers.

'Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. SIMPSON.

'Rednal: July 6th, 1859.

'My dear Simpson,—I am glad you are going to grapple with Mill, but he is not a common opponent, I am sure. In mediæval times you might appeal to supernatural principles as axioms, and start from them. At a later date you might speak of the moral sense and take truths for granted on the ground that everyone held them. You might speak of the idea of a Supreme Being as common to the whole human family—but now nothing is received as true without or before proof, except what our senses or our consciousness convey to us, for nothing else is universally held. I do not mean to say that Mill does not make assumptions as much as another—but it is easy, like Kilkenny cats, for two combatants to demolish each other—and one does not wish to propagate scepticism, which is the obvious result of such a process of mutual destruction. . . .

'I don't think you should be sub-editor for the success of the *Rambler*.

'Yours very sincerely in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'July 31, 1859.

'I am sorry for what you say about Professor Döllinger's decision not to answer Dr. Gillow, because there is sure to be a great deal of triumphing—but I

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daresay he finds he should be involved in very intricate questions which would take up his time. His silence will be turned to his disadvantage.

'By all means get Maret's assistance, whose name stands very high. All my fear is that he should rely on *my* name in giving his; but perhaps he is so far of Montalembert's party as to be drawn to you and the *Rambler* on your own account.

'On the whole I am glad that Professor Döllinger is not going at present to write on the Scholastic treatment of history. It will be better to let people calm down.

'How do you mean to treat the new Trust Bill in your September number? I don't see how it is possible to find fault with Ministers for it, but you are on the spot.

'I have not been quite well lately—the weather has been too much for me—and I really doubt whether I shall be able to finish my Isles of the North in time. I shall send two or three reviews which you may do what you will with.'

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'*Private.* Rednal: June 20th, 1860.

'My dear Sir John,—It has always been to me a great perplexity who should be the editor of the *Rambler*. I have thought of it again and again without any success. For myself the Bishop has hindered it and there is an end of it. If I said, on relinquishing the editorship, that I would still give my name to it, it was only under certain conditions,—conditions made necessary by my arrangement with the Bishop. The principal of these was that I should only be one of several whose names would be more authoritative than my own, such as Father de Buck, Father Gratry, or the Abbé Maret and Dr. Döllinger.

'Considering both my responsibilities at the Oratory and the circumstance of my being a convert, I could not act otherwise. As it was I had got into trouble by taking on myself the *Rambler as I found it*, without retracting anything that it had said. I took up and defended (in my own way) its cause on the Education Question. I wrote an Article on the right of the Laity to be consulted; and, as you know, I thereby incurred a good deal of odium. It was this defence of the rights of the Laity, even in my May number, which was the chief cause of the Bishop's dissatisfaction with me. So much did my July Article increase this feeling that, when I saw you about February last, I told you that, quite independent of anything in the recent numbers of the *Rambler*, I feared I should not be able to contribute anything more.

'Another chief condition was that there should be a responsible editor, which it was quite plain you could not be. I have the greatest opinion of Simpson as an able and honest man, and sincere gratitude for the way in which he has spoken of myself; but I deliberately thought him unfitted for the office of conductor of a work which was necessarily exposed to such jealous criticism. . . .

'I am exceedingly desirous for the success of the *Rambler*, and to contribute to it as far as I can; but I cannot undertake (on personal grounds) to be theological censor; nor can I give my name to it, (though from its talent and information it would do credit to anyone to be connected with it), unless it has a responsible editor, and the countenance of such theologians as I have mentioned above.

'You are vastly too much worked. I trust your journey to Spain will recruit you.

'Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

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'P.S.—I do not know how to promise you an article in September. I will try, but I can say nothing more. I should add that, not having had leisure or reading to be able to form, much less to defend, such politico-ecclesiastical opinions as the times require, I have some difficulty in so connecting myself with any publication as to seem to take the views of writers, who, from the thought they have given to the subject, have a full right to entertain them, such as the foreign Toryism and the English anti-Toryism of the *Rambler*.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XVIII

THE following are the notes of two important letters belonging to the period covered by Chapter XVIII. and connected with the points at issue between Mr. W. G. Ward and Lord Acton, argued for the most part in the pages of the *Dublin Review* and the *Home and Foreign Review*. The first refers to Ward's attack on intellectualism in his pamphlet called 'On the Relation of Intellectual Power to Man's True Perfection.' The second is to Sir John Acton, and deals with the subject of Persecution. The earlier letter was not sent in its entirety, but the notes present a view of great interest:

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. W. G. WARD.

'March 15, 1862.

'My dear Ward,—Thank you for your two Essays, and for the continued kindness, with which you keep what I have written before the world. I hold to every word of those passages, which you quote from me, and I always agree with you in principles. I am not certain that I should agree with all your deductions; but it would require more time than I have at command, to put my finger on the points at which we diverge from each other, and to defend the direction which I myself should pursue. This I am sure of, that, even though some persons should consider that you had exaggerated what is substantially true, all Catholics must be grateful to you for what you have written at a time when grave warnings are so necessary against Intellectualism.

'I suspect your psychological facts, e.g. you speak at p. 26 of the "keen and constant pleasure which intellectual processes afford." I am far from denying there is a pleasure, and one providentially assigned, as pleasant flavour to food; but, if you mean that "keen and constant pleasure" attends ordinarily on intellectual processes, well, let them say so, who feel it. My own personal experience is the other way. It is one of my sayings, (so continually do I feel it) that the composition of a volume is like gestation and child-birth. I do not think that I ever thought out a question, or wrote my thoughts, without great pain, pain reaching to the body as well as to the mind. It has made me feel practically, that labour "in sudore vultus sui" is the lot of man, and that ignorance is truly one of his four wounds. It has been emphatically a *penance*; and in consequence I have hardly written anything, unless I was *called* to do it, e.g. I had to provide a sermon weekly for the pulpit &c. I recollect a friend asked me, soon after writing my volume on Justification, whether it was not interesting to write, and my answer was to the effect that "it was the painful relieving of an irritation," as a man might go to a dentist, not for "keen and constant pleasure," but with the mingled satisfaction and distress of being rid of pain *by* pain. When I wrote the Arians six years earlier, I was so exhausted at length, that for some days as it approached finishing, I could scarce keep from fainting. The exercise which most nearly

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has approached to pleasure, has been the finding parallel passages to passages in St. Athanasius, or writing verses, processes which have not much of active intellect in them. I might say a great deal more on this subject; but I have said enough as giving the testimony of at least one person.

'What I feel, others may feel. Others again may feel *neither* your pleasure *nor* my pain. At all events, I think you must not take for *granted*, what all men do not recognise to be true.

'What has been my own motive cause in writing may be that of others,—the sight of a truth, and the desire to show it to others. Juvenal says, "Facit indignatio versus." I do not feel this in the case of verse; I do, in the case of prose.'

'I am far from denying of course, that, if one thinks one has done a thing well, one may be tempted to be pleased at it. But here it is the *work* effected not the *process* that pleases. "When the shore is won at last, Who will count the billows passed?" Our Lord says, "When she is delivered of the child, she remembereth not the anguish, *because* &c." Of course she may idolize her child, for the very reason that it has cost her pain, but pain never can be "keen and constant pleasure"; and she never would bear a child for the sake of the childbirth.

'Not at all denying, then, that there is a class of minds such as your own, Sir W. Hamilton's, Lord Brougham's, and the Academics, to whom exercises of intellect are simply "keen and constant pleasure," I cannot think it is more than one class.

'I am not sure that this assumption, that *all* feel as some feel, has not exerted an influence on your whole view of the subjects you discuss and has coloured it.

'I think certainly it has had an antecedent influence on your whole view of the subject you discuss. And in consequence I cannot help thinking that in your quotation from me at p. 36 you fulfil in some degree the anticipation I have expressed above, of your drawing conclusions from my words which are not contained in them. When I speak, as you quote me, of Intellect being Philosophy, I do not mean Philosophy as opposed to the Supernatural, mind, but as opposed to acquirement, as formal knowledge contrasted with material. There may be a supernatural philosophy, or perfection of the intellect; and that I have drawn out in the foregoing discourse p. 185, under the name of wisdom. There is a natural love, and a supernatural; a natural exercise of the intellect, and a supernatural. Human faith is at least analogous to Divine faith, though the former comes of pure intellectual exercises, and the latter from above. Human faith lies *in* the intellect as well as Divine faith; but the former is created there by previous acts of mere human reason, the latter is the creation of supernatural grace. Why then may there not be a "Divine *philosophy*" or largeness and comprehensiveness of mind on all objects Divine and human, proceeding from grace and begotten of a spiritual taste or connaturality with their true worth and real place in God's sight, as well as a Divine faith? And how will it not be analogous or parallel to intellectual philosophy, as Divine faith is parallel to human faith? and how will it fail to react upon sanctity and charity, and exalt them, as you yourself have allowed at p. 53? And, if all this may be answered in the affirmative, *why* should not this be the *donum sapientiae*?

'With these questionings in my mind, I cannot follow what you say in p. 53, paragraph 2, "you will ask, &c." By "not following" I mean, I do not see the middle terms towards a conclusion, which, in that paragraph, you think so clear that a doubt about it is "monstrous," though, to be sure, it *is* monstrous if you confine St. Antoninus's use of the Intellect, as you seem to do at p. 52, to "reasoning from premisses and solving casuistical cases"; but such exercises of

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intellect come far short of what I have spoken of as philosophical enlargement in the human order, and of wisdom in the Divine order.

'Now as to perfection. As supernatural acts of Love enter into the idea of human perfection, so may, and I think do, supernatural acts of what I call Philosophy (which, *when* supernatural, takes the name of Wisdom) enter into the idea of human perfection. I am not proving this, but bringing out my own *meaning*. In other words, I do not see that *Intellectus*, in what you consider its theological sense, does really differ from "Intellect" as a word of the day. I do not see why it is not the same faculty exercised on different objects.

'But, before saying more of perfection, I want you to give me a definition of it, or we shall be disputing about words. (N.B. He does profess a definition at p. 49.) There are various senses of the word. e.g. is a Saint more perfect than a priest who lives up to his calling? I suppose, heroic acts, which are a saint's characteristics, *are* more meritorious, and in this sense of the word Perfection a Saint *is* more perfect than a holy man who is not a Saint. But surely this is not the sense of the word as it is used in ascetic and devotional treatises. I thought certainly that in that sense it ignored or omitted the idea of heroic actions altogether. As then there is a sense of the word perfection which excludes heroism, so there is a sense (and it is the same sense) which excludes intellectualism; and as there is nevertheless another sense according to which heroism is the standard, so there may be a sense in which the intellectual gifts may be the standard; and, as a Saint according to this sense is more perfect than a holy religious, so in a parallel sense a Doctor is more perfect than a holy religious also. Thomas à Kempis is perfect, but he might be perfect, yet not a hero as St. Gregory VII., or a Doctor like St. Gregory I.

'I am not ruling this, for it is a subject which requires thought—but I wish to show you have not said all you ought to have said in your Essay on the Definition of Perfection, since on it everything turns.

'J. H. N.'

Dr. Newman to Sir John Acton.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 19, 1862.

'My dear Sir John,—I heard the other day what I understood to be meant for your eyes, but I regret to say I did not take in what was said so exactly as to be able to report it as I could wish, and I did not like to ask questions. It seems, one of the English Bishops, I could not catch the name, has brought over the others, all but three, to a sense of the propriety of condemning the *Rambler*—that a message is expected from Propaganda with animadversions on particular passages—and that the change of name, publisher, and matter, is not to be allowed a sufficient loophole for allowing it to escape. The person, who told me, spoke of *you*—and said that such a censure was an awkward thing, and was sorry you should suffer from it. He said he had been told by a well judging priest that Simpson acted, not out of malice, but because it was good fun. He added that there was a consensus of Bishops to the point, that questions not yet decided ought not to be popularly discussed.

'As to development of doctrine and action in the Church I should hold to Vincentius's account of it, who compares it to bodily growth, "ut nihil novum postea proferatur in senibus, quod non in pueris jam antea *latitaverit*," and says it is a false development "si humana species in aliquam deinceps *non sui generis* vertatur effigiem."

'Canon Law, of which you speak, is not a development in "materia fidei"—still, it is a development—viz., in doctrine, as involved in action and conduct. I

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am not a Canonist; but I consider, and think I should be able to show it, if I were, that the enactment and decisions of ecclesiastical law are made on principles and by virtue of prerogatives, which "jam antea latitavere" in the Church of the Apostles and Fathers.

'To take the instance of the "physical punishment of heretics," which you refer to, and to confine myself to Scripture. Is not the miraculous infliction of judgments upon blasphemy, lying, profaneness &c. in the Apostles' day a sanction of infliction upon the same by a human hand in the times of the Inquisition? I think it is. Yet on the other hand such infliction is not enjoined, and, in our Lord's words about Elias's bringing fire from heaven, is discouraged. That is, ecclesiastical rulers *may* punish with the sword, if they *can*, and if it is *expedient*, or *necessary* to do so.

'The proposition, thus implied (as I think) in Scripture, is all that the modern Church asserts. For I do not know anything more determinate on the subject (as far as my memory goes) than the condemnation (among the Propositiones damnatæ) of Luther's assertion, "Hereticos comburi est contra voluntatem Spiritus." Pius the VI. has condemned the general denial of ecclesiastical punishments in the "auctorem fidei."

'This is the view which I should take of the *whole* canon law—that it is a system of government which the Church has a *right* to carry out, if she *can*, and if it is *desirable*.

'Whether in thus carrying it out, in judging *when* it is to be carried out, and in what *way*, whether in her judgments, acts, and policy, she is infallible, are further questions altogether, and parallel (I suppose) to the question, whether she is infallible in the canonization of Saints.

'Of this latter question, St. Thomas says "*Pie credendum* est, quod nec etiam" in his "judicium Ecclesiae errare possit." Of another, which is more to the point, the approbation "*hic et nunc*" of a given Religious Order, Billuart says, "De hoc judicio non ita constat esse infallibile; quia non e scientia solum sed e prudentia pendet. At saltem temeritatis notam non effugeret, qui, contra communem Ecclesiae sensum, erroneum asseveret."

'As far as I see them, I should be unable to say with Mr. Lisle Phillipps that it is "heretical to assert that the Church approved of the physical punishment of heretics," or that "the Canon Law was not the legislation of the Church." I hold, till better instructed, that the Church has a right to make laws and to enforce them with temporal punishments; for so I understand Pius the VI.'s contradiction of "Ecclesiam *non* habere potestatem salubribus *poenis* contumaces coercendi atque cogendi." But whether such exercise of her powers is suitable to all times and places, is surely answered in the negative by the fact of her concordats, which involve an engagement not to use her full powers in particular states.

'Very truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—The French pamphlet spoke of "le droit canon," as "inflexible comme le dogme," but I don't suppose we need take our theology from such an author.

'As to Döllinger's book, I am surprised to find I mentioned the Bishop of Birmingham's name. The true version is that the Pope said to some one that he thought the book would do good, though there were things in it to which exception could be taken.'

The following is the text of Dr. Newman's analysis of the Munich Brief, referred to at p. 567:

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'VENERABILI FRATRI GREGORIO ARCHIEP. MONACENSI ET FRISINGENSI PIUS PP. ix (Dec. 21, 1863).

'The Pope refers to his letter through the Nuncio for his feelings on the news that the Conventus (conference) was to be held, i.e. "quomodo theologi ad conventum invitati fuere."

'We did not wish to doubt of their good intentions to promote and defend the Germanæ Cath. Ecclesiæ scientiam against its enemies. But we "non potuimus non vehementer mirari, that it was called together privato nomine (Döllinger) without ecclesiastical impulsus, auctoritas, or missio from those who have the right of directing doctrine, quae omnino nova res est in ecclesia."

'And we have thought it right to tell you, the Archbishop, so that you might be in a position to judge whether the *scope* professed in the Programme of the Conference be for the true interests of the Church; while we were certain that the faith and obedience required of Catholics were safe in your hands.

'We feared too that things might be put forth and maintained in the Conference, which, emissa in vulgus, might be detrimental to faith and obedience.

'For it must be recollected that certain German works have lately been put upon the Index, for teaching doctrine inconsistent with the true interpretation of some of our dogmas, and explaining away the nature and character of revelation.

'Moreover we were aware that there were Catholic students of the "severiores disciplinæ," (qu. mathematical? physical?) who, relying too much on the power of the human mind, have so maintained the liberty of science as to interfere with the magisterium Ecclesiæ in preserving the integrity of revelation, and have agreed with external (?) writers that the decrees of the Apostolic See (and its Congregations), who is the Magistra Veritatis, impede the free progress of science.

'We knew too that in Germany prevailed that falsa opinio adversus veterem scholam et doctrinam summorum doctorum, which in fact imperils the authority of the Church, by which (Church) through so many centuries their method and principles have been recognised in all schools and by all theologians.

'These were the various considerations which crowded on us, when, on hearing of the meeting of the Conference, we wrote to you about it. Your message by electric telegraph and that of the Conference, begging our Apostolical Benediction, made us give way. Since [then] we were most anxious for further information from you. We hope, as you now say, that it will all turn out for the good of religion.

'Certainly it is to be hoped so, if, as you say, all the members of the Conference agree that the scientiarum progressus et felix exitus absolutely depends on an adhesion to revealed truth, as taught in the Catholic Church.

'But, while Catholics, hac veritate innixi, may cultivate these sciences safely, explain them, and render them useful and certain, on the other hand *they cannot do so* (N.B. This is the most observable passage that I have come to) if their natural intellect, in investigating natural truth, does not also supremely venerate the infallible intellect of God as revealed in Christianity. (Does this mean that Newton cannot come to "useful and certain" conclusions in physical astronomy because he is not a Catholic? does it mean that every one in his investigations must beware of every conclusion which seems to infringe on revealed truth? which infringes on the letter of Scripture? The *application* of this principle is the important point.)

'Though the naturales disciplinæ rest on their own natural principia, *Catholics must make divine revelation a rectrix stella.* (Would it do if a man said, my reasoning has led me to a conclusion contrary to faith, it cannot be right then;

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but let me go on, I dare say that my *reasoning will correct itself if* I am but brave and bold? Or must he shrink back, and blot out his whole course of investigation, without having detected any error in it?)

'We do not believe then that the Conference can suffer that recent and preposterous ratio of philosophy, which, admitting revelation as an historical fact, so subjects the res revelata to the investigations of reason, as if reason could "consequi intelligentiam [et] scientiam" of the mysteries of faith, from natural principles.

'We praise the Conference for rejecting the false distinction between philosophy and philosopher; (N.B. This means, I suppose, that a Catholic may not write a book, saying, I have been brought to a conclusion which is against faith, and I disavow it, but nevertheless, such is the result of my investigation and I throw it in as a contribution to general advance in science. If not this, what is the distinction referred to?)

'We hope too they do not confine the duty of Catholic teaching to merely the teaching of dogma; as if that perfect adhesion to revealed truth which is necessary for true progress in science, was secured if dogma alone were taught; for the "adhesio" must go beyond faith, and extend to the ordinarium Ecclesiæ magisterium per orbem dispersæ, to the traditions of truths which are held tanquam revelata, and the consent of theologians.

'They were indeed talking merely of dogma, but all Catholics are bound in conscience in studying the contemplatrices scientiæ (the theories of science?) for the good of the Church, (and so is the Conference) if they are sapientes, to submit themselves to the doctrinal decisions of the Pontifical congregations, and to those theological verities, which, by the consent of Catholics, cannot be opposed without incurring theological censure. (N.B. Is this the case of Galileo?)

'We trust they hold all this because they professed filial obedience to us. We trust that, in cultivating the severiores disciplinæ, they themselves observe the rules of the Church which have ever been in force, and obey the doctrinal decrees of the Holy See.

'We intend to write to you again, when you and your fellow Bishops in Germany say to us what you conclude about the "opportunitas" of such conferences.

'Warn the faithful against profane novelties, and against the notion that errors are progress.

'Exhort them to solid progress in science, such as, with faith as the dux and magistra, have ever been made in the Catholic Schools, and to cultivate theology on the principles on which it has ever been cultivated.

'N.B. I thought it was commonly said that Galileo's fault was that he meddled with *theology*, and that, if he had confined himself to *scientific conclusions* he would have been let alone; but surely the language of the Brief here and before is as if even men of science must keep theological conclusions before them in treating of science. Well, I am not likely to investigate in science, but I certainly could not write a word upon the special controversies and difficulties of the day with a view to defend religion from freethinking physicists without allowing them freedom of logic in their own science; so that, if I understand this Brief, it is simply a providential intimation to every religious man, that, at this moment, we are simply to be silent while scientific investigation proceeds—and say not a word on questions of interpretation of Scripture, &c., &c. when perplexed persons ask us—and I am not sure that it will not prove to be the best course.'

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APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIX

THE following are characteristic letters belonging to the period between 1859 and the appearance of the 'Apologia' in 1864. The first letter, to Mr. Pollen, tells clearly of Newman's trials as a Catholic; the last, to Mr. Albert Smith, strikes the note of unwavering happiness in the Catholic religion which never faltered, even amid the dejection which trial and ill-health brought on. Other letters, to Mrs. F. Ward and Mr. and Mrs. Froude, concern the reception into the Catholic Church of William Froude's daughter and eldest son in 1860, and of his third son in 1863. The Catholic rule against participation in the worship of those external to the Church came thus to have a specially urgent application in the Froude family, and it is discussed by Newman in an interesting letter. Another letter gives careful advice for the consideration of William Froude's eldest son, Hurrell, when he goes to Oxford as a recent convert. An amusing letter to Father Bittlestone describes Newman's visit to Cambridge in 1862, and one, to Ambrose St. John, a visit to Ostend. In two letters to Dr. Brownlow, afterwards Bishop of Clifton, Newman endeavours to meet the difficulties of one who is on the point of entering the Catholic Church. And a sad letter to Isaac Williams speaks eloquently of the undying memory of Oxford days and Oxford friends.

TO MR. JOHN POLLEN.

'Epiphany. 1859.

'A happy new year to you in return. I will not forget your intentions.

'After this, let me begin by being selfish. Well then, you can't tell how I am touched and encouraged by what you say of myself. I ought not to need it. I wish to bear my cross, which (strange to say) has been almost lifelong, without talking of it, recollecting St. Philip's favourite text, *Secretum meum mihi*, and I am sure a lighter cross could not be, nor would I change it nor be without it—still it is a great relief to know that there are others, who, though they ordinarily say nothing, are aware of it, and give me their sympathy in their hearts. It is an inconsistency certainly, for in my heart and judgment I wish to have my reward, whatever it is, hereafter, not here. Yet it is a burden to my feelings, which others relieve by such kind words as yours are, to reflect that I busy myself from morning to night with so little thanks from anyone. Now for thirteen years I have been in many true senses a servant; like Jacob, "die noctuque æstu urebar et gelu"; with no object or will of my own; yet never was a time when apparently I am more likely than now to be visited with those suspicions and jealousies which in one shape or other have been my portion through life.

'Well I am used to it, and it does not matter to me. I cannot go on to say, with the patriarch, "fugiebat somnus ab oculis meis"—but what I have to bear, others have perhaps to bear too in their own place and way, and, as Bothwell says when old Mause abuses him "All troopers may not be so willing as I am to be called red dragons and pushing bulls of Bashan." It makes me sad to think, how much secret brooding discontent there is at present among those, whose zeal and honesty have not been acknowledged in those quarters whence acknowledgement was due. . . .

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'Then you give me the contrary side of the picture in your own case, and most sorrowful it is. . . . Certainly the sight of such utter divorce in religious sentiment as exists in the case of our friends and ourselves tempts me to that sad acquiescence in what seems irremediable which one sees in so many of the old Catholic gentry who rejoice in their religion themselves but make it a matter of private concern, and make no effort at converting others. And if we go on praying for them this often may be the right course. As to ourselves, necessary as it is that we should talk together, as the case of Sir John Simeon shows, yet I am almost afraid of it, lest we should agree too well. We should agree in the first place, I thankfully believe, in having that firm unruffled faith in the Catholic Church, which you avow in your letter—but we should also give such strong expression to our common conviction of the miserable deficiencies which exist, that we might become impatient. As to the University, I really fear that at least some persons already begin, like Frankenstein, to be scared at their own monster.

'There are persons who wish to set up a new periodical. I wish it and I fear it, for the reasons I have given above. The immediate hitch is the money. I suppose we ought to be prepared to risk a capital of £1,000. . . .

'P.S. In my above growl, I have not forgotten, though I have not mentioned, the wonderful act of substantial sympathy shown me by the Catholic body in the Achilli matter, which showed in time of need that I was not forgotten, and balanced all absence of those other acknowledgements to which I have been referring. I should be basely ungrateful if I made light of this.'

To Mrs. F. R. Ward.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 8, 1859.

'My dear Mrs. Ward,—Isy[1] wrote me a line announcing her reception, and used an expression which made me rather anxious. Her letter, which you send me, does not lessen my anxiety—but I dare say it is exaggerated. Young people look forward for some great sensible effect to follow upon their reception, and are *disappointed* that they seem to themselves what they were before. And any excitement is sure to be followed with a *re-action*. Here the re-action is contemporaneous with the disappointment. Older people can, by an act of reason, set themselves right—it is more difficult to a child and a girl. However, your and her mother's influence must do for her what she cannot do for herself; and in this respect the trial is less to a young person than to one who is older—viz. that she will have no old ways, old associates, old ideas and tastes reviving, to interrupt and thwart the formation of a Catholic habit of thought within her. However we must rely on our good God's perfecting His own work; and not allowing her generous zeal and trust to be deprived of all the aids necessary for her.

'At the same time it does seem a reason for observing at least not less caution in the case of Hurrell than you actually have observed in her case. A boy's seems to me more difficult than a girl's—she will always be with Catholic intimate friends—he will be thrown upon the world. It is quite true what his father says that he has not a notion of the *whole* argument for and against Catholicism—and, though the *balance* of the whole results in a demonstration of the Catholic faith, yet *ex parte* objections may, as time goes on, press upon him, and with fatal force, if he is rash now; for in such hastiness now he will find a precedent and acquire a leaning towards hastiness then. This makes me fearful lest his mother should

[1] Miss Isy Froude.

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bias him. Of course a good deal depends upon the character of the boy, and his mother must know him better than anyone else; but, judging not by the particular case but by such cases generally, I should be frightened at any *persuasion* being used to make so young a boy resolve on so great a step.

'His father's letter has struck me exceedingly. The beautiful frankness with which he puts himself on his boy's level, the natural unaffected confidence with which he treats him is very touching. And if Hurrell keeps the letter and looks back on it years hence, it may seem to him a most powerful argument, unless he has by that time more of an argumentative basis for his faith, and deeper views of religious truth, than he can have now. It is a clear, manly, hard-headed argument, just such as persuades an Englishman.

'The great difficulty of meeting such arguments is this, that you must do so by showing they *prove* too much—but you can't do so without risking the *unsettlement* of the person before whom you draw out your answer, and certainly not without incurring the imputation of unsettling them. Else . . . when William on the one hand says "How do you *know* that to hold the truth is necessary to salvation?" and then, on the other hand, goes on to lay down that "our conscience teaches us that our sense of right and our power of reason are sacred trust and demand from us the greatest care in the using," I am led at once to ask him *how* in the world *he knows* what he here so confidently asserts and why his son may not know quite as well what *he* considers to be so mere an assumption. By "holding the truth being necessary for salvation" I suppose the boy means, that to please God we must worship Him according to His will, and serve Him according to His command—and I declare, it seems to me the most extreme of paradoxes to suppose, *if* there is a God, that we may let alone thinking of Him and seeking what He wishes of us. It would be easier to me to believe that there is no God at all, than to think He does not care though I go my own way and live without putting Him before me—and, though all would not throw this feeling into so argumentative a form, yet I think most people, atheists inclusive, would agree with me. Yet it is difficult to urge this upon a boy, unless you knew him well, and watched the effect of what you were saying, lest it led him to be more sceptical still than his father wished him to be.

'I could say a great deal more about W.'s letter of course, but it would be unnecessary. It would be well to see that Hurrell understood what he *meant* when he talked of "holding the truth," for it is an abstract and (in a boy's mouth) a somewhat unmeaning phrase. If he understood what it really meant, if (as from what I have heard I think probable) he has realised the idea of a God, of a moral Governor, of (not only a *law* of conscience, but of) One who speaks to him *by* his conscience, of One on whom he intimately depends, of One whom he must please, of One by whom he will be judged, he goes a great way towards being in a fit state to think of Catholicism. If, on the other hand, he is a good, earnest, eager, inexperienced boy, who has got hold of a formula, then, however sincere he may be at present, and however promising may seem his state of mind, I think his reception would be a very anxious matter.

'Faith ought to be tried and tested, if it *be* faith. I don't like that faith, which (as I have seen written to a new convert,) is a "precious tender plant," to be sedulously guarded under a glass cover, or in a hot-house—and exotic—if so our religion is a mere "alien religion," an "Oriental faith and worship"—but it is a tough principle within us, bearing heavy weights and hard work, or it is worth very little.

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'This is what I am accustomed to say, and in consequence I never should be sorry if Hurrell had to get over obstacles, and to suffer a bit for being made a Catholic—but I feel the great difficulty of the problem.

'I will not cease to think of him and his sister, of course. I am rejoiced to hear what you say of your two boys.'

To Mrs. W. Froude.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: December 29th, 1859.

'Hurrell went off this morning before your letter came. . . . I had already intended to write to you about his future, as you are the natural medium on the subject between William and me. I mean William may *wish* to know my opinion.

'What makes me think so is that Hurrell has shown me letters of Mr. Donkin's to his father, so very carefully worded that I can't help thinking that I am intended to see them. And I will tell you just what I think about them.

'I wish him to continue at Oxford and to go up for honours in mathematics—this is his father's plan, and an excellent one. Donkin proposes his being entered at New Inn Hall and *residing in lodgings*. It seems to me desirable he should be entered somewhere—else, he can't go for honours—but I don't relish the lodging plan.

'1. It makes him *dependent* on New Inn Hall for his status—and New Inn Hall has always been a ridiculous place—used to be called Botany Bay—and now has no men at all belonging to it, (nor had it when I first went to Oxford).

'2. Having no society *there*, he is thrown upon the odds and ends of Oxford residents, and, even if he does not make third rate acquaintances, is at least out of the Oxford world.

'3. There can't be a place more full of temptation to him, than to be without any discipline in lodgings.

'4. And how forlorn is he to have his dinners in from a pastry-cook, and how expensive!

'What I hope is, judging from the present state of things, that Donkin will continue him on.

'Donkin himself seems to have no objection, (unless he had another undergraduate lodger), but to fear that Hurrell will be aggressive—i.e. will not let the inmates of the house alone. I don't say this is unreasonable, but I think it will prove an unfounded apprehension.

'I mean, Hurrell's business is not to talk of his religion, not to argue, not to attempt to proselytize, but to attend to himself and to mind his studies. Religious controversy is an edged tool—he might find it far easier to unsettle another, to make him restless and discontented, nay to inspire him with a spirit of criticism and scepticism, than to make a good Catholic. See what happened the other day. I am told that the young Catholic at Lincoln College converted (as it is called) some University (College) friend. The father and mother come up and persuade him back again, so he is received, baptised, absolved, all for nothing but the scandal.

'I don't think then that Donkin ought to have any ground of complaint or fear as regards Hurrell. H. ought to keep to his religious duties, and fag hard—see those acquaintances which come in his way—take an interest in what goes on—and keep his religion to himself. He has a great deal to learn; and, though he must not deny his religion, he must not obtrude it. The Donkins seem most desirable people. I don't think they will wish to molest him, and he must not molest them.

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'If at Donkin's he could come up here from time to time for the Sunday. I don't suppose Donkin would object,—and this would be a very great point. He will require a great deal of looking after at first,—for at present he depends on others and asks what he is to do. I do not think he would be happy unless he had some one to consult.'

To William Froude.

'Jan. 31, 1860.

'From time immemorial, from the earliest ages, members of the Church have been forbidden "communicatio in sacris" with those who were external to it. This prohibition is not intended as the expression of any judgment on this or that individual, but is a general and formal decision upon the position of non-Catholics *as such*.

'The sole question then is about the fact, the application of the principle, viz. *What is* "communicatio in sacris"? On this point there has been a difference of opinion, and in various times, places, dioceses and communities it has been answered variously.

'That it used in England to be answered *in favour* of such Family Prayers, as are in question, I know well. It may by some be so answered still, for what I know; as by the Jesuits, though I doubt it much. I should be very glad, if Hurrell could get it answered in his favour; and he would have quite a right to avail himself of the permission, if he could get it from any quarter. In a matter of practice, there are often two opinions current, a more lax and a more rigorous.

'But for myself, I must go by the traditions and rules, in which I find myself. I may perhaps be in possession of information concerning what those who have a claim on my obedience wish, so as to make it impossible for me to give any decision but one. And I really in my conscience do think that I have interpreted the "communicatio in sacris" as the Church means me to interpret it. I really think she does not allow me in this matter to judge for myself as to what is the meaning of the words. But, while I say this, I have no right to force my own conclusions on another; and if there be others who take a different view, and think such Family Prayers are not a communicatio in sacris, (which I must doubt) they have as much right to their opinion as I to mine.

'There is only one concession I could make, which seems so nugatory and disrespectful, that I don't like to make it; but, as another may think differently, I will mention it. Hurrell might attend Family Prayers, provided he took a crucifix or Garden of the Soul in his hands, and said his own prayers to himself during the devotions. This is practised in the case of servants.'

To Father Henry Bittlestone.

'Cambridge: July 29/61.

'My dear Henry,—Knowing your disputatious power, I am not sure you will not be able to deny that I *am* in Cambridge, in spite of the postmark—but you must let me assume that I am there, and it shall be a reserved point to discuss when I see you again.

'On Friday, after seeing Badeley, whose torments seem to have been extraordinary, we caught the train to Hampton Court, where we slept. Of course I am not going to write descriptions, but I will say that we were both enchanted with the place, and thought how great her Majesty must be to have palaces such as to enable her to chuck Wolsey's building to her servants and pensioners.

'Well—I thought we should enjoy our incognito, and so we did during good part of 24 hours—but at length we fell on Platner, who is so mighty in words,

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that I simply fell—and Wm,[1] making an excuse that just now I was unable to talk, picked me up and carried me off.

'Forthwith we fled; whither was a secondary question. We rowed to Kingston—the weather has been, and is, sometimes lovely sometimes splendid. Then, after dining, we set off for Richmond through Ham. Thence at once by train to London, musing all the way where we should find ourselves at night fall. On getting to Waterloo station we made for King's Cross, and by half past nine P.M. behold us at Cambridge.

'I have been here once before, for a quarter of a day, in 1832. Then, I recollect my allegiance to Oxford was shaken by the extreme beauty of this place. I had forgotten this—but a second sight has revived the impression. Certainly it is exquisitely beautiful.

'We weathered Mr. L. though we were so near capsizing, as to be asked by him to change our place, because we were in the way of his confessional,—and, as there was but one person, a stranger, at the Bull in the Coffee Room, we have been quite comfortable.

'He has a strange distrait manner, and I took him for some enthusiastic parson, say a Drummondite or the like. I said but a few words to him, but he seemed absent—but, as he fidgetted about, and went in and out of the room, read the Bible, then sat where he could see me say office, and certainly followed our movements, we migrated to the other end of the room.

'This was no annoyance to us; but what did annoy us was, that, when we went into King's Chapel to hear the chanting and see the place, a little man at once fastened his eyes on us, whom William instantly jaloused as having been at the Oratory. William, who acts as a sort of guardian angel or Homeric god, instantly enveloped me in darkness, rustling with his wings, and flapping about with a vigour which for the time was very successful. But alas, all through the day, wherever we were, this little man haunted us. He seemed to take no meals, to say no prayers, [and] to know our times for these exercises with a preternatural exactness. William was ever saying, whether we were here or there, in garden or in cloister—"Don't look that way—turn this way—there's the little man again." His anxiety led him to make matters worse, for he boldly approximated him to make sure of the individual, but with too little caution, for the little man caught his hand and asked him how he was. However, his guardship kept me out of harm's way, and we dined peacefully at six. There was then no further danger—we lounged out at seven and were tempted, by the merest accident, to turn aside into Peterhouse. We were not two seconds in the Court, when William cried out, "There's the little man—don't look." But it would not do—he pounced upon his prey, and William turned quite red, whipping his finger as if he had been stung. He most civilly asked us, if we should like to see the Munich painted glass in the Chapel, and went at once for the Porter. Then he vanished—but William is now out paying him a call with my card; and I should certainly have done the same, but that I am far from well this morning, very weak, because I have not had any sleep (from distress, it is not so much as pain) since 3. I heard 3 strike and every hour till I got up.

'I have been hardly able to speak, certainly not to converse, with our fellow-occupant in the Coffee Room, who has left for the North just now—having never seen Cambridge before, and, like ourselves, having been down for the Sunday. He began talking this morning about Cambridge, which I agreed with him was most beautiful. He said he had been into the University Church for the evening

[1] William Neville.

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service—and, after a word or two between us, he suddenly said "I think I have seen *you* in the pulpit of St. Mary's Oxford some thirty years ago." Well, I answered rather bluntly, "how *could* you know me? for my friends, who have seen me only half that time ago, don't know me, they think me so much changed."

'This led to some conversation, when at length we got to the Essays and Reviews. After which I started, *proprio motu*, a new subject, that of the movement for the alteration of the Liturgy. He said that was a religious movement, very different in spirit from the other. I agreed, but I said I had been much struck with the effect, which I heard was produced by a book written by a lawyer, a Mr. Fisher, whom the Bps had noticed in their charges. His book, they said, was a logical, candid work; but it was removing the veil, from the eyes of a number of evangelicals, shewing them that they could not honestly use the baptismal service, and demanding in consequence its alteration. I said I thought this a remarkable movement and would gather strength. So we shook hands and parted.

'I came down again, and he was not gone. It seemed to me rude not to have asked his name—So I said to him, "Since you know me, pray do not let us part without my having the satisfaction of knowing with whom I have been conversing."

'He looked nervous, and distrait—and then said "I am the Mr. Fisher, of whom you have been talking."

'Ever yrs affly,
J. H. N.'

To Mrs. Froude.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: March 3, 1863.

'Some persons thought there was a touch about Pusey's letters in the *Times*, as if he admitted the possibility of his being unsettled as to his position, "he wanted to know what the real state of the case was" or the like. But I fear what you say explains him in another way. Yet to be angry and fret at the opposition made to him may be the first step to a deep disgust at the whole mission to which he has so persistently given himself. Alas, it is not likely—but recollect, he has been pledging himself to all people deeply, that the Church of England has a vital power in it, able to cast out all disease from its system—now, for the last twelve years there has been a determinate action, going on within it, towards the destruction of what it retains of the Catholic Creed. Twenty years ago I used to say that, if Pusey once despaired of the English Church, he would die. He was near death (apparently) about the year 1832, and his weakness of body showed itself in a deep despondency about the state of religion. The Tract movement set him up again, as if a new life were breathed into him. When he was condemned by the five doctors in 1843, I feared the life would go out of him—but he was too sanguine to be touched by it—and the same dream of hope has sustained him on till now. The chance is that, in spite of the annoyance of the moment, hope will still tell a flattering tale—but my fear is, that, if he did get disgusted with the Church of England, it would end, not in his looking towards Rome, but in his death.'

To Mr. W. Froude.

'The Oratory, Bm: April 9, 1863.

'I have received Eddy into the Catholic Church today. He made it clear to me, that for some months you had been aware of his intention of being received, and of being received at this time. If he has to be received, I felt that you would rather I received him, than another.

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'I don't write this with any wish or intention of troubling you to acknowledge it; but, as a sort of relief to myself, I wish to explain to you my feelings on one or two points.

'1. It stands to reason, I cannot argue, as I should argue, were I in your position. In that case I might say to Eddy, "Wait till your judgment is more mature"; but, as it is, while on the one hand I believe him to be acting deliberately, on right motives, and on rational grounds, on the other, I believe him to have come to a right conclusion, to be embracing what I myself am firmly persuaded is the truth, and what he might not be granted from above an opportunity of embracing, if he did not embrace it now.

'2. Nor do I feel, as I should perhaps if I were you, that he is putting himself under a sort of intellectual tyranny by doing an act which he is not allowed to reverse. The ecclesiastical prohibition to doubt and inquire, is not so much a practical rule as a scientific principle, which is laid down to make the theological system logically consistent with itself. A Catholic is kept from scepticism, not by any external prohibition, but by admiration, trust, and love. While he admires, trusts, and loves Our Lord and His Church, those feelings prohibit him from doubt; they guard and protect his faith; the real prohibition is from within. But suppose those feelings go; suppose he ceases to have admiration, trust, and love, of Our Lord and His Church; in that case, the external prohibition probably will not suffice to keep him from doubting, if he be of an argumentative turn.

'Thus it avails in neither case; while he loves and trusts, it is not needed; when he does not love and trust, it is impotent.

'I expect that, as Eddy experiences more and more what the Catholic Religion is, its power, strength, comfort, peace, and depth, the greater devotion will he have towards it, as the gift of God, and the greater repugnance to put it on its trial, as if he had never heard of it. To bid him authoritatively not to doubt, will be as irrelevant, as to tell him not to maim himself or put his eyes out.

'May God in all things bless you, keep you, and guide you.'

To Mr. Isaac Williams.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: June 7, 1863.

'My dearest Isaac,—Your letter came an hour or two ago. I rejoiced to have it. Is it possible you should not have seen more of Oxford of late years than I have. I have not seen more than its spires passing since Feb. 22nd, 1846. I dined and slept at dear Johnson's and left for good. I only heard lately that the cap and gown had—had gone out, and yet did not believe it till you have confirmed it. "Heu quantum mutatus ab illo!" Of all human things perhaps Oxford is nearest my heart—and some Parsonages in the country. I cannot even realize to myself that I shall never see what I love so much again, though I have had time enough to do so in. But why should I wish to see, what is no longer what I loved! all things change, the past never returns here. My friends, I confess, have *not* been kind—I suppose this is what you allude to, as my having expressed it to Copeland. Well, well, if I spoke severely to Copeland I am sorry for it, but I don't think I did. I am not "holy" in spite of you, but I think I *am* "calm and loving" though I wish there were more supernatural grace and holiness in that calm and love. But to return. If any place in England will right itself, it is Oxford; but I despond about the cause of dogmatic truth in England altogether. Who can tell what is before us! The difficulty is that the arguments of infidelity are deeper than those of Protestantism, and in the same

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direction (I am using Protestantism in the sense in which you and Pusey would agree in using it). And how can you bring back to something—more primitive, more Christian, a whole nation, a whole Church! The course of everything is onwards, not backwards. Till Phaeton runs through his day, and is chucked from his chariot, you cannot look for the new morning. Everything then makes me fear that latitudinarian opinions are spreading furiously in the Church of England. I grieve most deeply at it. The Anglican Church has been a most useful breakwater against scepticism. The time might come when you as well as I might expect that it would be said above, "Why cumbereth it the ground?" but at present it upholds far more truth in England than any other form of religion would, and than the Catholic Roman Church could. But what I fear is that it is tending to a powerful establishment teaching direct error, and more powerful than it ever has been, thrice powerful, because it does teach error. It is what the Whig party have been at, all our time, not destroying the Establishment, but corrupting it. . . .

'Ever yrs. affly,
J. H. NEWMAN.'

TO AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

'Ostend: Sunday, Aug. 9th, 1863.

'My dear Ambrose,—We are very happy here and our only drawback is that you are not here to enjoy the rest after the turmoil of travelling. There are shoals of people here; it seems to be the yearly meeting of all well-to-do Belgians, when their King's presence makes the season. It lasts six weeks, is the harvest time of hotels and lodging-letters, after which the place relapses into deadness and desolation. I have here just what I like; a great crowd of people with utter incognito; there hardly seems an Englishman here.

'We went on the splendid pier, which was full of people all the day. The sun, as at Rednal, was behind us, and in consequence the sea had a beauty it cannot have in England. There is no shipping, but the objects, both land and amphibious, are most varied and brilliant. A vast hard dry expanse of sand—lots of children making castles in it. Bathing machines without end, and bathing all day; a continual landing, more or less dexterous, of the clumsy machines, drawn by clumsier horses scarcely in harness, from the pier into the level sea-line of deep ploughed up sand. Hosts of donkey boys stretched at full length, with their donkeys not knowing what to think of it, an awning overhead, and a restaurateur at our backs, where we had a good dinner at 4 francs and a military band. Here we remained till sunset. William's quick eyes discovered on the edge of the water, the Royal carriage, and sure enough the King passed close to us, then the Duke of Brabant with his wife, and after some hours, the two grandchildren walking up from the sands. As the sun was setting William said: "Why, here's the King again." He was walking this time, and, knowing how ill he had been, I was surprised to see how well and long he walked. At the moment, there were few people where we were—he walked right past us, and I had a good view of him. He was with his daughter-in-law, and some gentlemen behind. After a while he turned and came past us again. We were quite by ourselves and received a most gracious bow. He is rather weak on his legs, and in consequence struts a little, but I was surprised at his young appearance. The last time I saw him was at the Coronation of George IV.—July 1821! What a time he has been before the world! since 1816, nearly 50 years,—a man who has borne arms against the first Napoleon, and the husband of a lady who has long and long become simply historical! Of course he is some years older than I am, but still to persons of my

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age he is a sort of compendium of the whole political history of their times. I am trying to think where he was and what he did between 1817 and 1830, and cannot make out; he was, I think, at Clermont, but what a strange, inactive interval of 13 years in a busy life! . . .

'My kindest remembrances to your hosts. Don't forget to report to Hope Scott the health and condition of Charley.

'Vive valeque,

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.'

TO MR. BROWNLOW.[1]

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Oct. 25th, 1863.

'I wrote as a Protestant, "I think a religious man would feel it little less than sacrilege, and almost blasphemy, to impute the improvement in his heart and conduct, in his moral being, with which he has been favoured in a certain sufficient period, to outward or merely natural causes." I hold so still. I should be contradicting my own individuality and personality, if I was not as sure that God changed me altogether when I was a boy of fifteen, as I am of the existence of any particular creation of grace, of any actual divine working, of any given Saint, of this or that supernatural heroic deed, in the Catholic Church. I am more sure that God gave me great opportunities of loving Him then, than that St. Ignatius was a true Martyr, or that St. Augustine is a Doctor of the Church. What proof can I have of the truth of revealed facts more cogent than that which I have of facts about myself? You feel the same too; so do all converts except such as were awakened directly, from a state of carelessness, by the Catholic Church herself calling them.

'. . . In England Catholics pray *before* images, not *to* them. I wonder whether as many as a dozen pray *to* them, but *they* will be the best Catholics, not ordinary ones. The truth is, that sort of affectionate fervour which leads one to confuse an object with its representation, is skin-deep in the South and argues nothing for a worshipper's faith, hope and charity, whereas in a Northern race like ours, with whom ardent devotional feeling is not common, it may be the mark of great spirituality. As to the nature of the feeling itself, and its absolute incongruity with any intellectual intention of addressing the image as an image, I think it is not difficult for any one with an ordinary human heart to understand it. Do we not love the pictures which we may have of friends departed? Will not a husband wear in his bosom and kiss the miniature of his wife? Cannot you fancy a man addressing himself to it, as if it were the reality? Think of Cowper's lines on his Mother's picture. "Those lips are thine," he says, "thy own sweet smile I see"—and then "Fancy shall steep me in Elysian reverie, a momentary dream, *that thou art She.*" And then he goes on to the Picture, "My Mother," &c.'

TO MR. BROWNLOW.

'November 1st, 1863.

'I return you the heart-piercing letter which you have let me see. As I never had any women penitents as an Anglican Clergyman, I have not had one form of trial which you have, though I had various distressing letters from ladies whom I

[1] Mr. Brownlow had asked his opinion as to the reality of supernatural graces received by an Anglican, and as to the apparent superstition involved in image worship among Catholics. Mr. Brownlow joined the Catholic Church at this time, and was later on Bishop of Clifton.

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knew, or did not know—nay, have still. But, though women are more keen and vehement and oversetting in their grief and disappointment, there is something very overcoming in a man's, whereas you know it does not pour itself out in emotions or in language, but is embodied in stern actions, as if one were to take the written creed and silently tear it to pieces. I can only say that the sort of earthquake (so to speak) I was causing in men's minds threw me into a bodily indisposition which I never had before or since. Many men had with great difficulty screwed themselves up into Anglicanism, and now they were told by me, that the operation was nothing worth, and they must begin again. This was, they felt, too much of a good thing. I was once told by a navy chaplain, who witnessed the scene, that in Lord Exmouth's action off Algiers, a poor wounded seaman was with difficulty prevailed on to have his leg off. After it was done and the tourniquet (I think it is called) adjusted to it, the surgeon told him that it was not all over, but he must have the other off too. The man said: "O sir, you should have told me this," and unscrewed the tourniquet deliberately, and bled to death.

'*We* have not been like the surgeon, wilfully concealing what was to come. We have told others that more was necessary for safety as soon as we knew it ourselves. And what could we say for ourselves if, when we did know more was necessary, we had concealed it! We have, we trust, done all for the best, and we must leave it to God. And we must hope that such souls as your correspondent, after her own trial, as you have had yours, will follow your example. So far is certain that, if you went back and hid all your convictions or misgivings, you could not restore her confidence in yourself or in Anglicanism. To go forward when God calls, is not only the truest course, but the wisest also.

'As to Transubstantiation, you perplex me by what I have not mastered, and by assumptions which I for one cannot allow.

'You may call me a Berkleian, which I am not, but I do not allow that "the *substance* of the body can be *nourished*." All we know about the body is certain phenomena, the phenomena of health, strength, &c. Certain other phenomena, viz. those of bread and wine, or the species, nourish (or are the cause of) these phenomena, whatever is meant by nourish, and they do so by the Will of God—they are, if you will, the cause of nourishment. But these phenomena, though dependent on "matter" or "substance," are not matter or substance. It would be going into a long metaphysical disquisition to do justice to my meaning, but the upshot is that it is not a point of faith whether the species nourish; and therefore the Schoolmen had quite a right, *if they did*, to maintain that the species did *not* nourish, in spite of the Catechism of the Council, for every word of the Catechism is not *de fide*. I say "if they did," for R. Wilberforce says, p. 294, "Aquinas and his followers maintained first that Christ's Body does not nourish our bodies in the Holy Eucharist,—secondly that *our bodies are nourished by the sensible elements*." But I confess I do not follow your argument, nor do I see *what* doctrine was crammed down people's throats, "or *in what* I am to confess that Catholic divines were wrong."

'Another point, which you take for granted, I cannot at all grant—viz. that a definition of the Church may not be obscure or incomplete. Why, that on the doctrine of intention is so, at the lapse of a longer time than 100 years. Definitions are made only so far as the existing necessity and questions actually present.

'By the Schola Theologorum is meant the teaching of theologians. It applies to all times, as the Fathers to the early times. We speak of the *consensus Patrum* —and so I spoke of the *unanimous* decision of the Schola.

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'Dr. Manning could not have made it a *condition* of your reception that you should believe in the Pope's Temporal Power as inseparable from His Office as Vicar of Christ. He would have put a catechism into your hands, and you would not have found that doctrine in any authorized catechism.'

To Mr. Albert Smith.

'Jan. 8, 1864.

'As to your first question, "Are you indeed *one* in doctrine in the Roman Catholic Church?" the only true answer is, that we are and ever have been *one*, and that is one of the special notes of our being the True Church. It is one which has had a special effect on intellectual men not Catholics, when they have happened to become intimate with Catholics and to witness the action of the Church. Our faith is one.

'This great fact, however, is quite consistent with another, viz. that in those things which are *not* of faith, there has been considerable difference of opinion, among Catholics, and often serious and bitter quarrels. I have treated of the subject in the 10th lecture of my volume on "Anglican Difficulties." Religion is so deeply interesting and sovereign a matter, and so possesses the whole man, when it once gains its due entrance into the mind, that it is not wonderful, that, as worldly men quarrel fiercely about worldly things, so, through the weakness of human nature, particular theologians have had unchristian disputes about Christian truths.

'Such have been the quarrels of some of the religious orders with each other; and I cannot deny that, from the existing events of the day, there have arisen undue contentions about points not essential, at this time also.

'But the Holy See, and the Bishops of the Church, and the School of theologians are not committed to these extravagances.

'As to your second question "Did you ever regret leaving the Church of England?" I can answer sincerely "Never, for a single moment." I have been in the fullest peace and enjoyment ever since I became a Catholic, and have felt a power of truth and divine strength in its ordinances, which exist, I believe, nowhere else.'

END OF VOLUME I.

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